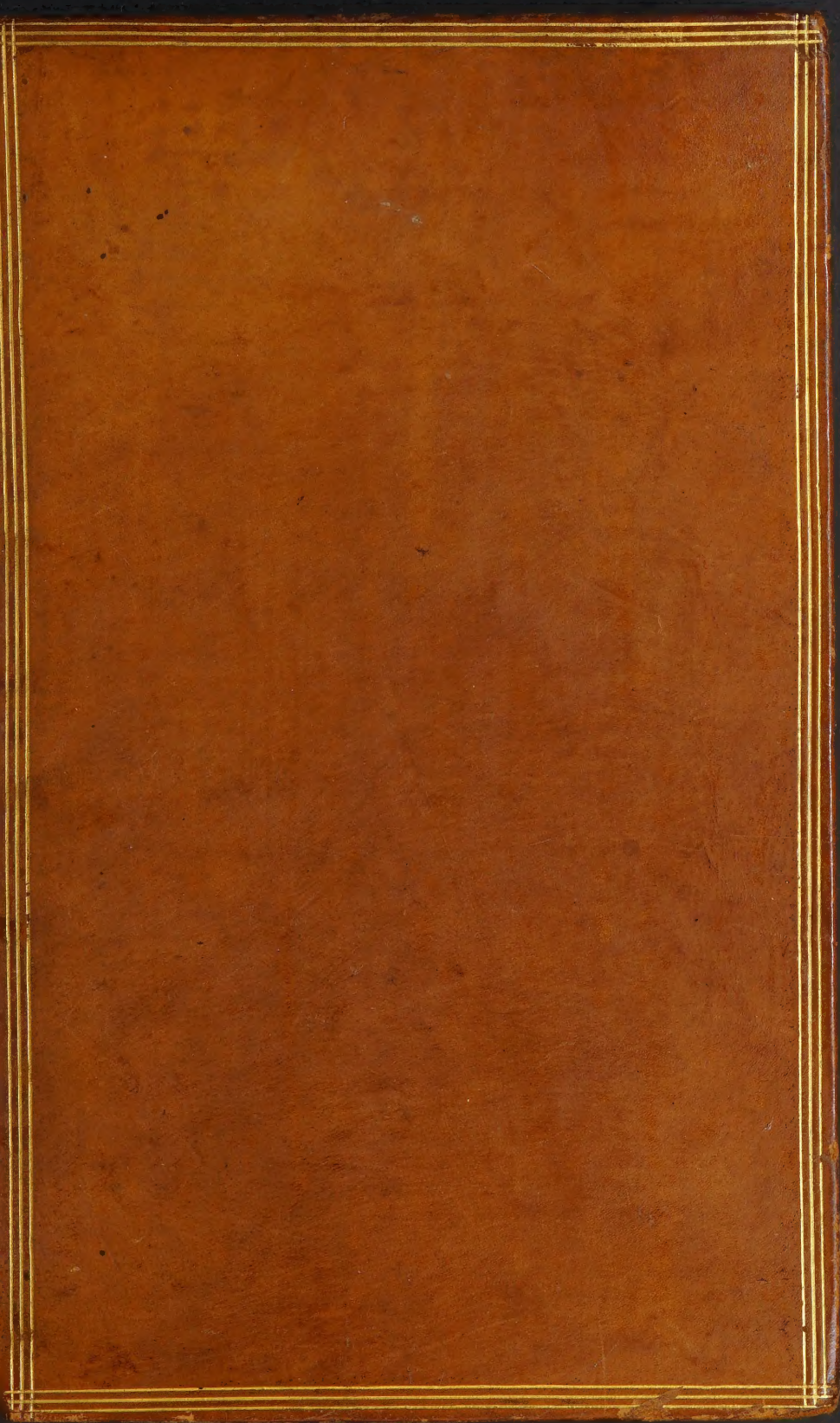


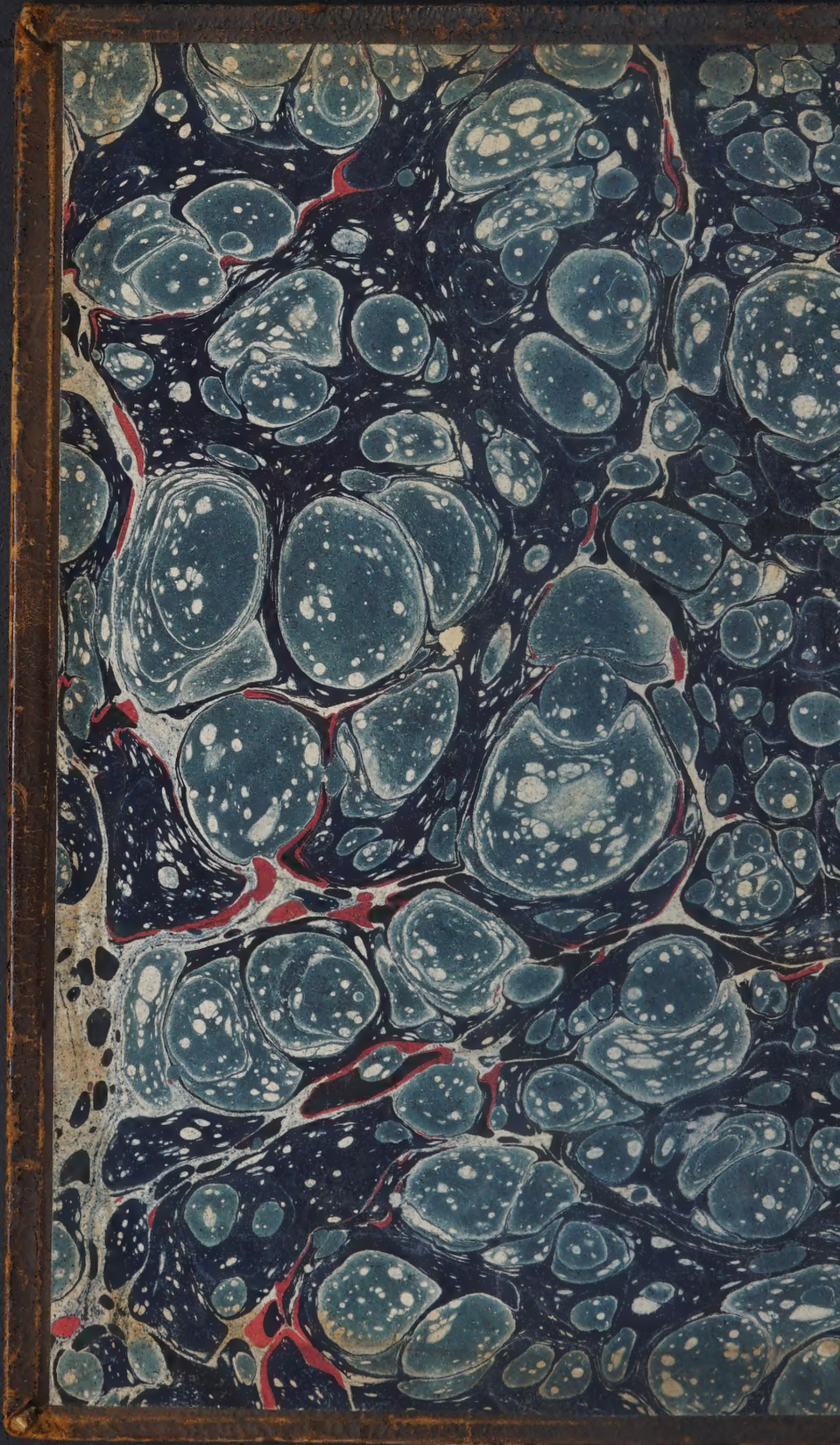


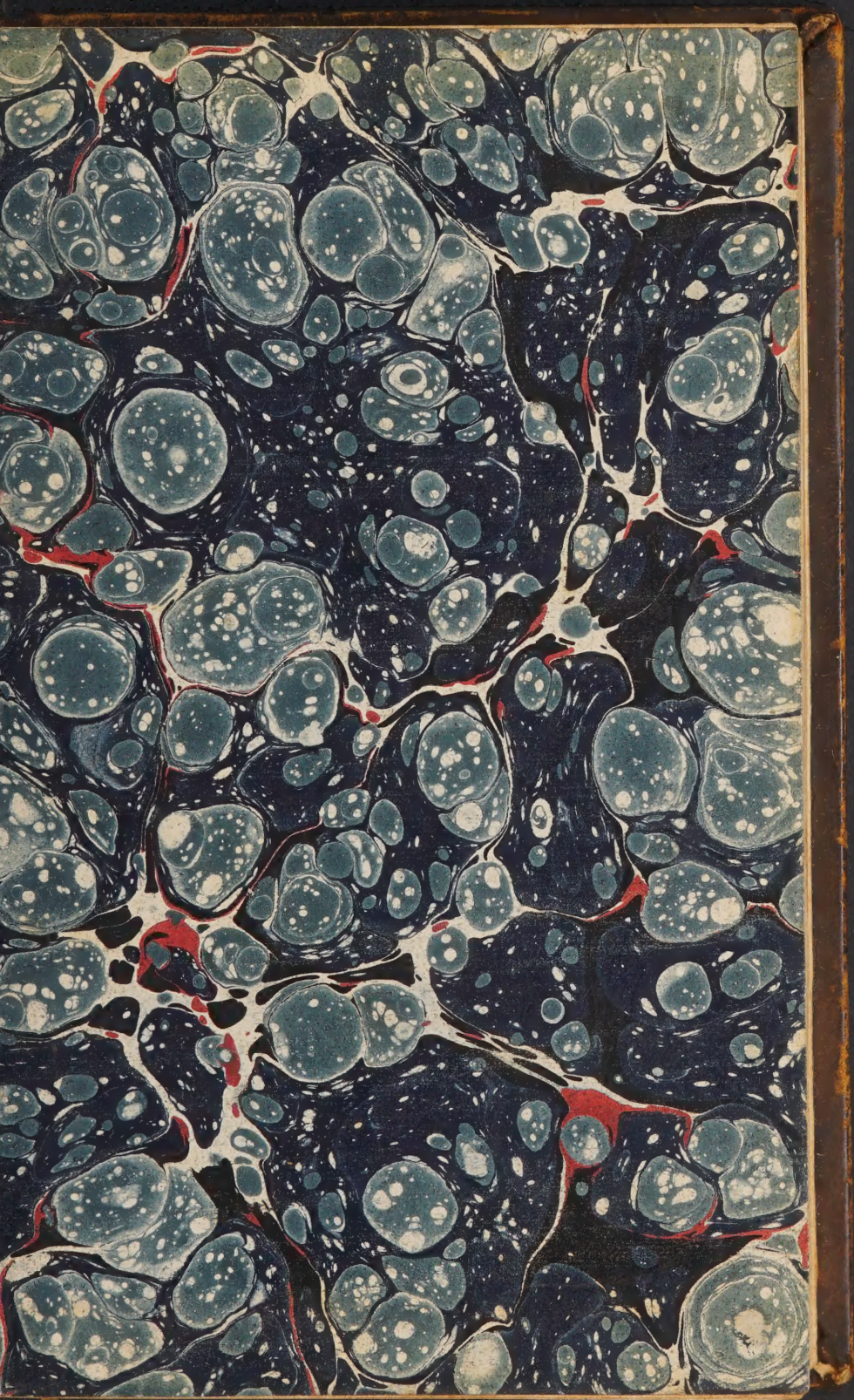
VORTIGERN
AND
ROWENA



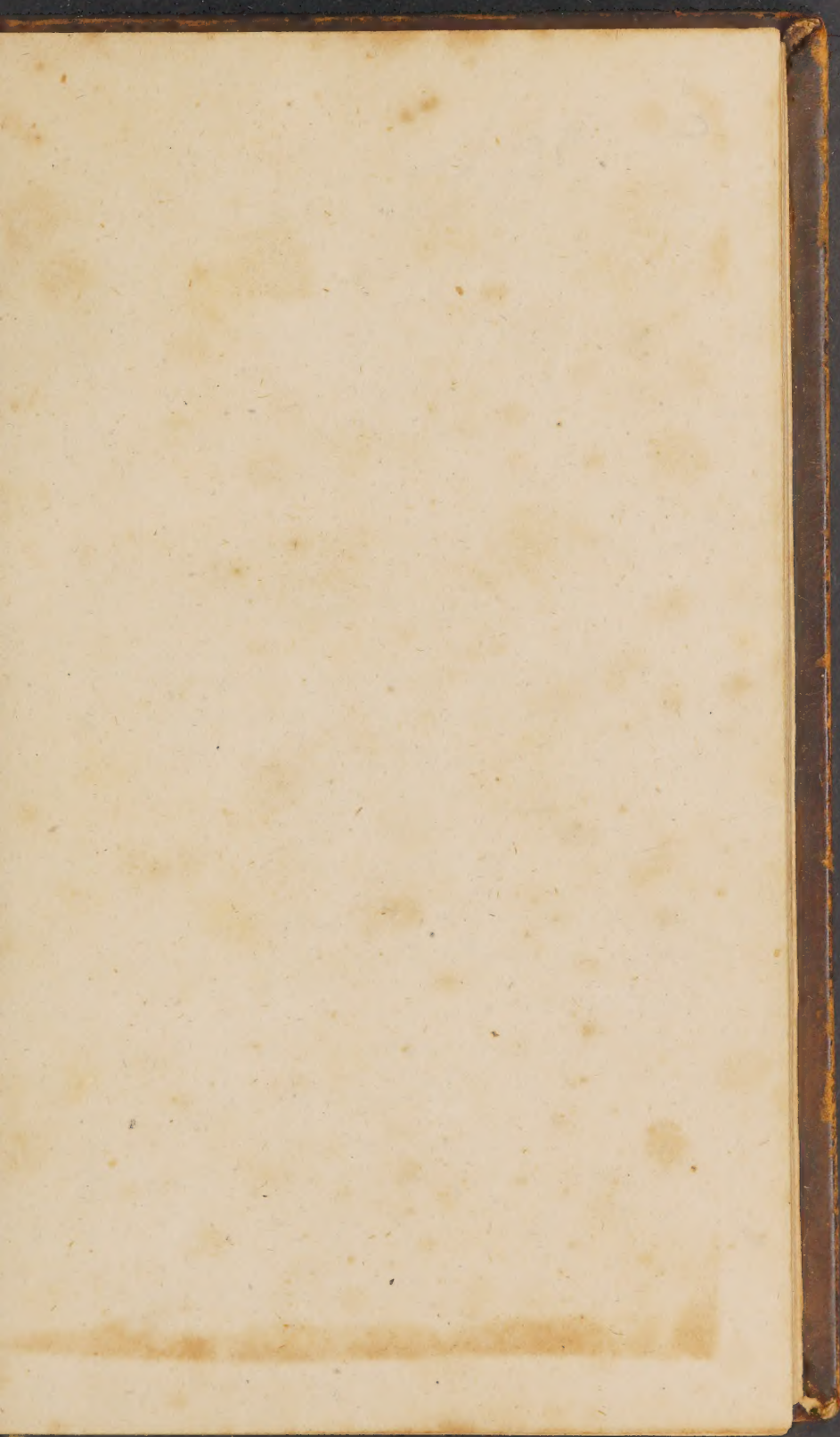


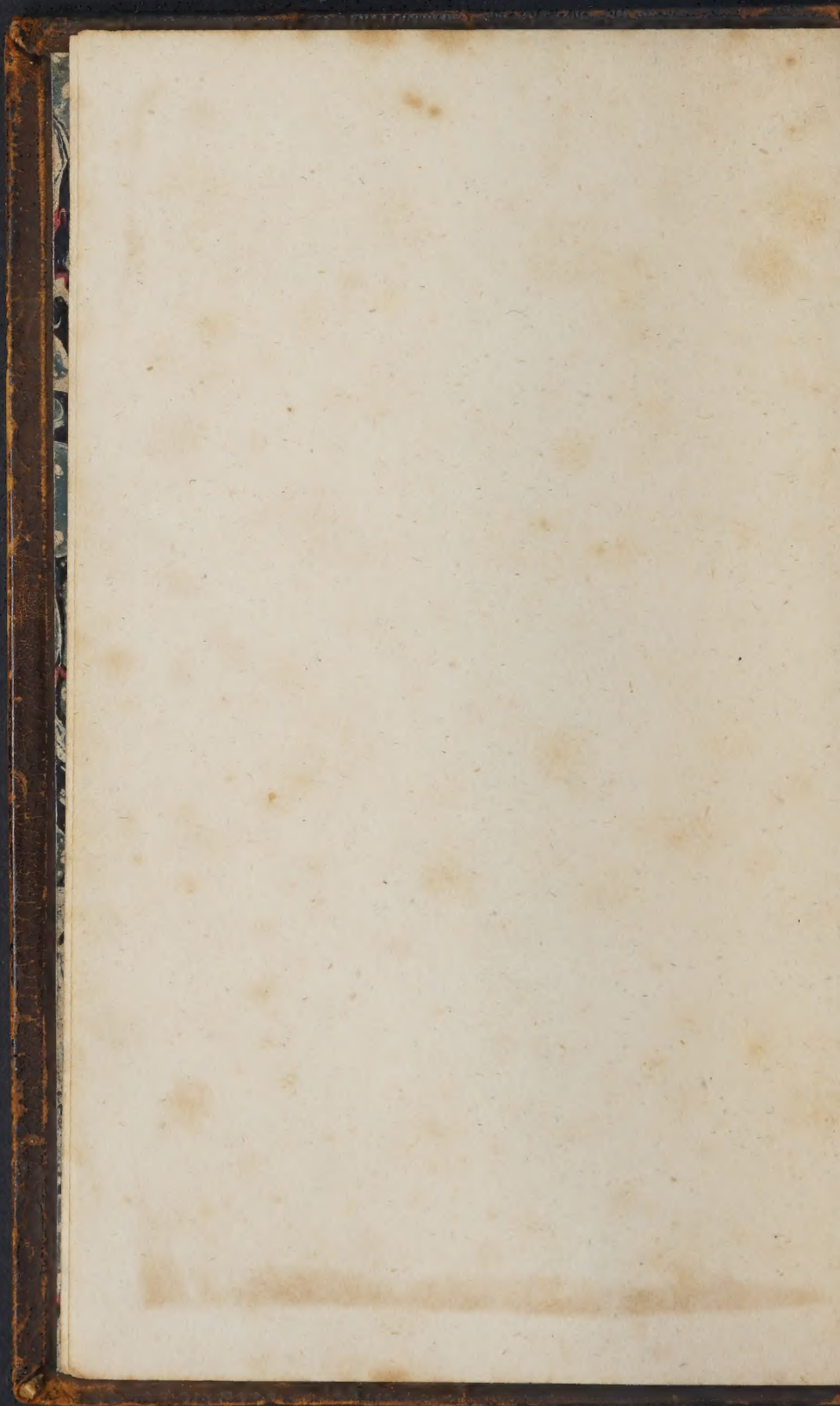


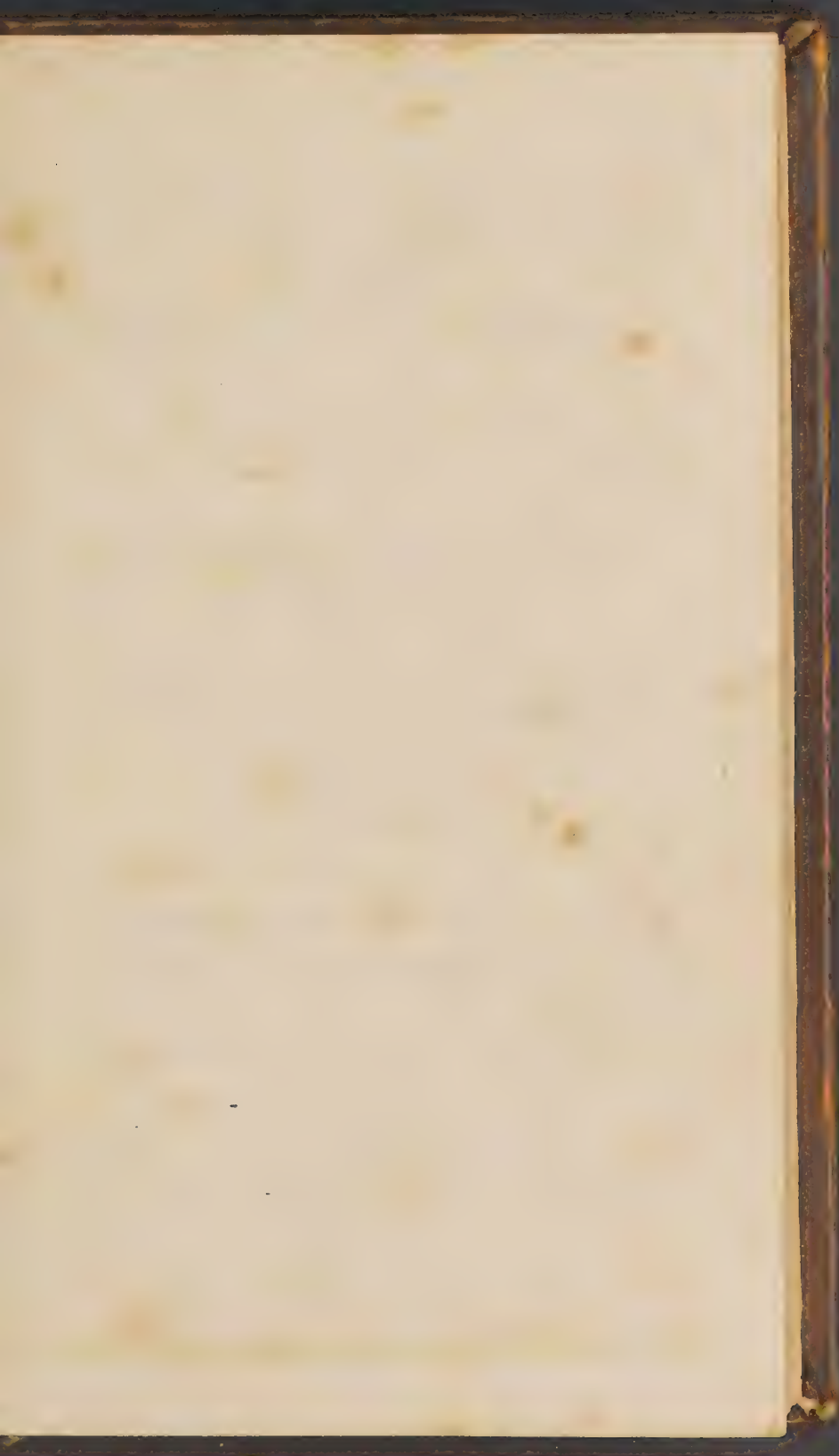




15/52







P A S S A G E S
S E L E C T E D
B Y D I S T I N G U I S H E D P E R S O N A G E S,
O N T H E
G R E A T L I T E R A R Y T R I A L
O F
V O R T I G E R N A N D R O W E N A;
A Comi-Tragedy.

“ W H E T H E R I T B E—O R B E N O T F R O M T H E
I M M O R T A L P E N O F S H A K S P E A R E ? ”

VOLUME I.

SIXTH EDITION.

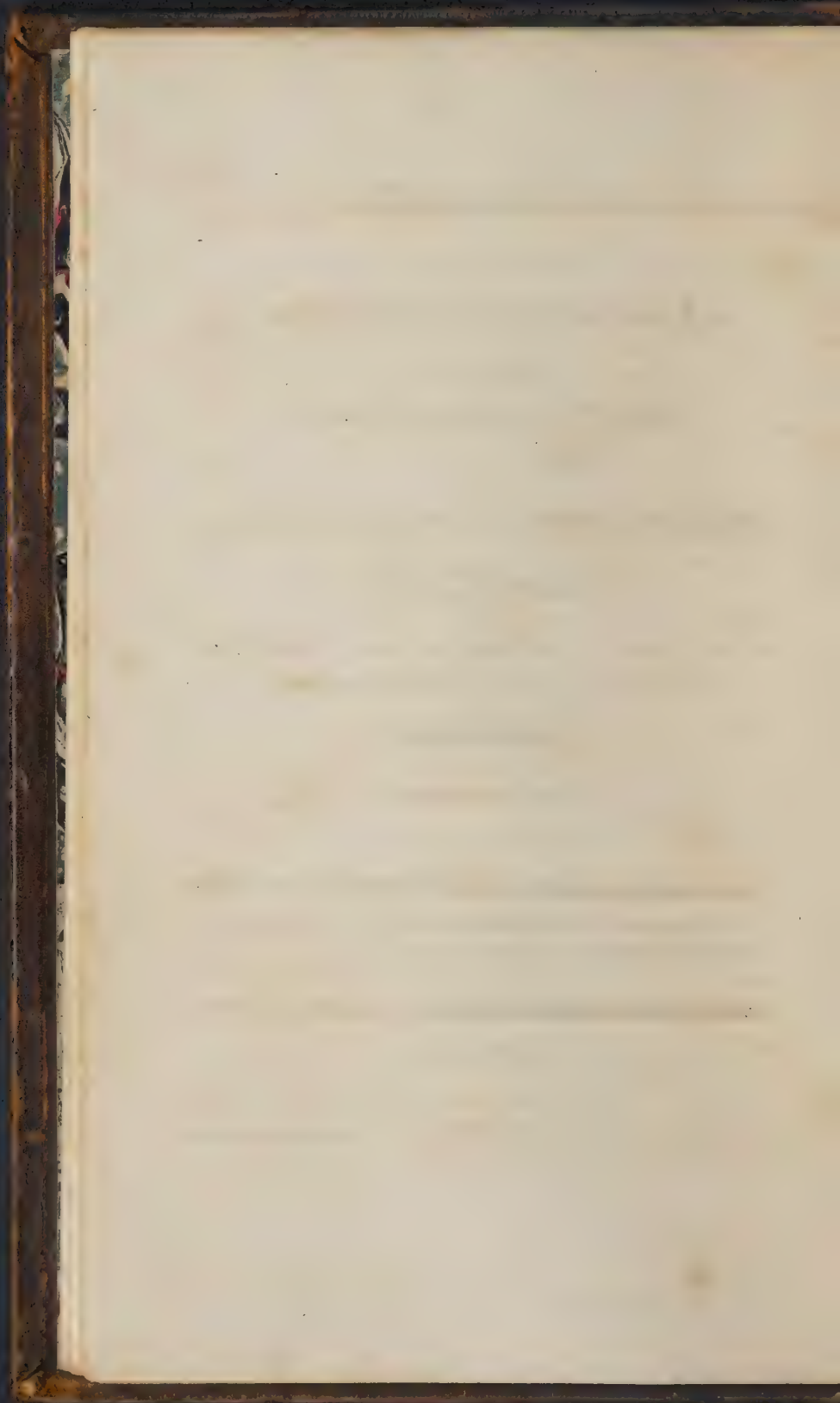
— “ Open me a huge Wardrobe aboundinge in mottie habittes, and marke
“ howe fantasticalle poore mortals will arraie themselves ! ”

VORT. and ROW.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY H. BROWN,

FOR J. RIDGWAY, YORK-STREET, ST. JAMES'S-SQUARE.



DEDICATION.

TO THE

Most NOBLE!—Most ILLUSTRIOUS!

Most PUISSANT!—Most MAGNIFICENT!

Most IRRADIATING  *IN THE BRIGHT*
GALAXY OF THE BRITISH PEERAGE,

JAMES MARQUIS OF SALISBURY, K. G!

Ec! Ec! Ec! Ec! Ec! Ec!

“ *Most curious* LORD,

“ THE disputed RECORDS of AN-
“ TIENT POESY here inclosed, would be de-
“ based by a deposit in any other hands, than
“ that *cleanly* pair, which so peculiarly appertain
“ to your Lordship, as CUSTOS ROTULORUM
“ of the MUSES! I discharge but my official

“ duty then, in placing them under your stupendous protection!—But as MAGICO-MANAGER of the WHITE-WAND, and GRAND MASTER of REFINED ARTS, you must allow me to look up to your HIGH MIGHTINESS with the rest of mankind,—an *astonished* Gazer!

“ I am,

“ Most Noble, most &c. &c.

“ Your lowest FOOT-STOOL.

“ RALPH REGISTER,

“ Clerk of ASSIZE,

“ Oyer and Terminer,

“ In the COURTS LITERARY, &c. &c.

FETTER-LANE,
Oct. 5, 1795.

PREFACE.

AS far as this interesting TRIAL has gone, it has been conducted with that rigid impartiality which so particularly distinguishes the various Courts of BRITISH JURISPRUDENCE!—How it may terminate can be known only to the ruler of these great events: indeed, from the contrariety of weighty evidence already advanced, and the cloud of testimonies yet to be adduced, it would be highly indecorous, to indulge even a conjecture upon the probability of its decision!!

The COURT have wisely resolved to sit without further adjournment, in order now to receive at their Bar, the evidence of the first POLITICAL, and LITERARY Characters, against whom, exceptions were so ingeniously taken by Council, but which however have all been most constitutionally over-ruled. These

being gone through, the sage and learned POLONIUS in person, will sum up the whole evidence, and after delivering a solemn and eloquent charge from the Bench, receive from the GRAND INQUEST, that VERDICT, which no doubt, will soon tend to the complete administration of LITERARY JUSTICE, by setting this GREAT QUESTION at rest for ever!!!

VORTIGERN AND ROWENA;

A

COMI-TRAGEDY.

PENDING the distinguished inquest under which the fact is now trying, whether the newly discovered DRAMA, is, or is not from the pen of SHAKESPEARE, it would be highly indecorous to hazard a single conjecture upon it.—The EDITOR, therefore, will content himself with merely giving a faithful transcript of all that has been successively recorded on this important subject in that fashionable Intelligencer the MORNING HERALD; only remarking, that whatever may be the final issue of the TRIAL, the passages selected from the Piece itself by the se-

veral VOTERS, *pro* and *con*. must remain indelible proofs of the discriminative taste of those, who have here so characteristically enrolled themselves in defence of our BELLES LETTRES.

The following is the paragraphical CHAIN, by which this great Literary Concern has been dragged into such general notice ; viz.

PARAGRAPH.

The SHAKSPEARE *discoveries*, said to be made by the son of Mr. IRELAND, of Norfolk-street, are the Tragedy of LEAR, and another entitled VORTIGERN and ROWENA, now first brought to light, and both in the bard's own hand-writing :—in the same chest are said to have been also found an antique MELANGE of love letters !—*professions of faith* !—*billets doux* !—*locks of hair* !—and family receipts !—The only danger, respecting *faith* in the discovery, seems to be from the indiscretion of *finding too much* !

If poor CHATTERTON had contented himself, with drawing literary treasure in *moderation* from the monkish chest of ROWLEY, his own *inventive genius* had probably remained unknown !

ANOTHER.

Mr. IRELAND's Tragedy of VORTIGERN, whether sterling, or fictitious, is to go to *Drury-lane*. Mr. SHERIDAN, says, " it is the finest play that SHAKSPEARE ever wrote !—not that he has had leisure yet to read it—but he had it from an authority as classical, and unquestionably as his own judgment ; viz. the solemn assurance of the great Lord SALISBURY himself, a *Critic*, only six removes, by lineal descent, from Mr. SHERIDAN's own immortal BURLEIGH !

FOR THE MORNING HERALD.

MR. EDITOR,

YOUR SHAKSPEARE correspondents know but little of what is going forward in the *mine of discovery*! Lord, Sir, if they wish to get at the *whole truth*, they must dip *deep* into the *old chest*, as the ancients did into the *Pierean well*!—indeed they are not correct even in what they have stated. For instance,—the *precious LOCK OF HAIR*! how comes it, they were so ignorant, as not to know, that Mr. *Justice COLLICK*, the first *Hair Merchant* in the universe, has critically inspected it, and, regardless of the *sacred head of fiction* from whence it was thorn, he, as a *man of business*, could only be brought to say, that if the whole *string* were as good as the *sample*, it was worth no more in the *trade*, than 3s. 9d. an ounce?—The pointed distich on the envelope, however, as his Grace of LEEDS declares, is worth a million!—Here it is :

“ Ere Age with twinge your nerves doth shocke,
“ Catch Love, like Time, by the forelocke!”

By which our annotators will no doubt tell us, that the *Warwickshire* WAG quaintly inculcates the youthful libertinism of—*catch, as catch can!*—Among the more recent treasures, are a moth-eaten *under* PETTICOAT, an undoubted *original!* Mr. MALONE, who, with all his ability, knows but little about *petticoats*, says, this could be no part of the paraphernalia of the immortal Bard;—but Mrs. PIOZZI, and the whole *Blue Stocking Club*, are decidedly of a contrary opinion, and that for the best of all feminine reasons; viz. because Miss HATHAWAY, when she became Mrs. SHAKSPEARE, never failed to *wear* the BREECHES!—we have also Mr. *Boswell's* authority for this, amongst other *domestica facta* of the Poet. The next curiosity for the *amateurs*, is, a love VALENTINE, surrounded, according to antient usage, with *hearts! cupids! doves!* and *darts!* and in the centre, a *typifying* figure of a cock without a *combe*, (according to antique spelling) with this inexplicable *anagram*:

“ If to my armes you’ll fondlye roame,

“ Despighte of *Dadde*, I’ll cut your *Combe!*”

W. S.

From this, some of the inspecting *Literati* are cruel enough to infer, that SHAKSPEARE must have had an *intrigue* with the daughter of his ancient enemy *John a COOMBE*,—the undoubted ancestor of the present *Opposition ALDERMAN*, who has the honour of bearing that distinguished name !

The last MORCEAU I shall treat you with at this time, is selected from the RECEIPTS, viz.

“ A RECIPEE *howe to make a GOODLIE*
PLUMBE PUDINGE.”

Even Mr. STEEVENS admits the unquestionable authenticity of this valuable addendum to the *culinary art*, by declaring, that Shakspeare could not endure the *stones* of plumbs, which, from setting his *teeth on edge*, were called *jar* raisins ; and literally gives an appropriate citation of the following passage, from the Poet's *own words*, which will certainly be received as the best *glossary* to his *own plumb pudding* :

“ SYLVUS.—Put *dates* enough into the bag : but, dearest
“ chuck, I prithee make me *geldings* of the PLUMBS !”

You shall have further documents, equally important and authentic, in a few days, from, Mr. Editor,

Your's,

A Modern ANTIQUARIAN.

· PARAGRAPH.

We have it from high authority, that the merits of the great question, respecting the originality of the *newly* discovered PLAY, are put into a train of investigation, before a LITERARY COURT of ENQUIRY, which cannot fail of the most candid, and judicious decision:—It will be managed under the auspices of an illustrious personage, who fortunately unites in his *singular* character, all the critical and judicial talents, requisite for so solemn a disquisition!

March 20.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*** The PROCESSION, on opening the LITERARY COURT to try the important QUESTION, whether VORTIGERN and ROWENA, is, or is not from the PEN of SHAKSPEARE? is intended for to-morrow's HERALD.

PARAGRAPH.

March 23.

VORTIGERN AND ROWENA!!!

IT is with much concern we announce, that the PROCESSION, preparatory to opening the Literary Court of Inquest, to try whether this DRAMA is, or is not written by SHAKSPEARE, was obliged to be suspended till Wednesday by an unpleasant accident. Signor DELPINI, that man of mighty mouth, who was to have walked as *Champion* to a PRODIGIOUS COURTIER, unfortunately dislocated his jaw-bone in practising an *Aristocratic Grin*, in compliment to his illustrious Patron!—However, the *Sieur FOLLET*, almost equally great in the happy distortions of the human countenance, has kindly undertaken this interesting part, and to be ready in it, that day at noon, when this introductory spectacle will certainly take place, and our readers be no longer kept in a state of anxious expectancy!

March 26.

FOR THE MORNING HERALD.

VORTIGERN AND ROWENA!

A COMI-TRAGEDY!

Yesterday morning, at eleven o'clock, the several Officers, and other great Personages, assembled at the HUM MUMS, in Coyent Garden, and from thence marched to the LITERARY COURT, in Norfolk-street, in the following STATE PROCESSION, viz.

Four MUTES,

With their fore fingers placed on their lips.

A *Bronze* of Signor DELPINI,

In his happiest stile of face!

THE LOCK OF HAIR

Of Miss HATHAWAY, afterwards the happy

Mrs. SHAKSPEARE,

Borne by Mr. Justice COLLICK, *Hair Merchant*,

His train supported by an *Unlicenced* HAIR-DRESSER, dishevelled, and without powder! preceded by a Banner, dedicated

TO WIGGISM!

The Chief Cook of the Crown and Anchor Tavern, with
 cheeks *a la blaze*! carrying—on a *trencher*—
 The Book of FAMILY RECEIPTS!

Six TRUNK MAKERS, two and two.

The Antique TRUNK

Covered with ASS-SKIN still perfect, but furcharged with
moths, black beetles, and cob-webs!—the flappets of the
 covering supported by the six Senior ANNOTATORS
 on the Immortal BARD, and their train upheld by an
 equal number of FARCE Writers.—A Banner follow-
 ing, inscribed

Sacred to FICTION!

The PROMPTER of DRURY-LANE, *gagged*!

The Dramatic FAITH of Mr. SHERIDAN,

Delicately concealed in a *Snow-drop*,

And borne by Mr. KEMBLE, riding on an ELEPHANT,

Over whom waved a Streamer displaying the word
 MANAGEMENT!

A Groupe of SPIRITS—*blue! red! black! and grey!*

A Waxed Semblance of

The Mighty BURLEIGH!

His Banner advanced before, displaying

Three DRIED NEATS TONGUES,

The Family Arms, with their Motto,

“ ELOQUENCE!”

The DANISH CHAMBERLAIN POLONIUS,
With his *White Wand* of Office, and his Train supported by
Three OPERA EUNUCHS !

The *Sieur* FOLLET,
In the Armour of HAMLET's GHOST, bearing the
Club of HERCULES, as his CHAMPION.

An *Embossed* MONEY-BAG,
With " LICENCES at any PRICE !"
Inscribed in Golden Characters.

Six FIDLERS, with broken bows !
Six FEMALE SINGERS, weeping !
BANNER—" Sacred to HARMONY !"

Sir FRETFUL,
Carried in torture on his own WHEEL !

The BLUE-Stocking CLUB
Slip-fhod, and garter'd below knee !

VORTIGERN,

Represented by Mr. *Kiddy* DAVIS, as the only Gentleman
of either Theatre, skilled in the Etiquette of *Saxon Dignities*, supported by the Under HARLEQUIN of
Drury—Mr. DAVIS making it a special request, that
his Train-bearer might be one who well understood
trap !

DRAMATIC PERFORMERS,
Walking in pairs, after the antique fashion of
entering NOAH's ARK.

SCENE-SHIFTERS, &c. &c. &c.

The august procession entered the COURT about one, when the Commission was opened in due form: the interesting particulars of which, we hope to record on Friday next.

FIRST DAY'S TRIAL.

VORTIGERN AND ROWENA;

A

COMI-TRAGEDY.

AS soon as the Court was opened with all due formalities, the DANISH CHAMBERLAIN, Lord POLONIUS, arose, and gracefully made an obeisance to *himself* in a spacious Mirror, which was instantly returned by a figure of similar dignity, from this STATE REFLECTOR, dexterously placed in the-front of the CHAIR, that his Lordship might have the judicial advantage of seeing what he *himself* was about, which no other person in the Court could ever know, or possibly divine!—The *Sieur FOLLET*, as Chamberlain's *Grand*

CHAMPION, then gigantically advanced, and after throwing down his gauge, and thrice brandishing his *Herculean Club*, affixed a written PROCLAMATION to its butt, when placing the smaller end on the bridge of his nose, the following preliminary CHALLENGE became visible to all around; viz.

“ If any one present dare gainsay, that the Lord POLO-
“ NIUS is the most *witty*! most *wise*! most *valorous*!
“ most *eloquent*! most *disinterested*! most *beloved*! most
“ *puissant*! most *chaste*! let him come forth, and I, the
“ unworthy *Champion* of that mighty Lord, will tell him,
“ that he lyes in his teeth; and, from my furious wrath,
“ the Lord deliver his miserable carcase !!! ”

[Here an enraged *Musician* indignantly advanced, with an intént, as was supposed, to take up the glove; but was prevented in being humanely knocked down by one of the *Beef-eaters*.]—A nod mandatory was now given from the Chair as a cue to the principal *Harlequin*, who, waving his dagger of lath over a richly inlaid tablet, a pair of folding doors of ophir flew open, and discovered an irradiating glory of æthereal blue and gold, darting its

transcendent beams on the *Title Page* of an antique volume in quarto, curiously filligreed, and fretted with *moths* and *earwigs*, and entitled

VORTIGERN AND ROWENA;

On Harlequin waving his lath a second time, a light coloured cloud gently descended to a soft strain of Æolian measure, which opening, displayed a scrawl with this Inscription—

Ye, of the School of *Nature*, as of *Art*, draw near,

“ And faithful verdict give

“ Between the sacred memory

“ Of your Immortal BARD

“ And his Accusers, by whom he now stands Charged

“ As the Villifier of his own fair fame,

“ In penning the COM!-TRAGEDY now before you!

“ Peruse, therefore, this *Dramatic RECORD*,

“ And your several judgments pronounced thereon,

“ By selecting severally a Passage from the same,

“ Which shall be enregistered,

“ In affirmation, or negation of that

“ LITERARY FACT, which the majority

“ Of your suffrages must finally decide.

“ APPROACH!”

The instantaneous pressing forward of the *Literati! Cognoscenti! Diletanti! &c. &c.* of both sexes, to inspect the Record, was so great and violent, that it reached even the Chair of State like an electric shock! when *Polonius*, rising up, in dignified dismay, signified to his officers, by the pale vibration of his nostrils, that it was his mighty pleasure the Court should be adjourned! This was effected by the talismanic sword of Harlequin as soon as possible, but not till a few *pushing* characters of the *Literary Jurors* had fixed on the following passages, and enregistered their votes thereon; viz.

PASSAGES

SELECTED AS SUFFRAGES ON THE

FIRST DAY'S TRIAL; *viz.*

I.—Lady CH. C—E—LL.

———“ LOOKE what a shape !
 “ Limbes fondlie fashioned in the wanton moulde
 “ Of Nature !—Warm in Love's flie wytycherie,
 “ And scorninge all the draperie of Arte,
 “ A spider's loome nowe weaves her thinne attire,
 “ Through which the roguish tell-tale windes
 “ Do frolicke as they liste !”

PAGE 17.—*Guilty.*

II.—Mr. B—F—Y.

“ I do remember him a *quaker boy* to a Lisbon Vintner,
“ who at morne washed his facre face in the *Tagus* to ad-
“ mire it in its glasse!—Next a grande compounder of
“ fours and sweetes—himselſe the quinteſſence of bothe!
“ Then was he a medlar in debate, until his eloquence
“ leaked to the lees: now makes he oceans of plum wine,
“ and, by contacte betweene water and browne fugar, will
“ he muddle Chriſtian men, as warie Dames catche
“ flies!”

PAGE 83.—*Not Guilty.*

III.—Lady A. MURRAY.

—— “ A lovely ſtemme,
“ Whoſe cyon grafted from a Royal ſtocke,
“ Earlie putte forthe one ſweete, and tender bloſſome,
“ And then neglected, wildie runne to ruine!”

PAGE 13.—*Not Guilty.*

IV.—Lord TH—RL—W.

———“ He is a rough Smythe,
“ Who o’er warme work, sweares, more than whistles;
“ He makes poor punie knaves the bellows blowe,
“ But when the iron’s well inflam’d, forth comes
“ His mightie sledge, and thumps the pliante metalle
“ To his purpose!”

PAGE 103.—*Guilty.*

V.—Mr. ST—V—NS.

———“ He was, by “ an indenture to witte,” appren-
“ ticed to a twister of common sence, and afterwards set up
“ fancie-monger on his own bottome: he lives now by
“ stitching motlie buttons on dead *Bards*’ jackets! And
“ yet this varlet has humour; for he’ll laughe you till his
“ sides crack at his own comical disfigurements!”

PAGE 34.—*Not Guilty.*

SECOND DAY'S TRIAL.

ON resuming the *Grand Literary Court* on Saturday, order was happily restored, by an emanation of that *official wisdom* with which the LORD POLONIUS is so peculiarly gifted! A *golden padlock*, it seems, had been most delicately affixed that morning to the antique clasps of the COMI-TRAGEDY. This, at first, naturally excited a little surprise, by it was soon dispelled by the very graceful delivery of the following *State Paper*, from the courtly hand of Mr. Kiddy DAVIS, of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, whom the Manager has kindly lent, as SAXON REPRESENTATIVE in waiting of the heroic VORTIGERN!

(COPY.)

“ BY AUTHORITY!!!

“ It is ORDERED, that no person, of what *rank, quality,*
“ or *degree* soever, shall presume to take any *part, share,*
“ or *interest* in, or give any *public opinion* on, the sacred
“ DRAMA of *Vortigern and Rowena*, until such person

“ shall have been first duly invested with a *Two Guinea*
“ stamped LICENCE, under our hand and seal, on pain,
“ and peril of being prosecuted with the utmost rigour,
“ as a *Vagabond*, under the wholesome statute, entitled,
“ *The Vagrant Act* !” “ so wisely instituted for the cor-
“ rection of such *State* abuses !

(Signed)

“ POLONIUS.

(Counter-signed)

“ FOLLET, G. C.”

This was allowed by all the *knowing ones* present, to be a *thought* of the most *profound polity*, and equal to any thing recorded of the sagacious *House of BURLEIGH* ! It naturally branched itself into a two-fold good ; viz. 1. as a touch-stone of *insurance* as to the *qualification*, and *ability* of voters !—2dly— which his Lordship’s *liberality* must mark as the principal consideration,—it instantly made the *Literary Inquest* more *select*, tended to expedite the proceedings of the Court, and thus patriotically expose the endless duration of *Hasting’s Impeachment* ! *Licences* were accordingly taken out by those who were prepared for this *voluntary LEVY* ; and those who were not, were very decorously kicked out of Court !

Another decree of a subordinate kind, likewise passed, viz. to change the *suffrage*, annexed to the chosen Passages, from GUILTY and Not GUILTY, to "GENUINE" and "Not GENUINE;"—the vulgar repetition of the found of *guilt*, &c. being sometimes observed to raise a *demi-blush* of confusion on the OFFICIAL cheek!—The solemn business of the day then commenced.

The following is the List of *Licenced VOTERS*, and their selected *Passages*, enregistered at this Sitting, which we are promised in time for to-morrow's publication, viz.

- | | |
|-----------------------|--------------------|
| 5. Marg. ANS—H. | 8. Mrs. FITZ—T. |
| 6. Earl H—WE. | 9. Lord CH—R. |
| 7. Hon. Mrs. ST—N—PE. | 10. Marquis TOW—D. |

The CLERK in COURT has directed us to make an *Erratum* in our first day's report, on the *Passage* which Mr. B—F—Y had so aptly selected for his conscientious suffrage to repose on!—we therefore request that the *Cognoscenti* will *erase*, and thus *amend* the *Record*:

For "washed his *facre* face in the Tagus,"
 Write "washed his *fair* in the Tagus,
 "To admire it in its glasse, &c."

This emendation^d is unquestionably due to common *decency* as well as common sense. The word *facre*, as a Saxon derivative, unfortunately signifies, *fallow*! it cannot therefore be supposed by those in any habits with the worthy Member for *Yarmouth*, that a Gentleman, naturally conscious of so *fair a face* himself, could have selected a passage thus personally repugnant to his own taste and feelings!

VI.—Marg—ne of AN—P—CH.

“ Oh! she would enacte you, from earliest youthe,
“ scenes to bewitch men’s eyes! and eares! and hartes!
“ —Of late she did performe the QUEENE right regallie;
“ and got a goodlie Sir to playe her FOOLE!—Heaven
“ bleffe her *Highbesse*; for she hath had her ups, and
“ downes in this madde worlde in plentie!”

VII.—Earl H—WE.

——— “ At ebbe of fleetinge life,
“ One deede of armes he valiantlie atchiev'd,
“ Of warlike enterprize !—Alofte he bore
“ The Britifh ftandarde to that ruthleffe coafte,
“ Where *Gallicke* ftreamers deeplie ftain'd with bloode,
“ Brav'd the indignant fkie ! there proudlie conquer'd :
“ Oh ! noblie done !—With laurel wreathe well grac'd,
“ Nowe let the vet'ran Chiefe feek calme retreat,
“ Cheer'd by the radiance of his fettinge funne,
“ Left Chance fhould marre, by palfied ftroke his fame !”

PAGE 12.—GENUINE.

VIII.—Hon. Mrs. ST—N—PE.

——— “ ROWENA hearde the tale,
“ Smil'd 'midde her grieve, o'er all his val'rous deedes,
“ Then ask'd, in teares, his ftorie o'er againe !”

PAGE 7.—GENUINE.

IX.—Lord CH—R.

“ Howe can I shifte me more?—Have I not runne
“ through all the colours of the changeful skie?—My
“ coate and doublette, are they not thread-bare growne in
“ turninge?—Were not my very skinne seene through,
“ I’d trie the t’other side of that to please you!”

PAGE 76.—GENUINE.

X.—Mrs. FITZ—T.

——— “ O! lengthen’d torture of suspense!
“ And must I grace a *Courtlie* Rival’s triumphe?
“ —Bende stubborne harte, and lowlie learn to meete
“ The toweringe eye of her, whose pictured charmes
“ At distance won the fickle truante from thee.
“ Alack! too near thy weaknesse were seene,
“ And so they’re nowe most speedilie forgotten!”

PAGE 2.—Not GENUINE.

X.—Marq—s Tow——D.

“ Of all your sharp-brain’d fellowes, give me a *wet*
“ *witte* ! Why, he’s the Prince of Bottle Conjurors ! he’ll
“ draw you fix long cokes in the twinklinge of a land-
“ ladie’s eye !—At *Lente*, a spice o’ th’ moral man comes
“ o’er him ; now weares he sackcloth, and loathing his
“ wine, chauntes straines of psalmodie in doleful spirit :
“ —At *Lammas*, the fleshe againe prevailes, and then car-
“ rols he tales of bawdrie, ’till he sendes the Moone
“ shame-faced to bed !”

PAGE 4.—GENUINE.

THIRD DAY'S TRIAL.

XI.—Lord E—DL—Y.

—— “Why, he's no *Jewe* ! I sawe him eate *Porke* with
“ a *Pigge*-driver, and afterwarde goe forthe, and hunt
“ the *Strande* for a littel sweete sauce to the fleshe !—Hea-
“ ven blesse him ; for he has a true *Christiane* harte, that
“ bids him ope his palme to all that neede it !”

PAGE II.—*Not GENUINE.*

XII.—Duchefs of Y—K.

—— “ That's her, the mirrore of her sexe,
“ Reflecting graces that adorne her state !
“ Viewe ye that eye upliste, of purest blue ?
“ Not for her patiente selfe she askes a boone,
“ But sighes for blessinges wyde on all arounde her !”

PAGE 3.—*GENUINE.*

XIII.—Miss OG—E.

“ Where could I place my likinge more worthilie, than
 “ on his manlye witte, and playful partes ?—An antiente
 “ aunte of mine, who is *sande-blinde*, faine would have
 “ crost my love—but I told her I had eyes, and could
 “ chuse my owne partner for *Blindman’s buffe* !—My
 “ father, heaven thank it, is a goodlie man o’th’ *Churche*,
 “ and well-natured—for he coaxed my chinne, and smil-
 “ ing faide—forget not, Childe, to worke me out a MITRE
 “ in chaine-stitcher !”

PAGE I.—GENUINE.

XIV.—Sir JOHN S—NC—R.

——— “ A ploddinge Sir, that dailie held
 “ Fantasticke converse with his mother *Earth* !
 “ A mightie analyzer of all that’s littel !
 “ He’d turn the skinne of a poor *barley-corne*
 “ Full six times o’er its backe, t’explore its gender !
 “ Bred in that frugal clime, where man per force
 “ Makes his poor breeches o’the cuttinge windes,
 “ He thought the humble herdes in this might have
 “ Precedence ; so he mov’d, kind soule to cloathe
 “ The SHEEP, by special Acte of Senate !”

PAGE 6.—Not GENUINE.

XV.—Lady AR—R.

——— “ Mine was the earlie arte
 “ To banishe Nature’s blufhes from the checke!
 “ I learnt it of a *Dyer’s* wife in SPAIN, E,
 “ Whofe face in Tyrian die was fo engrain’d,
 “ That *Turkie Cockes* affail’d her as ſhe paſte!”

PAGE 21.—Not GENUINE.

XVI.—Mr. T—TH—MP—N.

“ I mett i’ th’ Vale of *Eveſhame* the ſpawne of a *Jewe*
 “ *Pedlare*: He had wiſelie made the moſt of his father’s
 “ wares, for he wore them right ſwaggeringlie on his
 “ owne backe!—He was an odde fiſhe—talked of *du-*
 “ *cattes*, as of duckes, and drakes—and ſwore he was cir-
 “ cumciſed i’ th’ fleſhe, to become a mender of the State!”

PAGE 77.—GENUINE.

FOURTH DAY'S TRIAL.

XVII.—P—ss of W—L—s.

—— “ She came

“ A lovelie stranger to a foreigne clime,
“ To seale her virgin vowe, and prouddie winne
“ A People's homage ! ———
“ Rough was her passage o'er ! for three long Moones
“ The fretful elements conspired in wrathe
“ To wrest her from her LORDE !—but now arriv'd,
“ Of this sweete, tender plante, O thou possessest,
“ Keepe from its roote the briar's thornie snare,
“ And baneful creepinge ivie of a *Courte* :
“ So may this faire exoticke blesse our soile,
“ And bloome therein at peace !”

PAGE 2.—GENUINE.

XVIII.—DUKE OF P—D.

“ These habiliments of tiffued honour, hange so looflie
“ on me, that with reverence to my *Grace*, I am taken for
“ little more than one decked out in other mens’ deserts.—
“ Let that pafs. But faie, on what ftate feature of my vi-
“ fage, dare any man read *Dupe* ? ’Tis true that I am a
“ ferving man o’th’ *Courte*—Do all that wifer men com-
“ mand me—Keepe my *Kinge’s* Council, and mine own
“ place—Then dupe me no *Dupes* ! And, were I not afraid
“ of ftaining my Courtlie Doublet, I might fcratch out
“ that filthie worde with daggers ; But I’ll be no man’s
“ *dupe* in fuch bloodie deedes, that’s poz !”

PAGE 100.—*Not* GENUINE.

XIX.—D—ss of C—D.

— “ How’s this ? a *marriage regalle*,
“ And I not bidden to the feafte ?—The times
“ Are shamefully untun’d—What then availes
“ The minde well-fafhion’d for a *Courte* intrigue ?
“ Or arte to lime the giddie royalle birde
“ Ere he can foare on pinion of difcretion ?
“ But as they’ve piqued my woman’s pride,
“ Let them look to’t !—The *bonied-moon* gone downe,
“ I’ll play the *cater-coufin* yet among ’em !”

PAGE 101.—GENUINE.

XX.—Sir Wm. D—LB—N.

“ A KNIGHTE begotten at a retreate i’ th’ *bolie* warres !
 “ and now drie-nursed by his *Alma Mater* ! He is a moral
 “ master of propriete, and was at oddes with a crofs-leg-
 “ ged *Oxforde Tailor*, for turning out his toes on *Sundaies* !
 “ —So pious is his regarde for every man’s soul, that he
 “ strives to packe it off to heaven in its best bib, and
 “ tucker ! !”

PAGE I.—GENUINE.

 XXI.—Hon. Mrs. D—R.

— “ She, from a block of *Parian* marble,
 “ Drewe cold antipathies ’gainst flesh and bloode,
 “ Which custome turn’d to loathing. Nought could move
 “ Her wrapt imagination, save some parte,
 “ Or limbe, grac’d into muscular proportion
 “ By her own hand, so faire, and so creative :
 “ On this she’d gaze, and bende to sacrifice,
 “ With strange delighte !”

PAGE 4.—Not GENUINE.

XXII.—Mr. B—KE.

“ I knewe a busie *Esquire* who consumed his daies in
“ rakeing fierrie coales under the Cauldron o’ the State to
“ make hotte water !—yet had he genius, withwhich he
“ sublimelie soared beyond human ken ! it was also beau-
“ tiful—for it scorned to traverse in a strait line ;—heaven
“ blefs suche wittes from the foule fiende !”

PAGE 13.—*Not GENUINE.*

FIFTH DAY'S TRIAL.

XXIII.—Earl of C—RL—LE.

“ Thoughe once a *Commissioner* on a fimple embassie, am
“ I enacted a bond-man perpetual under the *huge* SEALE
“ of follie?—Being both my friendes, and *Statesmen* now
“ at oddes, you do mine honour much injurie! You have
“ stucke me up as a pent-house, under which to meete, and
“ call each other foule names by virtue of your *prerogative*
“ *courtlie*! Doubtles, you will next expecte to shoote
“ deadlie metal at each other, through my statelie bodie!
“ —But thanks to my *Witte*, I have the gifte of rhyme;
“ so will I speciallie indite my grievances in metre, that
“ wise men may admire, and pitie me!”

PAGE 22.—*Not GENUINE.*

XXIV.—Marc—fs T—NS—D.

——— “ Howe she was won

“ To yelde her virgin harte so strangelic up,
 “ No one hath chronicled; that *Goffip* save,
 “ Whose ill-engender'd tales of foule reporte,
 “ *Truthe* smothers soone as borne.—Oh! once betrothed,
 “ She, midde the ranke infections of a *Courte*,
 “ Bore her bewitchinge beauties with such grace,
 “ That not a lawlesse eye dare gaze upon them!
 “ Faithful to plighted voves, her youthful course
 “ She run with aduerse yeares; and spighte of bloode,
 “ Kept her quicke pulse by lowlie temp'rature,
 “ Coole as the lagging current of her *Lorde's*;
 “ And thus in chaſtitie ſo rare,—became
 “ The envied mother of a lovelie race!”

PAGE 77.—GENUINE.

XXV.—Mr. C——NN—G.

“ Before the *moulting* time, he promiſed to be a prettie
 “ Birde, of hopeful Songe!—A blyſter on the backe of the
 “ *State Chyrurgeon*, for clippinge my young *Dawe* under
 “ the tongue, to make him more eloquente! Indeed,
 “ Dame, the poore cut fowle hath ne'er *prattled* to any
 “ tune ſince!”

PAGE 2.—GENUINE

XXVI.—Mifs B—Y ST—T.

“ They call'd for *Little Figure*, as I dealt,
 “ And—Omen deare!—up came the KING of *Hartes*!
 “ —Would that he were not of the *royalle bloode*!
 “ And yet 'tis none of that proude current bids
 “ Mine tingle thus thro' every little veine;
 “ Oh no!—true love is far above all state:
 “ His lookes are *Princelie*—but his fighes, and vowes,
 “ Blende soft, and sweete with mine of humbler birthe!”

PAGE 117.—GENUINE.

XXVII.—AD. M'B—DE.

“ I had sacked their faire Citie, but that the renigadoes
 “ of *Dunkirke*, like so many sea-moles, raifed shoales, and
 “ sande-bankes to pick up my deep-water barques!—The
 “ Cowardes knew me well, and so came not within the
 “ reache of my red-hot shotte!—The first convenient
 “ *Moone* at fulle, I'll trie the knaves on t'other tacke—
 “ till then, I must content me with the goode reportes
 “ the dailie Newesmen do so prettilie promulgate of my
 “ fame!”

PAGE 99.—Not GENUINE.

XXVIII.—Duke of D——T.

——— “ Here Damsels! view
“ A *Knighte* gallante, bedeckt in beauties’ spoiles!
“ Her *Royalle semblance* at my breast I weare,
“ But have not said, her *love* she gave me with it;
“ Of that no matter:—but by your bright eyes
“ She had the most invitinge rubbie lippe,
“ That *France* through all her womanhood could boaste!
“ —Mark ye this ribbande of *Imperial* blue?
“ If it were not her owne softe *garter*,
“ Yet, I proteste, transportinglie ’twas gained,
“ By the sweete breathe of her solicitude:
“ What could a *Regal beautie* more?”

PAGE II.—GENUINE

SIXTH DAY'S TRIAL.

XXIX.—SIR S—D—Y SM—TH.

—“ When I served the *Royalle SWEED*, he gave my
 “ valoure fulle credence for what it did intende!—but
 “ my furlie countriemen are keene reckoners to passe a
 “ runninge account with—they will have the cleare sum
 “ totale of bloode, and conflagration! Suppose ye, the
 “ *Frenche*, deepe skilled in the artes magique, mighte re-
 “ builde the Shippes which my prowesse did annihilate—
 “ howe am I to blame?—I burnte them all to sea-char-
 “ coale, and that in the twinklinge of my owne Northerne
 “ Starre, as I am a *Knighte*, and a *Circumnavigator*! Had
 “ I thoughte that my reporte would have been unaccre-
 “ dited, I might have sworne that I ate them into the
 “ bargain!

PAGE 33.—GENUINE

XXX.—D—tc—fs of R—T—D.

“ Were I a Woman with an Angel face,
“ By birthe distinguisht, and with children blest,
“ I would not blurre the stocke of such faire fame,
“ By apeing of the wanton thinge I am not !
“ Youthe's giddie meteor, *Ladie*, is gone bye,
“ Losse in declension midde new blazinge starres :
“ Why then through Follie's ever changeful skie
“ It's tracklesse course pursue?—Have you not seene,
“ When heaven's own constellations 'gin to wane,
“ More, and more chaste, and envied they doe shine,
“ Lye'n to their farwelle settinge !”

PAGE 103.—GENUINE

XXXI.—H. CH—S WY—D—M.

“ — I knewe him, t’other side the *Appenines*, on his
“ youtheful travel, a fellowe of much honest worthe,—
“ one wedded to his friende, and flaske!—No sooner did
“ the Dog starre rage, than out he sallied forthe among
“ the softer sexe, a gaie gallante!—and, by the masse, the
“ rantipole dames of qualitie made the most of him!—
“ Good nature was his foible; for he rode you his dailie
“ roundes through *Padua* on horsebacke, to keepe honest
“ mens’ *wives* quiet!—Even his hunter would stop, as
“ ’twere by animal instincte, at the newest signe of the
“ *bornes*!—The wagge has had his daye—and now calm-
“ lie fits he downe, and talkes of fraile atchievements
“ paste, like an invalided warriore, unfit for bodilie ser-
“ vice!”

PAGE 44.—*Not GENUINE.*

XXXII.—C—fs of AL—M—LE.

- “ Oh! she could shifte almost her lovelie sexe—
“ To everie motion give a varying grace!
“ This daie she'd leade the TROOPE i'th' *tented field*!
“ Nexte—walke a furious matche 'gainst *gaffer* TIME!
“ At heade of HOUNDES now hunte the wilie *Foxe*,
“ Outstriepe her *Lorde*, and claime the culprit's brushe!
“ Then urge the *Chariot* race with fierie steeds!
“ Or *steer* the VESSEL through o'erwhelming seas!
“ —I marvel, when in aire she'll learne to *flie*!
“ Oh winges she soone must have to soare alofte,
“ And drawe mens' eyes adoringlie tow'rds heaven!

PAGE 7.—Not GENUINE.

SEVENTH DAY'S TRIAL.

XXXIII.—Earl FITZ—M.

“ They sent me over seas, to be tossed by one of my
“ owne *Irish Bulls* !—When I thought to plaie on them
“ a *Yorkshire bite*, flylie came there forthe one further
“ from the *Northe*, who *cabbaged* all my buckram, and
“ left my state doublet without bodie lining !—Oh, Sir,
“ they have treated me most insultinglie !—I have been
“ caught in their *Courte-trappe*, like a *Dunstable Larke*,
“ and now they intend to roast and baste me, without
“ any of the crumbes of comforte ! But, by the grace of
“ G—d, and the *Bisshop* of mine own anointing, I have
“ preferred true my *Cathelicke faithe* !”

PAGE 77.—GENUINE.

XXXIV.—C—SS D—LK—TH.

“ So faire a blossome hath not *Scatia* graced,
 “ Since the dire daies of beauties martyr’d Queene!
 “ Her bridal Maides no am’rous flowret strew’d
 “ Before *Rowena*,—nature’s sweetest bud,
 “ Who chafflie blush’d herself a damask rose;
 “ ’Twas almost sinne to pluck it! I marvel much,
 “ Whether that envied chiefe, her Northern Lorde,
 “ Will give such hopeful loveliness in bloom,
 “ To the rude breathe of Caledonian climes!”

PAGE 121.—Not GENUINE.

XXXV.—Commodore P—NE.

“ To serve a *Prince* right courteouslie, you should be no
 “ maker of *mince meat*!—Amphibious must you be!—
 “ prompt to atchieve strange deedes by lande, or water!
 “ on shore, his *Highbness*’ wantes, and wishes execute,
 “ before the fancie royalle hath time to fashion them:
 “ and when your barke’s afloat, give up your pliant sailes
 “ to amorous windes, and fetch him cargoes of untied
 “ love from ev’ry pointe o’ th’ compass!”

PAGE 19 —GENUINE.

XXXVI.—Mrs. S—W—G—E.

- “ How trulie widowed weeds
“ Depict the semblance of a *Woman's* sorrowe !
“ Well do they name these mournful ribands *Love*—
“ Emblems of joye that's past, and love that's yet in store !
“ Come hither *Blanche*—say how I look to-daie ?
“ For if my glasse speake true, this sorrowe feign'd
“ Doth charminglie become me !”

PAGE 20.—*Not GENUINE.*

EIGHTH DAY'S TRIAL.

XXXVII.—Earl of Ux—GE.

—— “ I am myself descended from the antiente
“ loines of Alexander the *Copper Smithe* ! but it matters
“ not how a *greate man* was either borne or begotten, if
“ *chance* do but stande his God-father !—I knewe a fel-
“ lowe, destined by fate to scratche like a mole under
“ grounde, ’till delvinge there one luckie daie, he spied a
“ veine of *shineinge oare*, on which he sette men of more
“ genius than himselfe to worke him out a *Crownette*—
“ This, deckt with belles and feathers, on his owne tem-
“ ples of unblushinge metal formed, did he swaggeringlie
“ place, for all mens’ eyes to marvell at !”

PAGE 77.—GENUINE.

XXXVIII.—Sir Ch. T—N—R.

— “ Give me a SOLDIER of *fortune*, who can afforde
 “ to hunte his enemie abroad with *bloode boundes*! Re-
 “ turninge home, he maie champion fate to th’ utter-
 “ moste, and stand you undauntedlie a throwe o’ the *dice*
 “ *boxe*, more deadlie than the rattle of *Bellona’s cannon*!”

PAGE 23.—*Not GENUINE.*

XXXIX.—C—fs of P—MF—T.

— “ Oh Sir! I’ll wager you
 “ The Lapedaries skille ’gainst that of nature!
 “ It matters not howe plaine th’ entablature
 “ Rounde which the cunninge artiste doth befette
 “ His sparklinge jewelrie!—What *Dame* can lacke
 “ The living lustre of an hazle *eye*,
 “ Whose vacancie a brilliant gem filles up?
 “ —Or who the poutinge ripeness of a *lip*,
 “ Which rubies so enchantinglie supplie?”

PAGE 66.—GENUINE.

XL.—Mr. C—WTH—NE.

—— “ My wife’s BANKE is as firme as the proude one
“ which the *Londonne* Merchantess doe intende for their
“ faire citie!—I *punte* at it mine owneselfe i’ th’ familie
“ way, so both are gainers; for though she may cocke
“ me out of my coine, I have my night’s amusement for
“ my monie!”

PAGE 30.—*Not* GENUINE.

NINTH DAY's TRIAL.

— XLI.—Mar—fs S—y.

— “ As I am not more coylike fashioned than the
 “ huntress *Dian*, I finde no sporte i' th' Chase, unless
 “ they mount me on a mettled steede—one retaining all
 “ the powers which bounteous Nature gave him ! I rode
 “ a geldinge in my youtheful daies—but the dull *Mule*
 “ had not one pace to please me ! It joies me most to be
 “ in at the extatic deathe !—but howe that can be, I
 “ marvel, unless a woman be gaillie mounted ?”

PAGE 25.—*Not* GENUINE.

— XLII.—Earl of CH—TF—D.

— “ Between you and me, he's become no less
 “ a creature, then the ear-wig of the Caxon Royale !—
 “ To be a bearer of wonderous tidings, is his soule's
 “ delighte ; and when he cannot picke up his budget
 “ fulle of tales, how marveloussie will he coin 'em !—
 “ He's chuck full of antickes—and he'll fetch and
 “ carrie post, like an over-sea dog, so that you do but
 “ laughe, and spit on a crust for his foolerie !”

PAGE 110.—GENUINE.

XLIII.—Mrs. Ed. B—v—IE.

“ Thinke not you gaze upon a statue here,
“ Whose beauties live but on an outward forme !
“ Inspecte the movements of *Ispbina's* minde,
“ And these will sanctione Man's idolatrie !
“ —Her maiden modestie she still retaines
“ Through all the duties of a wedded life.
“ With meltinge energies of soul endued,
“ See with what grace she mildlie yields her owne,
“ Or rules by reason's charme another's will !
“ Oh let this lovelie gem be fairlie copied.”——

PAGE 44.—GENUINE.

XLIV.—Earl of J—v.

—— “ I followe our Sovereigne Lord the *Prince* in
“ Kendal Greene, to hunte the hinde, and harte, to the
“ founde of mine own horne !—Passing *Hearne's Oake*, our
“ last ring i' th' forest, my *roane mare* made a false step,
“ and wisking me o'er her eares, the jade must have spilt
“ me, had I not fortunatelie fell into a buckthorne bush,
“ where, as goode lucke would have it, I hung securelie
“ by mine own deare heade !”

PAGE 3.—NOT GENUINE.

TENTH DAY's TRIAL.

XLV.—Duke of N—K.

“ Should a man in these hurlie-burlie daies, be permitted to weare a heade on his shoulders, let him not quarrel about the colour of it!—but if they *powder* mine, they shall eate it into the bargaine!—I’ll weare my nob as long as I can, in *fable*, for the frailties of my bodie!—The knaves knewe, that my sole delighte were in *rape* and *canarie*, and therefore have they clapped a double taxe on our Women, and Wine!”

PAGE 55.—GENUINE.

XLVI.—C—fs M—x—H.

— “ That insinuating creature Man,
 “ Wooes us to cut the Gordian knot in twaine,
 “ Which ties the slender bande of wedded love !
 “ Tho’ Woman’s train’d to trim the Vestale lampe,
 “ It will not save her from the gazing eye
 “ Of lawless rapture !—O’er my witching face,
 “ I throwe my flowinge ringlets as I passe,
 “ To guarde me from their lookes lascivious ;
 “ And yet the wanton windes weave them in snares
 “ To trap me fillie men so very faste,
 “ That for my foule I cannot set them free !”

PAGE 30.—*Not GENUINE*

XLVII.—Mr. B—DH—D.

“ Our House is sometimes haunted with evil sprites
 “ of fantasticke shapes, and colours ! Once in twelve
 “ moones, they turn it out o’ th’ windowes, and I am
 “ placed belowe to catch it !—The neighbours saye,
 “ there’s rare witte in all these doings—but in the quiet
 “ meekness of my harte, I ne’er could finde it out !”

PAGE 83.—*GENUINE*

XLVIII.—Mrs. P——ZI.

“ I knewe her the wife of honest *Guzman*, a good compounder of *Malte*, and *Hoppes*;—then had she the reasonable use of her mother-tongue.—No sooner was he defuncte, than she became enamoured of foreigne dignities,—wedded a *Milanesepiper*, and travelled o’er the Appenines to the tune of his boxe of whistles!—On her returne, she set up a feminine manufactory, for weaving *conversations superfine*!—These tabies pronounced the destinies of their owne sexe like *Sybils*, and became haters of mankind, because men liked them not! nay, the whimsical jades wore stockings of *skie-blue*, not having a leg among ’em to catch an eye, without the noveltie of colouringe!”

PAGE 68.—GENUINE.

ELEVENTH DAY'S TRIAL.

XLIX.—Sir R—B—T M—CKR—H.

“ I have ventured at last to be touched with *colde iron*,
“ which arguies consequence, as well as valour!—To
“ have a shininge blade whipped across my humble
“ shoulder, by the dexter hande of Sovereigntie, gives
“ me the *polish of gentilitie*, which rubs out everie spot
“ of *vulgar rust*! At the first call to the presence royale,
“ *Coming up!*” says I, as cheerfullie as ever! on which
“ the Lordes and Ladies of the Courte, in admiration of
“ my witte, were pleased to laugh most heartilie!—
“ Should any meddlinge foole aske of me, howe I came
“ thus dignified?—marry the answer’s plaine; because
“ I got my monies *darklie*, and as it were i’ the *nighte*, so
“ in the wisdom of greater men than myselfe, I was
“ thought right worthie to be—*be-knighted!*”

PAGE 22.—GENUINE.

L.—Lady C—NL—FE.

“ ——— When summer revels 'gin,
“ And through the woodland scenes, the beugle horne
“ Calls forthe the *merrie* ARCHERS—blith I leade
“ My buskin'd nymphes, equipt with graceful bowe,
“ To trie their skille in *Cheshire's* blooming vale!
“ If with more arte my feather'd arrowes flie
“ True to the target's center—quicke I turne,
“ A carelesse eare to flatterie's buzzing traine,
“ Content with that fair-gotten meede of healthe,
“ Which sportive innocence bestowes!”

PAGE 112.—*Not* GENUINE.

LI.—Lord C—TN—V.

“ ——— I sawe it flutteringe o'er a banke of
“ violettes, gaier than a May-born butterflie!—If our
“ Naturalists looke not to it, we shall loose, I feare, the
“ focke of this sweet *non-descript* in colde extinction;
“ for, by the masse, it seemes too delicate, t' endure the
“ vulgar toiles of procreation!”

PAGE 78.—GENUINE.

LII.—Miss H—TH—M.

“ —Nay, nay, flout me as you please, I'll keepe my
“ *spinster's* humour! What care I, if I am doom'd to
“ dance an ape in t'other worlde!—is it not better far,
“ than being chain'd to one in this?—Tell me,—have I
“ not a warme husbände in my bags of golde, in value
“ of which the sneakinge fellowes would faine make
“ me a wife!—For this coine of mine, which I knowe
“ how to take care of myselfe, all men are my *most de-*
“ *voted*!—sweare I have more personal attractions than
“ the Sea-born Goddesse, and that my circuitous waiste
“ is more delicatelie shaped than even *Dian's* girdle—
“ admirable conceits! But I have *laughed* at the humour
“ of these poor knaves so long, 'tis no marvel I have
“ growne FAT!”

TWELFTH DAY'S TRIAL.

LIII.—D—ss of GL—R.

“ ——— I scorne to ask of fate
“ Why I so regallie allied to thrones,
“ Am thus debarred my lawful rightes of state,
“ Of homage, fealtie, and courtlie ranke?
“ In this long banishment from all my claimes,
“ My woman's pride doth still sustaine
“ The loftie bearings of a *princelie* mind!
“ Rather than mingle with the motlie herde,
“ Which form the fleetinge noblesse of our land,
“ In dignified obscuritie I'll dwell,
“ And diet on mine own proud spleene till death!”

PAGE 21.—GENUINE.

LIV.—Earl of L—S—R.

“ Why, Sir, he hath climbed every arm of the mightie
“ *tree of Genealogie*, like a School-boie after Rookes nests;
“ and can pointe you out the oldest branch, which bore
“ his great forefather as its first fruit!—He hath a most
“ sensitive nostril for the flowers of *antiente Nobilitie*—
“ and will smell you out the stocke from our *red or white*
“ *rose*, a furlonge off!—He now delights in the sleeping
“ languages of past daies, and therefore hath he been
“ created great *Lorde Decypherer* of the *dead letters*!—As
“ an *Antiquarian* he is most dexterous, for he proved, in
“ the teethe of the Courte, that he was *born* before his
“ father, and therefore ought to be first *thought of*; and,
“ in truth, so he was, for he slipt his head into an *Earl's*
“ *crownet*, which they had beene preparing for his Sire!”

PAGE 114.—Not GENUINE.

LV.—Lady EL——TH F——R.

“ You say, that *Rowena* should not have been compelled
“ to *wed* according to the *Lawe Canonical*—marry, why?
“ because the *Lawe of Nature*, which was the first, doth
“ allow unto everie Spinster to *burn* and the like, after
“ her own discretion? So that the worlde be but well
“ stocked with *sucklings*, male and female, it matters
“ not how they were born or begotten. If they finde
“ not out their real *Dams*, give them but a good *Foster*
“ *Mother*, and that will content them!”

PAGE 13.—GENUINE.

LVI.—Earl of A——LE.

“ Oh, short indeed was that pale honie-moone
“ Which shone on our greene loves ! Could she not bear
“ The mild remonstrance which affection moved,
“ To shielde our blended pride from painful claimes
“ Necessitie might rudelie presse !—Alas,
“ If from that breaſte, which I ſo fondlie made
“ The ſecret treaſurie of all my thoughts,
“ I could not counſel aſk, nor ſeek reſoſe,
“ 'Twas well to ſever thus our fates in twaine !—
“ Come, little off-ſpring of our ſhort-lived bliſſe,
“ Dear tokens of your parent's happier daies,
“ Take now the other ſhare of my ſoul's love,
“ Which ſhe that bore you deems not worth her keepinge !”

PAGE 44.—*Not GENUINE.*

THIRTEENTH DAY'S TRIAL.

LVII.—P—fs EL—TH.

— “ Heaven blefs her merrie harte! and keepe all
“ forrowe from it!—She is the sweet-tuned fiddle of her
“ father's Courte, where no true pastime can be known
“ without her!—Each bower, and hall, she decks with
“ such true grace, that you might sweare where'er she
“ moves, perpetual Spring attends her!—Oh! blithsome
“ *Princess!* long may the mirth of innocence be thine,
“ and thou the faire dispenser of its power, to turn aside
“ those barbed shaftes, which fate full oft doth forge,
“ wherewith to wounde the bosome of a *Kinge!*”

PAGE 114.—GENUINE.

LVIII.—Earl GR—R.

— “ I met a *Yeoman-pricker* of the Chace, who,
 “ piteous fellowe,—pointed me sadlie out, a noble an-
 “ tient, *Stag*, the feates, and frolickes of whose youthe
 “ were gone !—At ruttinge time, now dothe he seeke the
 “ ruffie-bottomed glen, thence to behold his successors
 “ trip by in lustie rivalrie, leading the amorous herde at
 “ pleasure o’er the heathe, while he dothe deeplie sigh
 “ for sportes now paste, and shed in lonelië solitude his
 “ hornes !”

PAGE 4.—GENUINE.

LIX.—D—fs H—L—N.

“ Soft, unsuspecting sifterhood of mine,
 “ Ere you the hand of innocence bestowe
 “ On wooinge man—marke well, I praie,
 “ The temper of his minde !—Oh ! wed ye not
 “ To brutal fullenefs, in Lordlie shape,
 “ Or lowe vulgaritie disguised in state.
 “ Unheedinge this, incautiouſlie I fell
 “ From all the virgin pleasures of my youthe,
 “ To miseries almost confined to me,
 “ The titled shadowe of a *widowed WIFE* !”

PAGE 88.—*Not* GENUINE.

LX.—Sir Jos. B——ks.

“ Why have I circled wide the varying poles ?
 “ Search’d Nature to her source in every clime,
 “ Survey’d her animals, her plants, and flowers,
 “ Learnt every particle of sande by name,
 “ And lowlie dust of which vain man’s compounded ?
 “ Why ranfack’d thus the ever-changeful globe,
 “ But to extende the social intercourse
 “ ’Twixt heaven’s created beings ?—This I’ve done,
 “ And moulded to one common will with mine
 “ Two * *Creatures* opposite in Nature’s scale ;
 “ Unbente their aukwarde dignitie of minde,
 “ To share with me equalitie of rights.
 “ Two yeares their bashful modestie I woo’d,
 “ Ere they, by joint consent, would imitate
 “ Man’s daily avocations : docile growne,
 “ They now will reason with me on the square,
 “ Hop where I walke, and rest if I but pause !
 “ Eat when I feede, and sleepe at my repose !
 “ Thus we instinctivelie philosophize
 “ On all our little wantes for fleetinge life !

PAGE 21.—GENUINE.

* Alluding, as Mr. MALONE sbrewdly suspects, to the extraordinary whim of a Naturalist in those days, who devoted his latter years to the humane office of taming a TOAD, and a BADGER ! After reconciling their rude antipathies, he domesticated them with so much address to his own family, as at last to boast of them, as a pair of the most rational beings in the whole circle of his acquaintance !

FOURTEENTH DAY'S TRIAL.

LXI.—M—q—fs of S—y.

“ — Yes, that is the great *Polonius* himself!—He
“ doth expect the humble homage of our knee—and must
“ have it!—I prithee call him not a shallow-witted Lorde,
“ when his wise head is crammed so full of braines,
“ that he knowes not which way to turne them!—Some
“ whimsical God, in heathenish daies! decreed, that he
“ should be born a loftie man, and a mightie!—He is the
“ *Custos Morum* of the *Harmonique Spheres*, under whose
“ authoritie poor *Bardes*, and *Minstrels*, are whipped from
“ tything to tything!—likewise a deep Astronomer, skill-
“ ed in the signs from *Taurus* to *Capricorn*! and so great
“ a *Naturaliste*, that he knowes the *buddinge* season by the
“ note of the prophetick *Cuckoe*!

PAGE 87.—GENUINE.

LXII.—Lady W——M R——L.

“ Oh, dearest Nurse ! and it be like its father, as you
“ faie, and a lovelie *boy*, see quicklie if it’s prettie mouthe
“ be furnished with a *tongue* !—and it be tied, I praie you
“ cut, with tender care the ligature in twaine, that the
“ *maladie* of silence be not entailed upon our line of
“ *Males* ! Were it a *girl*—such pains were uselefs, as its
“ *Grand Mama*, who hathe not yet the *fruitful arte* for-
“ sworne, full oft declared, no female progenie of hers
“ could be devoid of *prattling powers* !”

PAGE 187.—GENUINE.

LXIII.—Duke of R—M—D.

—— “ With fronte of colde, and weather-beaten brasse,
“ Sullen he moved, and slowe, like batt’ring-ramme,
“ As if he plann’d indignantlie to raze
“ His own proude battelments !—then suddenie
“ With humble creft he spake !——
“ In mine own workes, chin-deep was I entrench’d,
“ Cover’d with *bastions* raifed from mines of golde,
“ Defyinge *sap* ! or *siege* ! or *coup-de main* !
“ Till one *borwitzer*, mounted on an height,
“ So gall’d my *flanke*—*dismounted* all my *gunnes*,
“ That I a *parlie beat* !—no *honours* ask’d,
“ But *march’d me out*, unable to contende
“ Against the wraatheful ORDINANCE of Heaven !”

PAGE 101.—Not GENUINE.

LXIV.—Lady W—L—CE.

“ These are not the times to stand upon a punctilious
“ observance of sexe, or to hide a masculine boldness
“ under the flimsie veil of female delicacie !—Looke upon
“ the Scottish *bonnie BELL* ?—a *he-she* citizen of everie
“ lande ! She wears you mens’ *fillebegg* loofelie like a
“ *Turke* !—can *box* with Datchet bargemen,—*swim* like
“ a mermaid with her fair face upwards !—and push low
“ quarte with the nimblest masters of th’ assault !—So
“ amphibiouslie created, as to be ready for any service, by
“ sea, or lande ! I’ve seen her tosse off a glasse of flip, and
“ dance a reele on deck, while the weather-beaten vessel
“ was shaking under three reefed sails !—Put on shore,
“ she would flie to the beat of martial drum, hoiste up
“ her under-petticoat to drie, and while it was shot at by
“ Kentishe *Volunteers*, laugh at the bungling marksmen,
“ for not hitting the target in the bull’s eye !”

PAGE 55.—GENUINE.

FIFTEENTH DAY's TRIAL.

LXV.—Princess R—L.

“ No, in good sooth!—I am not one of those
“ To breathe out fighes for that vain creature Man
“ To lorde it o'er me in an unknown clime !
“ Too soone the softe delusion of his tongue
“ A changeful husband turns to wanton dames !
“ Let others then in patient silence sit,
“ And see each Ladie of their Courte carest,
“ Or lowlie handmaid of their house preferr'd ;
“ But I'll ne'er pine, or fade in splendid sorrowe,
“ Compell'd to weare the semblance of delighte,
“ While my swoln harte is rending with its grief !
“ In peace domestique rather let me dwelle
“ Within the bosome of my native isle,
“ Nor barter blessings of a British growthe,
“ For foreigne miserie in state array'd !

PAGE 132.—GENUINE.

LXVI.—Duke of M——CH.

“ — He was a marvellous admirer of the *Antients*,
“ and recommended the antique coinage to the treasurie
“ of his friendes, content himself with hoarding up the
“ golden produce of the moderne mints ! In worldlie wif-
“ dome he had a right saving knowledge, so that he
“ waisted you no more *wordes*, than *pistories* !—As a greate
“ man he panted after elbowe-roome—and gained it, by
“ adding unnumber’d acres to his vaste domaines ! He fol-
“ lowed not his martial progenitor in furrounding vast
“ Empires, but indulged himself in the pacifique plan of
“ drawing a line of circumvallation round a single *Shire* !
“ —For this, upon his table soveraignlie becarpetted, do
“ lie the maps, and charts of neighbouring demesnes,
“ which, as a mortal with an *earthlie*-minde, his eye
“ doth greedilie devour !”

PAGE 99.—Not GENUINE.

LXVII.—Mr. T—R—V—S.

“ I marvel whether it be profitable, or not, in *Jewe*, or
“ *Gentile*, to chaunte ballades of bawdrie for loose Lordes,
“ and crack luscious jokes to yelde them the kernels,
“ till time hath left him tootheles?”

PAGE 181.—GENUINE.

LXVIII.—Lady D—Y T—MP—N.

“ In daies of yore, I drewe God’s Creatures male about
“ me by the light of a lovelie countenance ! I had an *eye*
“ then which made some of them smart for it : but that’s
“ gone bye. So now with lengthened veil, and demitie
“ coats cut thort, I fallie forthe in everie flauntinge breeze,
“ and make them prance like madmen after me, to the
“ elastic spring of my well-turned leg ; while I, a flying
“ Daphne, chide the rude windes which give it to their
“ view !—As for the lost expression of an *eye*, it mat-
“ ters not, because a *willing tongue* abundantlie sup-
“ plies it !”

PAGE 48.—Not GENUINE.

SIXTEENTH DAY'S TRIAL.

LXIX.—Lord K—Y—N.

“ — If he be not great grandson to the pepper-corn
“ *Llewellen*, then knowe I noughte of the race of *Antiente Britons* !—but let that pass.—When a striplinge,
“ he did serve by virtue of indenture tripartite, old *Capias*,
“ a flie bag foxe of the Lawe hard bye the *Wreken* ! there
“ picked he up the minor *quirkes*, and *quidlibets* ; but to
“ the darker mysteries of the blacke Arte, he entered a
“ *demurrer* ! From retailinge Lawe thus in small portions
“ averdupoise, he became by degrees the greate dispenser
“ of that wholesome drug to the King's wide common-
“ weale ! Still kepte he his ballance so nicelie poised,
“ that yieldinge to no other weighte, a single scruple of
“ his own conscience would turne the beame. Some
“ liken him to a cholorique Chymiste, whose virtue is
“ tried by his own *fire* ;—but what heedes the outwarde
“ wrathe of him, who hathe a minde within, pure as
“ the mountaine aire which first he breathed ! ”

PAGE 237.—GENUINE.

LXX.—C—fs W—DG—VE.

——— “ Far from the worlde retired,
“ In plaintive widowhooe she past her daies !
“ The deeplie-graven image of her LORDE
“ Was treasured at her harte, and there faste bound
“ By the dear pledges of a well-tried love !
“ Each fleetinge houre she call'd her little traine,
“ Looked for some featured copie of their Sire,
“ In fonde expectancie that she might trace
“ A budding likenesse in each youthful minde,
“ Sweete proxie of the noble worthe she lost !”

PAGE 166.—GENUINE.

LXXI.—Earl P—T.

“ Yes, yes, I tell you! the same COUNT TIVOLIO
“ who did pennance last Lent at the Roman Carnival!
“ A man of taste so much refined, that he will dance
“ along the flintie way to *Mantua* barefooted, to the tune
“ of a good dinner, so that you call not on him to paie
“ the piper! He hathe a nature created with exquisite
“ sensibilitie for bodilie endurance! He saith in veritie,
“ that man was fashioned for long sufferinges; that if
“ they tosse him up a chimnie like a pancake, he ought
“ not to murmur—nor complain of those who may
“ kindlie beat him as they do a Turkie carpet, to get the
“ dirt out of it by manual compunction!”

PAGE 91.—*Not* GENUINE.

LXXII.—D——fs of C—D—N.

“ Ken you that Dame from t’other side the *Tweede*?—
“ ’Tis the gaie wife of the puissant Thane!—Becoming
“ as Gossip Fame reports, an analyser of Burgundian
“ juices, they caught her faire face like the wildfire of
“ *St. Antonie*, and cruellie marred its beauties!—Under
“ the radiance of her owne countenance, she can now
“ warmlie delineate all Heaven’s created things by their
“ proper names, without further blushing!—Rearing a
“ broode of March chicks wifelie, she did kindlie accom-
“ modate two sucking Dukes with a pair of them, as
“ greate bridale bargaines! and for her prettie nestlinge
“ that remains, she doth promise to herself as goode a
“ market!—Ever merrie is her hearte, that trips it
“ lightlie to a joyous reele, and politique her heade,
“ that gaines her the choicest secrets that passe between
“ the poles!”

PAGE 113.—Not GENUINE.

SEVENTEENTH DAY'S TRIAL.

LXXIII.—D—ke of G—IT—N.

“ How is it, lordie Senators, that a smuggled dash of
“ the *bloode regalle* curdlinge in a mortal man's veines,
“ should freeze up the genial currente of his soule?—If
“ any one hathe neede to gaze upon the puiffante *Hugolto*,
“ it must be at distance vast! for he is more loftie than
“ any other of God's creatinge, by many cubittes! Prouder
“ in prosperitie than a pamper'd War-horse, although in
“ jeopardie of state he bends his raven crest, till you may
“ drive him before you like a pinion'd Storke: so im-
“ perious in a fiede of hunters, that every one is inclined
“ to become his WHIPPER-IN right heartilie! 'Tis said
“ an aguish kind of love-fit attacked him, tottering under
“ the excess of power, and that the same palpitation
“ shooke him out of his Mistrefs, and his Place! A raie of
“ sunshine once rudelie broke o'er the darke horizon of
“ his visage, and forced a smile; but in penance for the
“ familiar deede, he hathe thenceforth doomed his face
“ to the planetarie influence of a digets eclipse!”

PAGE 123.—Not, GENUINE.

I XXIV.—C—fs of D—BY.

“ Lo! milde *Rowena* to her friendes restored,
“ And all the meedes of innocence and peace,
“ Lookes on the troubled waters she has past
“ With wonder at her owne deliverance!
“ Still her faire browe its diadem displaies,
“ Which female artes would faine have wrested from her.
“ Pitying she sees a rival queene be-deckt
“ With fancied coronettes of changeful hue;
“ While she with witte and pleasantrie beguiles
“ The fleetinge houres; nor doth a painful fighe
“ Her bosom move, save one of penitence
“ For waywarde errors of unguided youthe!
“ Oh! there be those, who sufferinge like her
“ Had fighed their little hartes in twaine—nay wept
“ Two lovelie eyes to ceaseles founts of sorrowe!”

PAGE 44.—Not GENUINE.

LXXV.—Lord B—G—V E.

“ Why, even in the goe-carte of the schooles was he
“ made to prattle like unto a linguisse of *Athens*, having
“ his gums rubbed every mornigge with a *Greeke* coral
“ by his Alma Mater!—With his yeares grewe an itch-
“ inge ambition to become a maker of orations in the
“ dead languages, which few men livinge might compre-
“ hende : for this, he attempted to speake with the peb-
“ ble of *Demosthenes* in his mouthe before the astonished
“ Senate, which becominge unmanageable, it did unfor-
“ tunatelie begagg the aspireinge Declaimer!”

PAGE 55.—Not GENUINE.

LXXVI.—C—fs of B—K—M—R L.

— “ Playing in all shapes, and kindes, doth marvel-
“ louslie delighte me!—I can play most adroitlie at a
“ *rounde game*; and a busie knife and forke at a *rounde*
“ *table*!—Although our Stage be on the decline, I mar-
“ vel much if it can fall while I continue the maine
“ prop of the Theatre!—Whene’er I do enacte, beare I
“ not all before me? Ev’n the last time I did perform a
“ moveinge parte in a piece militarie at the Duke’s privie
“ Drama, as I carried off the west-end of a fortified towne
“ in my retreate through the side wings of his Grace’s
“ scencrie! The next parte I do assume will be that of
“ the Jewishe *Shylocke*, findinge my owne propertie of
“ *bearde*—after which I will have my *pound of fleshe* for
“ supper, or my cooke shall answer for the defaulte by
“ losse of his vocation!”

PAGE 166.—Not GENUINE.

EIGHTEENTH DAY'S TRIAL.

LXXVII.—Earl of H—TH.

“ Though begotten in a cloudie nighte, he was most
“ noblie brought forth under lunar influence, and there-
“ fore soon became a dabbler in mysteries cœlestial! He
“ was so well with the planettes, that he could put you
“ off an *Eclipse* for three weeks upon a stretch, to the
“ great confusion of all astronomers!—Descended from
“ King *Bladud* in a converse line, he did decree himselfe
“ hereditarie ruler of the tepid *Baths*, and there tumbled
“ into *hot water* by virtue of his owne special preroga-
“ tive!—As for *Minstrels*, and *Shew-folkes*, he banished
“ them his dominion, because they played the foole more
“ wiselie than their better!”

PAGE 114.—GENUINE.

LXXVIII.—P—fs M—RY.

“ Amid the princelie blossomes which adorne
“ Old *Windsor's* happie shades, can Nature shewe
“ A fairer flower to blesse each ravish'd sence ?
“ More bloominge as she teems in beautie's scale,
“ Her minde with all the social graces stor'd,
“ Growes riper yet in sweete benevolence.—
“ Heroic youthes, for chivalrie renown'd,
“ When *foreign* warfares shall no longer rage,
“ Turne to this isle your royale course in peace ;
“ Here viewing well the lovelie treasure, saie,
“ Is't fitting this faire forme should fade unseen,
“ Like the pale lillie in sequester'd vale ?”

PAGE 222.—Not GENUINE.

LXXIX.—Arch——p of Y——.

“ In these hacking times of war, see that your mitred
 “ *Abbottes* be formed out of bluffe materials—men who
 “ will fall to fightinge ere they have whistled o’er their
 “ holie mattins!—Commende unto me for the heade of
 “ the true *Churche Militante*, the most reverend *Thwack-*
 “ *bauffen*!—he hathe a mightie arme for conqueringe the
 “ stubborne fleshe of others, and from his earliest daies
 “ hath ruled it with a birchen sceptre!”

PAGE 23.—Not GENUINE.

LXXX.—Mrs. C—NC—N.

“ — Our house is destined for the scene of whimsical
 “ adventures! Unrobeinge myselfe in my chamber the
 “ other nighte, methoughte I heard some strange noise
 “ not far distant from my bed!—fearfullie I searched in
 “ vaine, the place most likelie to conceal a man—but
 “ lookinge underneath the vallence, I espied one, at the
 “ fighte of whome my life-bloode ebbed, and in my
 “ swoone the ruffian ’scap’d away!—What his busines
 “ could be *under* the bed I cannot divine—but he meant
 “ no goode, or surelie he had not been there!”

PAGE 321.—GENUINE.

NINETEENTH DAY'S TRIAL.

LXXXI.—Mrs. M—ST—RS.

“ Havocke I wotte, hathe this faire Syren made
“ ‘Mid poore mens mortal hartes, bestricken with
“ The keene blue light’ning of her roguish eyes !
“ Still beautie’s flauntinge banner she displaies
“ With all the little loves so cluster’d rounde,
“ That TIME himselfe enlifest her gaie gallante,
“ Bids all her yeares roll pleasurable on,
“ Allowes nor furrowe to despoile her browe,
“ Nor fingle rose-bud to forsake her cheekes,
“ That to his desolating power no charge
“ Might lie, for losse of lovelinesse so rare !”

PAGE 123.—GENUINE.

LXXXII.—Duke of CL—CL.

——— “ Amphibious form’d,
“ O’er sea and land indignantlie he roll’d,
“ As if no element beneath the starres
“ Were worthie his dominion !—Yet stoop’d he
“ To female yoke, and humblie then became
“ The foster father of some merrie pranks
“ Which his harte’s *Quean* with other folke had play’d !
“ Though he’s a Princelie Chiefe of bouncing wordes
“ One pepperinge vollie of her comicke clacke
“ Larums his mightie foul to mute subjection !”

PAGE 44.—*Not GENUINE.*

LXXXIII.—Miss P—LH—M.

“ Oh ! the she-sharkes who furrounde the tables of
“ chance, devoured all my ducattes in my youthe, and
“ now they shie at my miserie, like a prieste at a poore
“ mendicant !—I am nightlie refused the loane of a single
“ stake for one solitarie cocke ; so that, biteinge my fin-
“ gers ends in madnesse, I sit now an idle spectator of
“ fortune’s mischiefe, without a consoleing share in the
“ undoinge of others !”

PAGE 20.—*Not GENUINE.*

LXXXIV.—MR. M—DLET—N.

“ What art thou, *memorie*, but a rash obtruder ?—nay a
“ fell despoiler of man’s fortune ! The little share of thy
“ retentive facultie I do possesse, I will use as warie
“ men do a darke lanthorne, making it visible onlie to
“ illumine their owne pathe !—For my parte, I’ll put a
“ remembrance on no one’s wordes—not even on my
“ owne, if it be not my goode pleasure—Why should I
“ weare a *memorie*, like a tablet on a market crosse, to
“ make inquisitive knaves as wise as myselfe ?—I am
“ well travelled i’ th’ manners of the *East* ; so that,
“ would men derive information from me, it must be as
“ from the radiant dial, which answers interrogatorie
“ none, unlesse you make the sun to shine right smil-
“ inglie upon it !”

PAGE 10.—GENUINE.

TWENTIETH DAY'S TRIAL.

LXXXV.—Marquiss C—NW—S.

—— “ What though his bodie
“ Yelde to the fraile infirmities of nature,
“ His loftie mind atchievements hath in store,
“ O'er which brighte Honour prouddie may displaie
“ His purest standarde!—Not in carnaged fieldes
“ Beflowed with human gore, are we to searche
“ For his faire fame, but in suriving hostes,
“ In vanquish'd countries, and their prostrate chiefes
“ Relcued by him from wanton desolation:
“ Such are th' heroicke deedes which Virtue claimes
“ Of mightie valour!”

PAGE 76.—GENUINE.

LXXXVI.—Miss VAN—CK.

— “ They shall find me somebodie in the *Presence*
“ Chamber, since they have chosen me Bearer of her
“ Highnesse’ Privie Purse !—Though as yet but an *emptie*
“ honour, I do accept it in the fullness of my grace right
“ thankfullie.—Nowe that I grow in state, as well as sta-
“ ture, the PRINCE may comment at his pleasure on the
“ comeliness of my person ; and I will give the Wag a
“ grilled Capon, with catches and glees, whenever it
“ may suite his royal humour to sojourne with me so-
“ berlie at midnichte !”

PAGE 22.—*Not GENUINE.*

LXXXVII. Earl of INC—Q—N.

— “ By the holie St. *Patricke*, but I have been a
“ spend-thrife after the polite artes, by which I might
“ be able one day or t’other to turn a saving pennie!—
“ Being born executor to Sir *Launcelot* the great Limner,
“ I had the over-rummaging of all his pieces, both dead
“ and alive! Och! to be sure and I did not espie me a
“ prettie tight *kit-cat* among them, in which there was
“ goode keeping: so with a little *oyle varnishe* of Blarney,
“ I brought out the beauties of the sweete Crater, to fe-
“ cure them, d’ye see, in my own private Collection!”

PAGE 33.—Not GENUINE.

LXXXVIII.—C—fs of B—SB—GH.

“ Far you might trace ROWENA’s sad returne
“ By teares incessante which bedew’d her way :
“ Ah ! wherefore journie into distante climes
“ For that repose the minde had lost at home ?
“ Swiftlie the rumour of our early deedes
“ Flies on before us, and dothe of-times blighte
“ Those poppie flowrets which our fancie rear’d
“ To strew oblivious o’er our forrowes past !—
“ Rest now faire wanderer within our isle ;
“ And if domestique solace thou wouldst knowe,
“ Oh shun the *Circe* artes of thine own sexe,
“ Which ruine more, than those of man’s undoing !”

PAGE 101.—GENUINE.

TWENTY-FIRT DAY's TRIAL.

LXXXIX.—Duke of R—T L—D.

—— “ If I had not escaped me from the under-petti-
“ coates of these *doatinge* DOWAGERS, they would have
“ smothered my peering manhoode with the warmthe
“ of their maternal affection!—One of them read me
“ nightlie lectures on the beauties paramount of the
“ *antique*; and these, with boyish rapture, did I studie,
“ until her Grace, my better-knowinge Mother, chid me
“ for my follie, and bade me launche my buoyant barque
“ upon the flowing tide of youtheful transportes !”

PAGE 87.—GENUINE.

XC.—March—fs of T—CHF—D.

“ Saie, when you likened it to new fallen snowe,
“ And planted countlesse kisses on my hande,
“ Was it in rapture o’er its outwarde shape,
“ Or what its golden palme did then containe ?
“ Whate’er the motive of this worshipec—take’t,
“ And all the treasure which it dothe possess :
“ I praie you look not scrupulouflic nice
“ At its contents ;—of *golde* there is enough
“ To rub, and polishe o’er the rustie spots
“ With which dire povertie dothe sometimes blur
“ The noblest ermine !—Howe it were begotte,
“ That heede not now : should some be found that’s base,
“ ’Tis fitter barter for those bauble plumes

“ With

“ With which weak women do their pride ennoble !
“ Husbände this wealthe right well my Lorde, if not
“ Your wife ; ’twill aide you in those times of neede,
“ When vain distinctions may be trod to duste,
“ And all your plighted vowes be lost in aire !
“ —So take me as you found me, Scot, and *lot* !
“ But see you fairlie *deal* at present by me,
“ For I was trained to know when people do * *plaie foule*.”

PAGE 210.—Not GENUINE.

* Mr. MALONE, but with a becoming diffidence on so delicate a point, is inclined to think “ that the immortal BARD here levels a favourite PUN at some family anecdotes, well known at that æra in the Annals of GAMING.”

XCI.—Mr. Secretary W—ND—M.

— “ How sharplie sette are all his seven wittes for
“ the affaires of State! Amidst our Sovereigne Lorde’s
“ right sapiente advisers, that’s the man who will make
“ the most of a shatter’d braine, my life on’t! By the
“ masse, but he will sub-divide you the pericranium hu-
“ man into as many crooked axioms as there be haire on
“ the scalpe of a wilde Indian! then so deeplie skilled is
“ he in your mathematiques, that he will set any one’s
“ toothe on edge by the mere fileing of his logical sawe!
“ —Most wiselie did they constitute him their *Secretarie*
“ of WARFARE, because he could write a legible hande
“ in slaughter; nay, and prove upon a pinche, by his
“ *bob-minors* and *majors*, that the *Constitution* is physically
“ undone, unlesse it be let *bloode* freelie in the KYNGE’S
“ name!”

PAGE 123.—GENUINE.

XCII.—Mrs. GR——Y.

“ This wedded sparke of mine woulde make a husbände
“ far more conjugal, if he were a *Statesman* lefs confe-
“ quential!—At times, when I do fondlie interpret the
“ language of a looke, to the gaze of admiration on the
“ person he did sweare to love, for better and for worse—
“ he dothe my verie soule bechill with some exclamation
“ of—*the GENTLEMAN in his eye!*”—Now quicklie turn-
“ ing rounde, threatens to—“ *divide the House*”—with
“ which in wedlocke he endowed me!—Anon he whif-
“ pers in mine ear somewhat of “ *a motion he would make;*
“ —but soone, alack, cries out, “ I’ve lost it by the
“ *previous question!*”—Heaven defende his sweete wittes,
“ and direct them to one faire point of love or politiques,
“ for, in their divided state, I feare he’ll marr them
“ bothe!”

TWENTY-SECOND DAY'S TRIAL.

XCIII.—Sir JOSEPH M—WB—Y.

“ I am neghbour, at nexte doore, to Sir HUGO BOREI-
“ SKIN, the sturdie Knighte, who picked up his crumbe
“ in the pig-market ! The comelie sausage-women hard
“ by the Poultrie do bend the knee of curtisie to his
“ worship, because he dealeth hugelie in fwine's fleshe !
“ —Once on a time he was accounted a man of witte,
“ and then fitlie chosen to represent his own hoggerie in
“ sage convention. Moreover, he had an intrigue with
“ an underlinge of the *Muses*, from whence sprung *Christ-*
“ *mas Carrols*, and *Bellmen's Verses*, to the marvellous an-
“ noyance of founde sleepers !”

PAGE 66.—Not GENUINE.

XCIV.—Countess of CH—TH—M.

“ Aye! there’s a creature feminine, of whome
“ The worlde may proudlie boast.—With store of charmes
“ And blandishments that so bedeck the fexe,
“ She, from the yielding of her gentle harte,
“ Hathe walk’d fair honour’s hand-maide,—earlie shunn’d
“ The flauntinge scenes of *Courte* parade, to acte
“ The humbler duties of domestique life.
“ Simplic attired, as innocent in minde,
“ With all the sweete benevolences graced,
“ Her polish, ’came by habit so engrained,
“ That Slander’s biteing file could never touche it!”

PAGE 55.—GENUINE.

XCV.—MR. STR—T, (late Member for MALDON.)

— “ No idle prater he, but a dealer in fewe wordes ;
“ and those he doth vouchsafe to utter, carrie with them
“ a convincing charme ! There is ev’n such magique in
“ his monosyllables, that a single *negation* of his i’ th’
“ Senate hath stricke your *Partie-mongers* dumbe ! ”

PAGE 46.—GENUINE.

XCVI.—Lady MARY D—NC—N.

—“Because it did her Ladie-ship delighte, to mounte
“her on some *barren staffe*, like *birchen broome*, she was a
“WEIRD SISTER, wrongfullie y’clep’d!—In veritie she
“is the widowed remnant of the DUNCAN race, allied
“to rapes, and massacres of yore!—for this hathe she un-
“sexed herself to mortal fighte, that men might marvel
“on her gender, and she avoide those perils known to
“bothe!—She hathe a meltinge soule for melodie, which
“in charitie she lendes to *knaves despoiled*, who chaunte
“their earlie losse in lamentable straines!”

PAGE 39.—Not GENUINE.

TWENTY-THIRD DAY'S TRIAL.

XCVII.—Lord W——M G——RD——N.

“ Time was, I roved through beautie's gay parterre,
“ And cull'd the sweetest blossomes of the spring :
“ But now, alack ! mine own poor lease grows seare
“ And fadeth with the frailties of the fleshe !
“ Then what availe the youthful daies I've known,
“ The fillie hartes with perjured vowes I've limed,
“ And all the pageantrie of lawlesse love ?”

PAGE 66.—*Not GENUINE.*

XCVIII.—Mrs. M—Y N—L.

— “ My kennel-bred Sparke, dothe fume and frette,
“ like one of his own mad packe, at the parchinge
“ drought which thus his *Chace* delaies.—Indeed I think
“ it longe myselfere he can hie his mettled houndes once
“ more to cover—till then, the harvest is kept backe
“ from which I yearlie reape my gaier prodigalities. For
“ this, like DIAN do I fit the jollie matron of an Hun-
“ ter's boarde, while *minor Dukes* and *whelp-linge Lordes*
“ with bumpers charged, to me appeal, on *flyinge Leapes*
“ which they so madlie take?—whose *learthern gaskins*
“ are of trimmest shape? or who does *talliboo* the fighted
“ Foxe in straines of loudest dissonance?”

PAGE 56.—Not GENUINE.

XCIX.—Admiral Lord BR—DP—T.

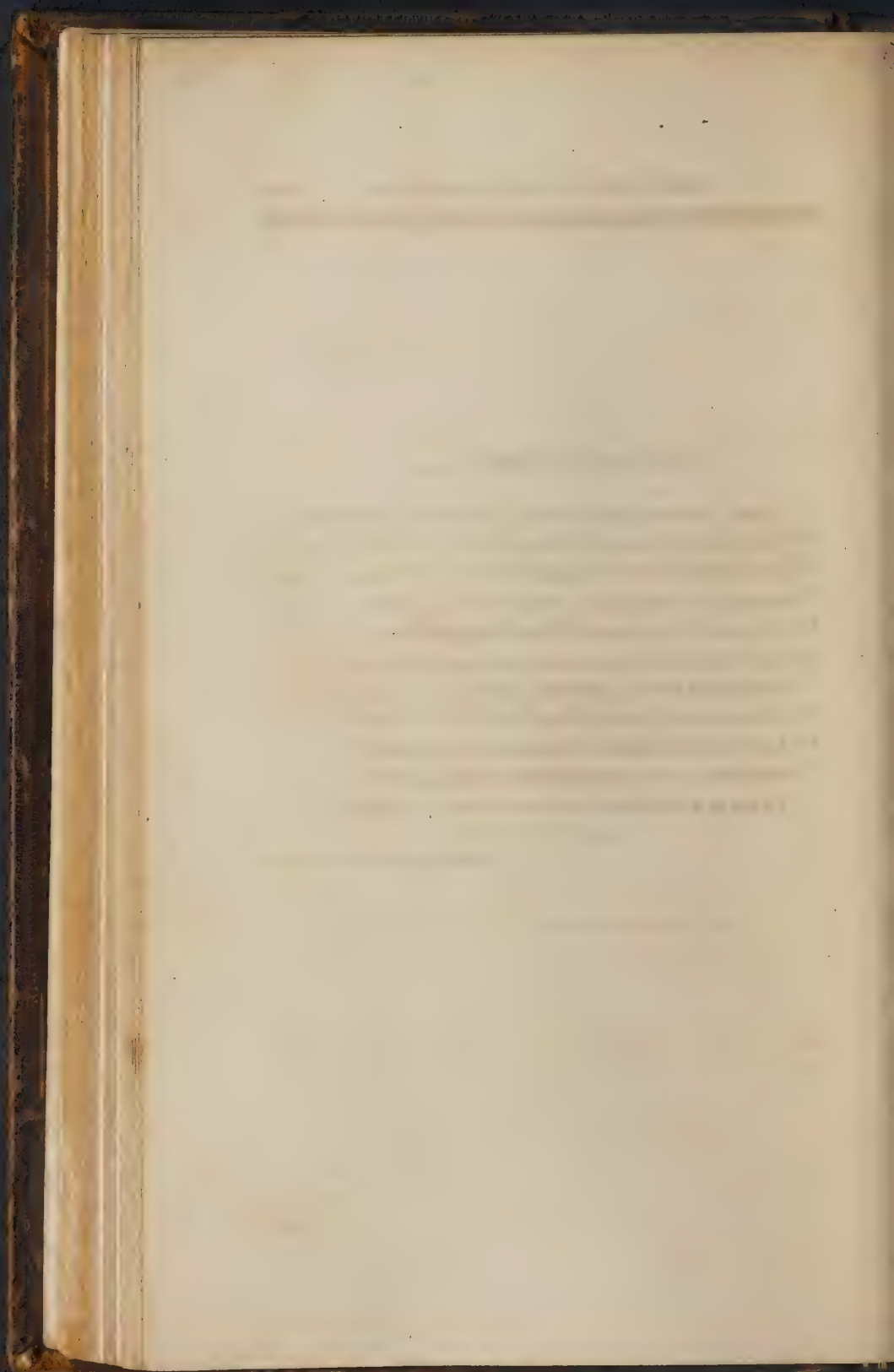
—— “ That sturdie son of *Neptune* doth mine humour
“ suite right well :—where’er his streamers flie, they so
“ be-lorde it o’er the element of waters, that not a single
“ *Gallique* barque will he permit to ride in suretie on it !
“ —Roughe as the blowinge tempest of the Northe is he
“ a boate—but when on shore, the milder influences pre-
“ vaile againe, and swaye his minde to calm urbanitie !”

PAGE 114.—GENUINE.

C.—D—fs of D—V—RE.

“ Saie, how can earthe’s grofs meteors long abide,
“ When heaven’s owne planets topple from their height?
“ Yon lovelie orbe which nowe is on the wane,
“ And but by shepherdes seene at twilight grey,
“ Was once the morning starre that did arise
“ Most radiantlie be-gemmed!—A gazing worlde
“ Confest its genial influence around!
“ Wise men did journie from the Easte to view ’t,
“ And bend in humble adoration of its power!
“ But now ’tis falling from its circled heighte,
“ To leave a darkened void ’mid beautie’s sphere!”

PAGE 221.—GENUINE.



P A S S A G E S
S E L E C T E D
B Y D I S T I N G U I S H E D P E R S O N A G E S,
O N T H E
G R E A T L I T E R A R Y T R I A L
O F
V O R T I G E R N A N D R O W E N A ;
A C o m i - T r a g e d y .

“ W H E T H E R I T B E — O R B E N O T F R O M T H E
I M M O R T A L P E N O F S H A K S P E A R E ! ”

V O L U M E I I .

T H I R D E D I T I O N .

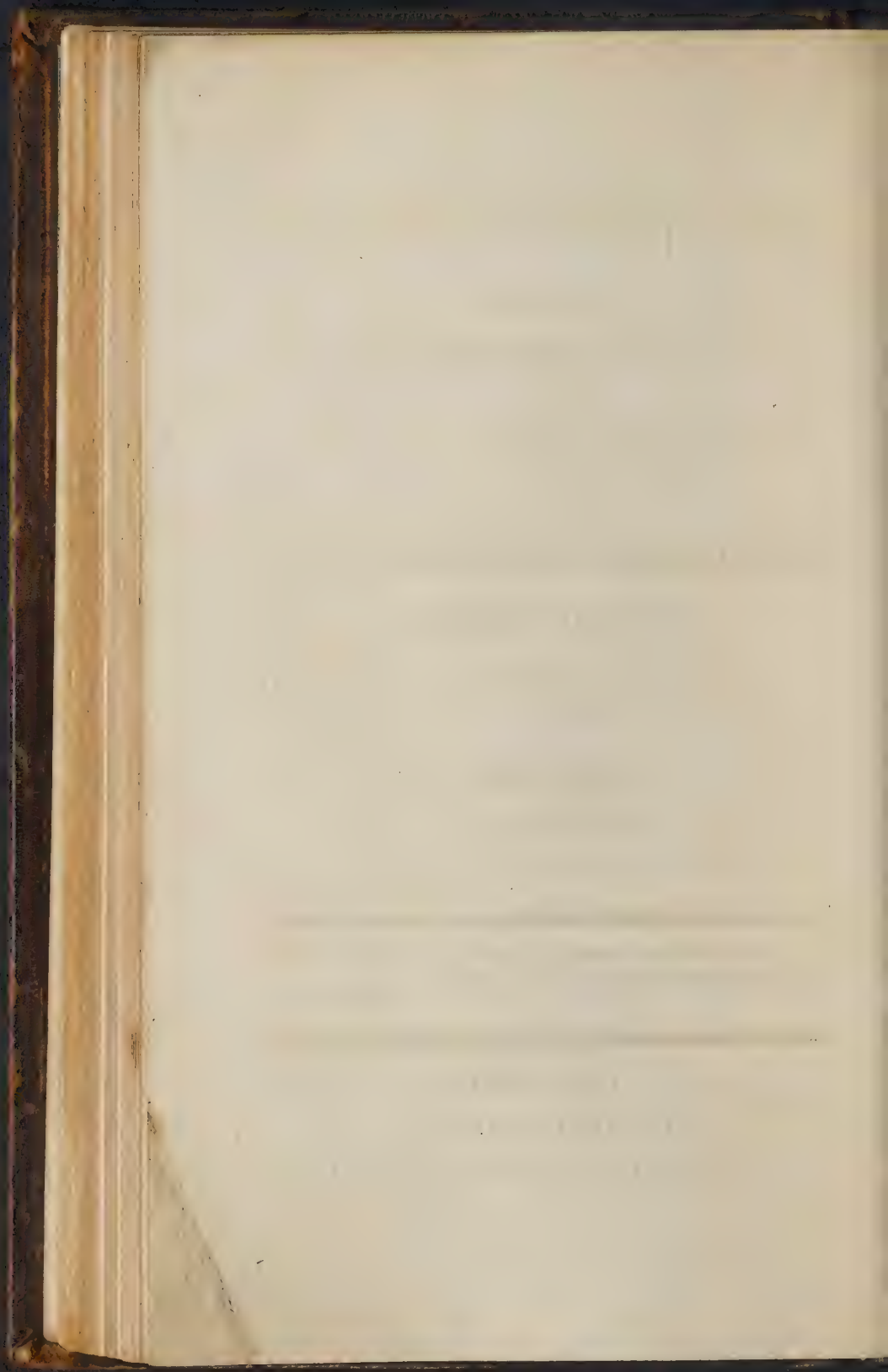
— “ O p e n m e a h u g e W a r d r o b e a b o u n d i n g e i n m o t l i e h a b i t t e s , a n d m a r k e
“ h o w e f a n t a t i c a l l i e p o o r e m o r t a l s w i l l a r r a i e t h e m s e l v e s ! ”

V O R T . a n d R O W .

L O N D O N :

P R I N T E D B Y H . B R O W N ,

F O R J . R I D G W A Y , Y O R K - S T R E E T , S T . J A M E S ' S - S Q U A R E .



IRELAND *versus* SHAKESPEAR!!!

By the COURT.

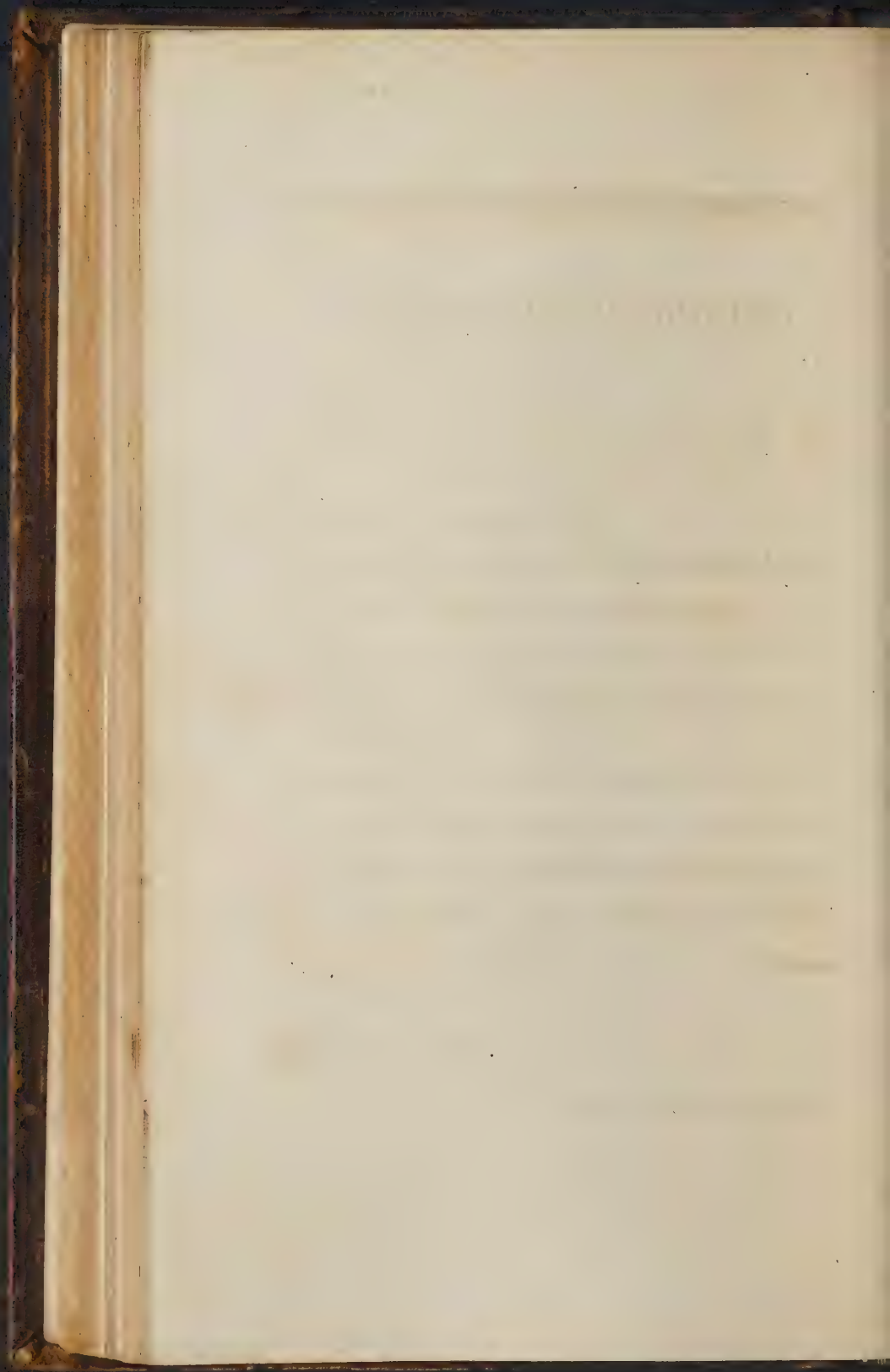
IT having been effectually argued, and demurred on the part of the DEFENDANT, that no questionable points of *Literature*, any more than questionable points of *Law*, can in *equity* be pressed to an hasty decision ;

It is Ordèred, that the VERDICT be not received on this important cause, until the whole SUFFRAGES, already tendered, or intended to be tendered in said cause, be duly received, and solemnly recorded !

POLONIUS



Die Veneris 12^o, 1796.



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P A S S A G E S.

SELECTED AS SUFFRAGES ON THE
TWENTY-FOURTH DAY'S TRIAL.

CI.—Earl of M—RA.

“ — Commende me to a busie COUNT for a bustlinge
“ worlde! One minute will he wooe you gallantlie at a
“ faire Dame's toilette on his humble knee—and fie the
“ next to bende a prouder creste than his owne, in the
“ face of the Lordes Senate-house!—You may always
“ meete SERASKIN at one turn or other of human ex-
“ tremes. He will with zeale overflowinge stop to pleade
“ the cause of the poore captive, while conveying the
“ gauge of honourable defiance to a proude PRINCE in
“ aide of one, whom chaunce has *barred* from *regal blood*!
“ —Fight will he himfelfe most manfullie; but, as you
“ prize the credit of his valoure, let it be done under his
“ own guidance special.—Punctilious is he as noble; so
“ that he will fence with the Sages of his Sov'raine's
“ Council untill the moone's at the full, upon the sense
“ constructive of their own decrees!—Such outwarde
“ workinges sway this compound man, whose minde
“ within moves but for others goode, which dothe his
“ owne felicitie embrace!”

PAGE 321.—GENUINE.

CII.—Mrs. M—NT—CU.

“ Marry, goode Dame! but you maie well deride the
“ partial boones of Nature, when a left handed imitation
“ of taste dothe so currentlie counterfeite her handi-
“ workes!—With the redundance of mortal frailties
“ establisth me thy faire fame on matchlesse singularity!
“ —Criticise where thou can’st not comprehend; and
“ satirize where the weak worlde doth foolishlie admire.
“ —Like the matron of *Mantua*, garter thy partie-co-
“ loured leg below the knee; and mount on the listes of
“ meeke-eyed Charitie, by feedinge with dates, and
“ dainties one day in the Kalendar, all the footie race of
“ Chimnie-sweepinge boyes, that they may enjoie the
“ luxurie of their harde fate through the remainder of
“ the yeare!”

PAGE 123.—Not GENUINE.

CIII.—Earl of B—L F—ST.

“ Methinks, good STEPHANO, those of my father's
“ house did take me for a *Bulle of Irisbe* extraction; for
“ they set curs to bait *me* into madness, while more
“ tenderlie did they select an ambling *Scotte*, of *Gallowaye*
“ breed, for the merriment of my junior brother!—But,
“ since they drove me to the altar of sacrifice, I did ad-
“ venture to take with me a help-meet, and there, with
“ the aide of pious Priest, I made my maiden * *BELLE*
“ *faſte*, by a knot tied with my tongue, which dothe
“ now challenge all their wise wittes to untie againe
“ with their teethe!”

PAGE 63.—Not GENUINE.

* DR. PARR, whom the fortunate MR. IRELAND has
named EDITOR elect, for this unique Comi-Tragedy,
threw down his pipe, when he came to this miserably begotten
PUN, and owned himself for the moment, a DISSENTER
from the new SHAKSPEREAN faith!

CIV.—C——fs of * * * * *

“ Why was KARKMENA prodigalie stored
 “ With all the wiles which wanton rounde her sexe,
 “ But to displaie in peering womanhoode
 “ Supremacie’s fell power? Oh, marke ye well
 “ Howe she dothe turne meeke Nature in her course;
 “ Make diadems the royal temples chafe;
 “ Tie with a busie hande the gordian knotte
 “ Of others love, that she (of human woe,
 “ Infatiate destinie) may cut in twaine
 “ The filken ligatures of mortal blisse!
 “ Her features with her voice are well attuned,
 “ True to the varyinge mischiefes of her minde!
 “ Like the first polish’d *Serpente*, that seduced
 “ The easie faith of ADAM’S wedded love,
 “ A more than Angel’s form she can assume,
 “ And wooe in seraph straines the creature doom’d
 “ To drinke the dulcet poison of her tongue,
 “ And fall her ’guiled sacrifice!”

TWENTY-FIFTH DAY'S TRIAL.

CV.—Colonel C—WTH—NE.

“ — Varnishe me doublic over by a special Courte
“ of Law Martial, or no more weare I a coate of maile
“ i' the King's rented fielde !—I have gone about to indite
“ me a Tpesche that shall be-puzzle the bie standers,
“ and confounde the clumfie imagination of mine enemie !
“ —Let him doe now as he liste, I may defie his malice
“ to make me more or lesse, than the thinge in veritie I
“ am !—To mine owne bright valoure am I indebted as
“ a man of armes !—I have seene much powder wasted
“ on a fun-shinie day !—thankes to my genius in the arte
“ of war, I am also right conversant i' the quick step
“ to the retreate, and, by an eare refined, I now can nice
“ distinction make, betwixte the *Dinner Tatloo*,” and
“ *Go to bed, Tom !*”

PAGE 51.—GENUINE.

CVI.—Lady E—— B—N.C—M.

“ Oh fie, my quondam *Cox. of Norfolk*!—Did you not
“ practice on my girlishe vanitie, when I was depicted
“ the fair SHEBA to your Grace’s wiser SOLOMON?—
“ You told me I was then “ in all my glorie;” but,
“ alack, no sooner did they taunte me with the honours
“ they conferred, than my weake woman’s frailtie rebelled
“ against the *bloode* of HOWARD’S loftie race!—Why did
“ I sweare to love the man by others eyes thus chosen?
“ —With foules as much at variance as our faith, what
“ could I better, than the latter loofe, to save the former,
“ and breake the odious webbe, wherein, like fillie flie,
“ I was unwittinglie ensnared?”

PAGE 77.—Not GENUINE.

CVII.—Sir F——B——L——R.

“ This trottinge from Courte to Courte, terme after
“ terme, befittes not my humour well !—But since I am
“ sworne an Administrator of the Lawes, I will see them
“ most wholesomelie dispensed to all offendinge crea-
“ tures, male and female !—The knaves incorrigible will
“ I stringe like ropes of onions ; and to teache conjugal
“ obeifance to womankind, their measure of chastisement
“ will I decree to be dealt at their husbandes handes by
“ the *Rule of THUMBE* !”

CVIII.—Lady CAROLINE C—MPE—LL.

“ I did a plaine untitled man espouse,
“ (With wealthe, like his own mountaines high amassed)
“ That I might lead the pliante husbände bounde
“ To vassalage eterne !—To me he lookes
“ With lowlie eye, as to the sacred founte
“ From whence his borrowed lustre is derived,—
“ Whene’er I deign to commune—’tis not oft—
“ His greedie eare mine accents dothe devoure,
“ As falling from anointed dignitie!
“ He, with the prating worlde, presumes to saie,
“ That I am shaped and featured in the moulde
“ Of Grecian loveliness :—but, lineallie trained
“ Above the incense of the lower spheres,
“ See how I soare beyond poor mortals praise,
“ In proude supremacie of state !”

PAGE II.—GENUINE.

TWENTY-SIXTH DAY'S TRIAL.

CIX.—Earl of EGR—M—T.

—— “ When they made fuch *Lordes* as this fame
“ Comte *Hugolto*, they knewe their trade well, and
“ wrought with the best materials!—Marry, Sir, you
“ trace not him through the foiles, and doubles of your
“ Court purlieus, but finde him on his owne domaine,
“ like one who shrinks not at the Shrieve's officer, nor
“ feares the reproaches of a tenantrie tortured upon rack-
“ rentes!—Although the learned languages be as familiar
“ to him as plaine-dealing, he offends no unlettered man
“ with his *ecce homos!* or *tu quoques!*—The felicitie of
“ all Heaven's creatures is his delighte, and the veice of
“ gratitude attends it—even his houndes challenge him
“ at viewe, on the score of his benevolence!—Whatever
“ be the portion of his failings, the frailtie of man's
“ nature will reaonable account for it!”

PAGE 165.—GENUINE.

CX.—Countess of Es—x.

—— “ On her visit to *Algieres*, they did elect her
 “ Empress of the gaudie *Maccaws*!—since which, plumes,
 “ and cheekes of various hues, have mightlie adorned
 “ her!—After this, the doctrines of * *painted paste-boards*
 “ did she studie under the learned *Jewes* in *Palestine*:
 “ strange trickes by slight of hande were then displaid
 “ to those her sisterhoode, who crossed her luckie palme
 “ i’ the sillie hope of bettering their fortunes!—So that
 “ with her Lorde’s * *Courte dealinges*, and her own dex-
 “ terous dealinges in *Courtlie paper*, they turne the worlde
 “ right merrilie around them!”

PAGE 13.—Not GENUINE.

* “ Painted paste-boards”—“ Courtlie paper.”—*Mr. CAPEL LOFT*, confessedly one of our most old fashioned Critics on the immortal Bard, says decidedly, “ that these
 “ two passages allude to the new art of gambling with
 “ CARDS, which crept into BRITAIN at that period.”—
 We are apprehensive, however, that the learned Commentator
 has here been guilty of a little anachronism, as CARDS were
 certainly invented in the year 1390, to divert the melancholy
 of CHARLES VI. then King of France.

CXI.—The Duke of L—ds.

— “ In good truth he hathe been piouſſie nurtured ;
“ for no ſooner did his fainted mother bring him forth,
“ than falling ſound aſleepe, ſhe dreamed of ſucklinge his
“ infant Grace upon the *milkie way* ! hence of Chriſtian
“ mildneſs doe all his manners gentle ſmack.—And yet
“ he’ll quarrel not either with a *Grace*, or a *Muſe* of fire ;
“ nay, he can whiſper a light thing gallantlie to a female
“ in the darke, and tag a *mendicant Epilogue*, to chaunte
“ an half-damned *Plaie-wrighte* out of the tortures of
“ purgation ! ”

PAGE 12.—Not GENUINE.

CXII.—Lady GR—NV—LE.

“ Though fortune on her lovelie browe hath placed
“ In proudest jewelrie the wreathe of state,
“ Marke with what grace upon her gentle breaste
“ The pearle of Christian charitie appeares,
“ More chastelie brighte, and radiantlie pure,
“ Than all that Courtlie diadems displaie!”

PAGE 88.—GENUINE.

TWENTY-SEVENTH DAY'S TRIAL.

CXIII.—Sir P—P—R A—D—N

— “ Marrie, Sir, I picked not up my common lawe as
“ a pigeon dothe his pease, i^r th’ common fieldes,—So
“ will I throwe away an opinion hastilie for no man!—
“ As everie case in pointe hathe of necessitie two fides,
“ so hathe your *libelle constitutional* its *texte*, and *contexte*;
“ out of which we sometimes make a third—to witte—
“ your *mar-texte*!—But I do demean myselfe to parlie
“ thus; because it appertaineth unto me, as Master of
“ the *Rolles* to our trustie Sov’raine Lorde the Kinge,
“ to see that on the proper side his royal *breade* be
“ gliblie *butter’d*!”

PAGE 12.—GENUINE.

CXIV.—Mrs. C—P—C—Y.

“ She is as daintie a *wild-ducke* as ever haunted the
“ lake of a *decoy*—and, once on winge, arrest her giddie
“ flighte who can ! She hath the witte most wiselie to
“ enacte whatever follie vanitie dothe sette before her ;
“ and a charitie so Christian-like, that she dothe barter
“ fine foode and raiment for the emptie scraps of ped-
“ dling poetasters !—Musique and sarabands doe so in-
“ vite her, that, with her lattice open, she’ll sit through
“ moon-light nights, unmasqued, to hear the straines of
“ amorous serenaders, and come forth the next morn the
“ *Arch’refs* DIAN, displaieing a leg most continentlie
“ buskined ! Oh, Sir, so rarelie dothe she plaie these
“ prettie pranks, that halfe the gapeinge worlde are
“ cheated in beliefe that they have seen one angel upon
“ earthe *Stark* mad !”

PAGE 29.—Not GENUINE.

CXV.—Earl of M————D.

— “ To moulde a sturdie race of mortal men, you
“ must fashion them from materials coarse and impene-
“ trable!—Let there be none, which the teare of dull-
“ eyed Charitie dothe melt to womanlie compassion;—
“ but imitate the Stoique fortitude of him, whose breaste
“ is harder than a ten weekes froste, and which no human
“ breathe e'er thawed into benevolence!”

PAGE 103.—Not GENUINE.

CXVI.—Duchefs of N—W—STEE.

“ Oh, throughout Nature’s workes, what havocke wilde
“ Dothe one dire shafte of destinie ordaine !
“ —If ’twere from fate alone that I had fallen,
“ This breaste had never swolne with griefe or care;
“ But I am humbled from the crowned height
“ Of wedded love, and, with my Lorde, have loste
“ All that a woman’s harte could holde, or prize !”

PAGE 107.—GENUINE.

TWENTY-EIGHTH DAY's TRIAL.

No. CXVII.—Bishop of R————R.

—— “ I mette the prattling ABBOTTE of *Glaston-*
“ *burie*, just as he had gotten the thorne i'the fleshe by
“ meddling more busilie with the *Larwe* than the *Gof-*
“ *pelle!* and though a preacher of *obedience passive* in
“ other men, he bore the smart of his own sufferings
“ after the manner of the priesthoode—intolerantlie!—
“ He was clothed in *lambe-skin* throughout, signifying
“ I wotte, that he should become *belle-wether* to the re-
“ verend flocke.—Journieing a little onward, I espied
“ me the counterfeit resemblance of his worshippe,
“ *fagotted* at the public Market Crosse, in full *pontifica-*
“ *libus!*—Marrie, quoth I, my neighbours, but this
“ looketh like a *burninge shame*, to make ye of such
“ *combustible* HOLINESS, a lighte to lighten the Gen-
“ tiles!”

PAGE 321.—GENUINE.

No. CXVIII.—Lady MIL—G—N.

“ I praie you, dearest mother, thinke again !
“ You, as the childe of fortune, being 'trothed
“ When the wilde hey-daie of the bloode was paste,
“ Knewe not, from crossinge of a virgin love,
“ A frenzie that no medicine can reache,
“ Save Time's oblivious anodyne ; and which
“ Dothe spreade dire chillinges through the veines,
“ To palfie life's enjoyment ?”

PAGE 66.—*Not GENUINE*

No. CXIX.—Marquis of L—T—N.

—— “ Time’s chroniclers do tell us, that, practising
“ on the weaknesse feminine of the Lorde UDROSCO,
“ the flie knaves o’ th’ *Courte* cajoled him to holde the
“ darkened lanthorne, while they did trie to filche the
“ diadem from the browe of their sicke Master. After-
“ wards he was so bedazzled by this peering of a meteor
“ lighte, as to follow it o’er unfounde foile, where in
“ bogge and penance dothe he still remaine, far from the
“ ray of rising, or of settinge funne !”

PAGE 22.—GENUINE.

No. CXX.—Mrs. N——T^H.

—— “ Saie, who hath seene
“ GERSTINA, late from *Mantua* return'd !
“ I marvel if her travaile hathe caste off
“ The midnight 'witcheries of lustful *plaie*,
“ Which held her minde by fascination bounde ?—
“ Or if th' incautious care of vanitie
“ By prudence hathe been wiselie sealed against
“ The dulcet poison of a flatterer's tale ?
“ Thus error's wayward pathe may be trod backe,
“ And grace attend the foote-steps yet to come !”

PAGE 54.—*Not GENUINE.*

TWENTY-NINTH DAY'S TRIAL.

No. CXXI.—Alderman L—SH—N.

— “ More headstrong are these fellowe *Cittes*
“ of mine, than so manie Spannishe mules unbitted!—
“ They delighte themselves as muche in a roasted *Alder-*
“ *manne* on their hustinges, as a barbicued pigge in the
“ cramminge ides of November!—And here am I, the
“ representative sworne of such gluttonizing varlettes;
“ compelled to bow to these stockes obeisantlie, or be
“ dismissed their Senate-service!—make strange speeches
“ to amuse their wilde-goose fancies?—eate with them
“ through firlines colde, and pasties hotte!—nay *eate mine*
“ *own wordes* till they nearlie choake me, and all will
“ not content them!—A plague on such servitude, saie I,
“ where our men of *Liverie* doe lorde it o'er their betters,
“ and keepe their *Civicke* Masters thus at painful watch,
“ and warde!”

PAGE 76.—Not GENUINE

No. CXXII.—Lady JOHN T———D.

——— “ For durance shorte
“ *Afrina*’s radiancie was in eclipse,
“ Like the faire plannette of a clouded sphere;
“ But when her diske unveiled againe its orbe,
“ Forthe shotte its stream of lighte, and purer shone,
“ To everie eye that gazed upon her beautie!”

PAGE 83.—GENUINE.

No. CXXIII.—PRINCE LASC—s.

— “ Pooh! pooh!—Nature could never
“ mean, in wanton mockerie, to stampe me so like
“ the thinge in veritie I am not!—Sir, I was smuggled
“ from my *cradle royal* in the unfortunate hour of dark-
“ nesse.—But, be that as it maie, each line of this faire
“ face something *majestique* dothe denote; for women far
“ and near doate fondlie on my *PRINCELIE seeming*!—
“ These finde it on my bloominge cheeke!—some in the
“ nose of *regal arch*!—and others in each looke, and
“ lineament, that marke superior birthe!—nay, there
“ are those, who doe discern similitude of our *House* i’ the
“ leathern vest that dothe my rear environ!—True it is,
“ that all these dignities are but ill provided for by sub-
“ ject-like revenues: yet must they be upheld; for
“ who, yclep’d the shadowe of a *Prince*, could baselie
“ crouch beneath the slender substance of a *Gentle-*
“ *man*!”

PAGE 2.—Not GENUINE.

No. CXXIV.—Countess of Ex——r.

— “ Alacke! is lordlie grandeur nought
“ but this,—to live thus under vaulted roofes, too vaste
“ for human wantes, and see poore folke pent up in
“ heapes 'neath strawlefs houseings?—When they did
“ tell me I was to be a Ladie noblie happy, I did expecte
“ to holde more frequent commune with this worlde's
“ peace; but, well a daie! time past I saw more inno-
“ cencie 'mid the lowlie walkinges of my father's
“ sheepe, than now I finde through all the hurley-
“ *Burleigh* scenes of proude man's race!”

PAGE 12.—GENUINE.

THIRTIETH DAY'S TRIAL.

No. CXXV.—Duke of G_L———R.

- “ Lo ! there walkes forthe the mildest DUKE in *Milan* !
“ But that I knowe the stufte of which he's made,
“ One might have fworne it on the crosse
“ The Destinies had tied him to a distaffe !
“ Though he ne'er vaulted on th' embattled plaine,
“ He hathe a soule bestirring him to armes,
“ Leagued with the social softeneffe of a minde
“ That joes in human peace.—No Courte caballes,
“ Nor feudes of mal-contents doe him delighte :
“ So to a PRINCE, thus lifting up the MAN,
“ My harte right willinglie dothe pay obeifance !”

PAGE 77.—GENUINE.

No. CXXVI.—Hon. T. O—sL—w.

— “ I charge you, fellowes, laie not un-
“ courtlie handes on me!—Should you finde me not
“ the softe sleepe sonne of a *Bedchamber* LORDE, tosse
“ me in a Tailor’s blankette!—Though I maie lacke
“ vaste possessions of landes and beeves, I am a huge in-
“ heritor of pride, and that’s enough for me:—so looke
“ to’t—for he must have more follie than doth apper-
“ tain to my share who contends with the first begotten
“ of a race, so riche in ostentation human!”

PAGE 65.—GENUINE.

No. CXXVII.—Mrs. M—LLS.

—— “ And this be a LORDE’s mansion, I’d
“ have you to knowe, that I and mine have beene
“ housfed in a better !—We knewe what was what before
“ we did departe from *Merrie Wakefelde* to joine the
“ Londonne Gentry ?—My goode man, and it like your
“ Ladieship, was a *clothier*, and so it bechanced that I
“ became so marvelouflic dressed !—For my parte, I like
“ everie thinge that is goode for the outside, as well as
“ within ; and the best will be the best, after all !—
“ Small as I appeare, and little as your Ladieship maie
“ think it, I am worthe no lesse than ten thousand du-
“ cates, simplie as I stand apparelled before you !”

PAGE 24.—*Not GENUINE.*

No. CXXVIII.—Mrs. BR—ST—W.

“ By whim, or destinie, estrang'd from him
“ Right heritor of all she hathe to give
“ Of well-stored constancie, or wedded love,
“ O ! garde her from the wiles which lurke arounde,
“ The zone of unprotected womanhoode,
“ And shewe how gracefullie, in modest miene,
“ Maternal habittes do besitte her sexe.
“ Still soaring in her sphere, so maie this *Starre*,
“ Which from the EAST hathe made its dazzing course,
“ Serenelie sette within our westerne clime !”

PAGE 84.—GENUINE.

THIRTY-FIRST DAY'S TRIAL.

No. CXXIX.—THE LORD M—Y—R.

——— “ This *Sir* KNIGHTE that would be, was a
“ thriving baker of unleavened biscuite, and his counte-
“ nance being combustiblie inclined, did take much fire at
“ the mouthe of his own oven!—He banquetted sumptu-
“ oullie whole troopes of *Courtiers*, in vessels of fretted
“ silver, in honour of his own nativitie, while poore men
“ were crying aloud for bread-corne, which they were
“ forbidden to taste, and therefore lamented the houre
“ they were born!—His fellowe Cittes did proclaim in
“ waggerie that he was himself but slacklie baked; but
“ that heeded he not, while he could contrive to gette a
“ goodlie cutte at the Loafe of State, and thence lay up
“ in store, the crumbes of his owne comforte !”

PAGE 49.—*Not* GENUINE.

No. CXXXI.—EARL OF ORF—D.

—— “ Why shoulde they make any one of God’s
“ fraile creatures a mightie man against his wille, when
“ so many packes of hungrie knaves are huntinge nighte
“ and daie for lordlie honoures!—A title is to me no
“ more than a pottle of founding mettall is when tied
“ perforce to a poor curre’s taile, and which, with all
“ his mighte, he cannot shuffle off!—I had rather be
“ an indentured binder of bookes, and stiche mine owne
“ workes in humble coveringe of vellum, than the pa-
“ ramount *Duke* in *Palestine*, enrobed in golde, and er-
“ mine !”

PAGE 78.—Not GENUINE.

No. CXXX.—LADY M—LB—NE.

——— “ I marvelle how the *Lady* ELIBERT, who
“ hathe seen *Time*'s hour glasse so oft turned o'er, dothe
“ stille maintaine those lookes of loveliness without
“ abatement!—One might as soone stand the forked
“ flashes of a fierie skie fans blinkinge, as the autumnal
“ radiance of her eye without thinking of the fruite for-
“ bidden!—If these meteors be permitted to holde so
“ longe a course, what honest man's harte throughout
“ *Messina* can be helde in reasonable subjection ?”

PAGE 123.—GENUINE.

No. CXXXII.—LADY BRIDGET T—LL—M—CHE.

“ Armed with the pointed wiles of woman’s witte,
“ Earlie the phantome *Pleasure* I have chaced
“ Through all her anticke roundes ; and if, perchance,
“ The ’witchinge fugitive I did approache,
“ I lack’d the skille her fleetinge course to staie !
“ —The chequered variance of wedded life
“ Nexte ruled this giddie harte of mine, and gave
“ Abundantlie of joie and grieve !—Though laste,
“ Too foone came *Sorrowe*, with a clouded skie,
“ To marke the mother’s melancholie fate,
“ Who on one darlinge blisse had sealed her hope,
“ And, ere it bloomed, behelde it torne away !”

PAGE 56.—GENUINE.

THIRTY-SECOND DAY's TRIAL.

No. CXXXIII.—Sir JAMES M—— P—LT—Y.

“ Tell me, *Bellostern*, did I not delineate their militarie
“ exploitos on the Contiente, with marvellous circum-
“ stantiation? When we were cuffed like frogges acrossse
“ the dykes o' the Low Countries, sente I not over cou-
“ riers to them of victories atchieved, and i' the face of
“ the Senate, vouched I not the veritie of mine own
“ Commentaries?—And howe for all those deedes have
“ they repaide me? I asked but to be ennobled after the
“ manner of others of like deserts, when they did re-
“ nounce my suite who profitted of my service; so that
“ I was compelled to become the founder of mine owne
“ honours, by creating myfelfe a Knighte of the BATH!

PAGE 66.—GENUINE.

No. CXXXIV.—Mrs. H—ST—GS.

— “ Marke me that fictionne fretted on the clothe
“ in golde, and priestlie purple ! A tale it is in veritie,
“ though here by holie fabuliste proclaimed !—She on the
“ righte, with precious jewelrie bedecked, is the ‘witch-
“ ing *Sheba*, who rose and journied with the Sunne, to
“ visitte *Solomon* in all his glorie !—To winne him o’er
“ to Eastern dalliance, see howe her pliante bodie she
“ dothe bende ev’n to the grounde she sprang from !—
“ and lo ! her eyes by basselifques bequeathed, do rivette
“ on his frame the filke-worme chaine she wroughte for
“ his enthraldomme !”

PAGE 100.—*Not GENUINE.*

No. CXXXV.—Alderman B—K W—T S— N.

“ My Warde of * *Coblers*, revengeful of the *fin* I losfe,
 “ are fworne devourers of the jowles of *Godde*, with
 “ shoulders huge ’pertaininge!—These fimple knaves of
 “ gluttonnie, but little wotte that I did tempte the
 “ prowlinge *Sbarke* to plaie with me i’ the waters, that
 “ I mighte learne of him voracious artes aright;—and
 “ howe, like this purveyor of the deepe, to boulte what-
 “ ever floated tempting to the eye!—I heede not then the
 “ shapeful limbe I losfe—for, down the jawe capacious
 “ of a *Greenlande Whale* alike the gorged *PROPHET*
 “ would I hoppe, fo I might gaine more worldie wif-
 “ dome by the dreade defcente!”

PAGE 22.—Not GENUINE.

* *If we may credit Mr. IRELAND, his Cousin SHAKESPEARE took an aversion to Shoemakers, and therefore he lets fly this sarcastic arrow at the CIVIC MOTE of CORDWAINERS!*

No. CXXXVI.—Mrs. B—RW—L.

———— “ Full well I knowe
“ That men in piece-meales have their hartes composed
“ To feede th’ impassioned appetites they meet;
“ But saie, shall I discharge my wedded vowe,
“ When with his fraile infirmities I tooke
“ This feeble Lorde of mine, and fondlie swore
“ Even at the altarre’s foote, I would endure them?
“ Then let not malice multiplie misdeedes
“ To ’tract my aching eye, which faine would turne
“ To gaze on what his virtues do illumine!”

PAGE 134.—GENUINE.

THIRTY-THIRD DAY's TRIAL.

No. CXXXVII.—Princess AMELIA.

——— “ The regalle VINE

“ Gives thus her laste faire blossomme to the funne,
“ E'en while its honoured branches doe displaie
“ Ripe clusters temptinge to the luscious eye !
“ Passe chillinge elements ferenelie o'er,
“ And leave no pallid blighte with power to tainte
“ Such lovelie promise of autumnal fruite !”

PAGE 77.—GENUINE.

No. CXXXVIII.—Major-General M—c—d.

“ I knowe the savage HUNTER well; like his owne
“ HOUNDES he dothe himselfe delighte in *human bloode!*
“ When he let slip his thirstful dogges of warre, he did
“ insultinglie denounce my *northerne* nose as not well-
“ fensed for the fielde! therefore, as village curre, must
“ I pursue, and yelpinge marre the chace I cannot share!”

PAGE 54.—*Not GENUINE.*

No. CXXXIX.—Lady D—D—Y and W—D.

—“ Touchinge at the famed Island of *Madeira*, the natives did courte her Excellencie to sojourne there, fancying that their vintage might purple more richlie under her roseate influence ! On this we gave our canvasse to the windes, left our own *Britain* might itself be spoiled of a countenance, which argufied the better deedes of the *goode creature* !”

PAGE 100.—*Not GENUINE.*

No. CXL.—Mr. WH—TB—D, SEN.

—— “ This is he, who dothe an oylye beverage
“ compounde, to cheere the honest vassalles of our isle !
“ Of liquor stoute he hoops ye countlesse caskes ; though
“ he makes no *if*, nor *butte*, in which to bung up his
“ benevolence. He hathe a harte so faire abroache to
“ filent charitie, that never can it reache the lees ;—
“ nay, looke at his verie beastes of burden ?—do they not
“ shine out the kindlie semblance of their master’s face
“ upon the polished surface of their well-fed skinnes ? ”

PAGE 23.—GENUINE.

THIRTY-FOURTH DAY's TRIAL.

No. CXLI.—Right Hon. T. H—RL—Y.

“ Well have they stamped VIRGISTERN father of
“ the capitale, whose heade *Dan TIME* has filvered
“ o’er so honourable in theire fervitude! Unlike the
“ cloudie-witted Cittes his fellowes, he taketh not his
“ fleepe and foode as dull provocatives to eache other’s
“ joie; for, his commercial duties done, he hies him to
“ the noble culture of his foile, and thus standes he ad-
“ mired in eache, the civicke championne, and the ruralle
“ Lorde !”

PAGE 38.—GENUINE.

No. CXLII.—Marchionefs of D—N—G—L.

- “ I'd fooner trundle turnippes through the streetes,
“ Than beare menne's weaknesfes at fecond hande
“ Withoute the *Nurfe's* cordial spice of gaine.
“ She is alone *steppe-mother*, who o'er-steppes
“ The punie offspring of a former race,
“ And bends them to that claffe submissivelie,
“ Where *Follie* lookes to finde her elder-borne!”

PAGE 3.—*Not* GENUINE.

No. CXLIII.—Mr. M. A. T—L—R.

—— “ Trulie I was in lucke’s way in havinge a
“ father begotten before me!—yet what in mine infancie
“ he did kindlie treafure up, cunninge menne would
“ nowe beguile me of in manhoode!—No sooner had
“ I ta’en the wrinkles out of these poore varlettes skinnes
“ by wholesome provender, than they began to whet
“ their wittes upon the coarseness of my kitchen diette!
“ Marrie, one of their *Stage Punnefters* did aske me, an
“ I were not *Bodie TAYLOR* to *ST. MICHAEL* and all his
“ *ANGELS*?—Moreover they did deride the golden archi-
“ tecture of my Sire, and would faine have pulled
“ downe with wantonne handes, what he, with *hodde*
“ and *trowelle*, did so marvelouflic pile up!—So thought
“ I fitte to breake with them, lest, by the friendlie pro-
“ digalitie of such hungrie knaves, I should myfelfe be
“ broken!”

PAGE 99.—GENUINE.

No. CXLIV.—Lady AUGUSTA CL—V—G.

“ Courtes marr’d ROWENA not: though shining there
“ Preeminentlie graced, she onlie fighed
“ To winne one inmate to her constante harte,
“ And owne him Lorde of all her life to come !
“ Her maiden hope fulfilled, how well she wore
“ The pure, unfullied habitte of a wyfe,
“ Which Nature form’d to fitte so lovelie on her !—
“ Nexte came a motherre’s newe, and deare delightes,
“ When to her younge inherittores she gave
“ All the delicious stores of love twice tolde
“ Which, in careffes from their manlie Sire,
“ She doatinglie had treasured up !”——

PAGE 55.—GENUINE.

THITY-FIFTH DAY'S TRIAL.

CXLV.—M—q—s of B—K—H—M.

“ Upon the oily surface of this lande
“ Have I so rolled, and hugelie fattened,
“ That my owne ponderous *temples* 'gin to ache
“ With the exceedinges of so vaste a surfeite!
“ Nowe with a minde amphibiouslie formed,
“ I pine for other elements, and faine
“ Would fwaye a lordlie sceptre o'er the deepe,
“ That in this liquid voide quite uncontrouled,
“ A dreade *Leviathanne* I there might move!”

PAGE 66.—*Not GENUINE.*

CXLVI.—Lady E——TH R—CK—TS.

“ I doe remember me, a faire, and noble maiden of *Pa-*
“ *dua*, so envied for her beautie, that some of her owne
“ sexe did chronicle against her lovelineffe, tideings, false,
“ as they were foule ! but, in good soothe, Justice did
“ amende her damaged fame with so rounde a summe in
“ duckattes, that she was constrained to call a *bus-*
“ *bande* in to counte them !—marry, from hence it wag-
“ gishlie was said, that her Ladieship did drawe her
“ *wedding sheetes* from out the *libertie of our presse* !”

PAGE II7.—GENUINE.

CXLVII.—Vice-Admiral C—NW—S.

— “ That same blustering *Ocean*, let me tell you
“ Neighbour, breedes us a fewe odde monsters, as trouble-
“ some as itselſe!—It is an element on which the
“ circumnavigators of our Sovereign Lorde doe faile
“ too ofte in chace of their owne phantasies! Some,
“ like the moodie animals in *Noah's* daies, you can-
“ not drive on boarde their barque with pitch-forkes;
“ while others, muleishlie inclined, will hardlie quitte
“ the *mountain ARKE* when it be stranded!

PAGE 117.—GENUINE.

CXLVIII.—Lady SM—H B—G—SS.

“ Soone as my husbande’s trafficke i’ th’ EASTE
“ Displaied with gilding raies a rising funne,
“ And bent the worlde’s base worshippers before i
“ On his new wheele of fortune did I rolle
“ Within the giddie circles of the greate
“ To all mankind’s amazement !—Restles there,
“ I deale my aires fantasticalle rounde,
“ Pledged by infatiate vanitie to prove
“ What golde, with female frontlette unappalled
“ In imitative grandeur may atchieve !”

PAGE 10.—NOT GENUINE.

THIRTY-SIXTH DAY'S TRIAL.

CXLIX.—LORD M—LD—N.

“ In these aristocratique daies, 'tis well there be some
“ *littel* LORDES, who can devise the meanes to make
“ themselves *leffe*: such are your fillie knaves, who,
“ setting not their hartes on aught substantial, will bar-
“ ter you the charmes of a delectable mistresse for the
“ more fleetinge semblance of a *Prince's* favour!—These
“ fellowes, without the spirit to protect a woman,
“ will provoke you one of our most puillante Lordes to
“ single combatte, and after all he toucheth not his dou-
“ blette, though it be swollen out as huge as an *issing-*
“ *towne* haystacke!”

PAGE 3.—GENUINA.

CL.—D—SS OF M—LB—CH.

- “ Go prate of meeke humilitie to those,
“ Whose neckes are form’d to bende beneathe her yoke !
“ I have a creste that gracefullie denotes
“ A high, and loftie minde, which scorns to view
“ Poore vulgar mortals crawling underneathe,
“ Those infectes of a lower worlde, ordain’d
“ To be by higher orders trodden down !”

PAGE 100.—*Not GENUINE.*

CLI.—Sir W—TK—N L—W—S.

“ I have kepte my Sabbathes in pottle houfes to a four-
“ vie tune, if these varlette Citizens, whom I have so
“ nightlie drenched, do turne their ungrateful tailes upon
“ me, now that my *Welch ale* is upon the lees!—But I
“ will hie me to the lordlie ruler of our isle, and aske of
“ him, whom I have followed through thicke and thinne,
“ whether my deserts do entitle me to no better fate
“ than to be turned up like a worn-out gander, to starve
“ upon a common!”

PAGE 73.—*Not GENUINE*

CLII.—C—fs of CH—M—D—Y.

- “ Come, cheerlie, sweete Madam, still I saie !
“ These truante *Lords* of ours will have their bente
“ Though we our swelling hartes dē figh to attomes !
“ ’Tis not weake woman’s praies, nor teares will turne
“ The loose, and riot course of him she loves,
“ Nor breake, alas ! the *Circe* spellles of those
“ Who doe by blandishments libidinous
“ Entice the better parte of us away !”

PAGE 22.—GENUINE.

THIRTY-SEVENTH DAY'S TRIAL.

CLIII.—Sir JOHN H—PSL—Y.

— “ The nurse who first proclaimed my goodlie *nese*
“ must have predicted unwisefie, for it has led me
“ on a wrong scent from it's nativitie to the present daie!
“ If mens wives did marvelle in admiration of it in my
“ youthe, their witlefs Lordes were sett upon their guard
“ by this precursor of my approach! and now 'tis
“ dwindled to a gibeing stocke for the honourable *Virgin-*
“ *nes of the Courte* to giggle at!—Since I have commenced
“ Courtlie *Sir*, our witcrackers have cudgelled me with
“ mine own weapons; nay the *holie Pontiffe's* blessing has
“ availed me nought in the honours it procured, for my
“ constituents have laughed this *bloodie hand* to scorne,
“ because, forsoothe, they found it not *bleede freelie!* ”

PAGE 63.—Not GENUINE.

CLIV.—Lady H—c—s—t—N.

- “ Praie thee, offende mine acheing ear no more
“ With fillie praifes of a rural *Springe*;
“ Painte not to me her milke-maides ruddie cheekes,
“ Her bleating flockes—or birdes that tuneleffe sing :
“ From theſe my better fate, quick let me flie
“ Into the flattering hauntes of pollifhed men,
“ Where gailie bloome our ſexe’s deare delightes,
“ Which, oft as pluckt, doe inſtant budde anewe!”

PAGE 77.—GENUINE.

CLV.—Duke of Q——SB——Y.

“ That can be no other than the *Compte Falsteinberg*,
“ who still wears the gaie doublette of youthe, for having
“ wrestled so long with Gaffer *Time* without a falle !
“ He hath so besattered the optical nerve of his nether
“ eye, by gazing beautie from it's countenance, that it
“ latelie went out like a small lighte in a strong
“ winde!—Nowe puts he more confidence in *Women*,
“ and but little in *Princes*, thinking hereby to leade a
“ life that is uprighte, and Christian-like ! Although
“ infirmities manifolde do besette him, the milke of hu-
“ man kindnesse flows so rounde his weather-beaten
“ harte, that when the ballance of his frail account is
“ strucke, his follies shall weigh but as a feather,
“ light against him !”

CLVI.—Mrs. M. A. T—Y L—R.

“ In holie bandes no sooner was she trothed,
“ Than the gaie flattering worlde did buzze around
“ Her matchless shape in adoration wilde !
“ Men swore her pictured semblance ill displaied
“ The peering beauties of her lovelie forme ;
“ —That Nature robed in such divinitie
“ No mimicke artifice could ever trace !
“ These tales with calme indifferēce she heard,
“ Nor deign’d to give one softe approving glance
“ For all this prodigalitie of praise !
“ Thus *mightie* prov’d ROWENA’S wedded love,
“ To garde the honour of her *littel* Lorde !”

PAGE 243.—GENUINE.

THIRTY-EIGHTH DAY'S TRIAL.

CLVII.—THE P—— OF ——.

- “ If I'm apparent heire to sov'raigne power,
“ Why not my lordlie wille ride paramounte
“ O'er all the narrowe limmittes of mens mindes ?
“ Oweing to nought obedience, who, like me,
“ Can *woman's* shiftinge weaknesſes controule—
“ To fonde allegiance bende her yielding harte,
“ In adoration, or in feare ?—From her
“ Let tribute first in *love* be duelie paide,
“ A fruitful homage nexte, in fighes, and teares !”

PAGE I.—*Not* GENUINE.

CLVIII.—Mrs. ST—T.

“ Goe, *Gertrude*, and informe my Lorde the Kynge's
“ Chiefe Justice, that though a weake, and fillie woman,
“ I doe defie the power of his denunciations legal ! Tell
“ him to boote, that, malgre his *bar-points*, I must have
“ nightlie a *cocke* on my *carde*, though I do pennance for
“ it by forfeiture of goodes, and chattalles ! If his Lord-
“ ship dothe saie trulie that I have lost the sence of shame,
“ I can looke for it through any wooden * *tellelescope* in
“ the face of the worlde, without further expenditure of
“ blushing ! ”

PAGE 31.—GENUINE.

* *Mr. STEVENS says, this was an instrument called by the Saxons a Pillorie ; intended both for corporeal punishment, and mental shame.*

CLIX.—Admiral Sir A——G—RD——R.

——— “Avast, all handes!—I had rather repasse the
“ fire of the enemie’s *line*, than be thus run *athwart*
“ *bauser* by those *land-lubbers* in the *choppes* of the
“ *cbannelle*!—A longe watche in so short a sea, belikes
“ me not! After bluffinge it to *windwarde* fifteen daies,
“ on the 13th P. M. we came to *rough anchorage* in the
“ *straites* of *Convente-Gardenne*, where we might have
“ rode out the remainder of the gale; but seeing the
“ COMMODORE rowe his *jollie boate* so right a heade, we
“ doused our *top-gallant sail* to him, and finding our-
“ selves drifting hard upon the *black buoy* on the *flattes*,
“ piped all handes, to *cutte and run*!”

CLX.—Lady M—N—RS.

- “ Why seeke ye Sirs, the milde *Rowena* here ?
“ With the firste smile of opening morne she 'peared,
“ And hied her forth to visite *Dian's* temple !
“ There forms she wreathes of flowrettes chastelie culled
“ From flowinge numbers of her plaintive muse,
“ Sweetlie to decke faire *Fancie's* hallowed shrine !

PAGE 234.—GENUINE.

THIRTY-NINTH DAY'S TRIAL.

CLXI.—Earl of C—v—Y.

———“ I doe still prefer the rogueish twinkeling of an
“ hazel eye, to any other constellation ; and yet the
“ spiteful jades reporte I am grown olde, and ebbing
“ faste to dotage ! Marry but it likes me not to fall
“ into the *vale of yeares*, because possession there is at
“ the will of another *Lorde*, and deathe the fine cer-
“ tain for the fee simple of a sinful life !—Were I not
“ to encounter in the other worlde, *wives*, and *doxies*
“ who have paid the debt of nature's frailties half a
“ centurie before me, I might not heede this journie-
“ ing hence ; but to be clapper-clawed bothe here,
“ and hereafter, is a pennance too harde for any mortal
“ finning !”

PAGE 49.—GENUINE.

CLXII.—Miss SN——W.

“ That faire embodied masse, is one of the mountain
“ *Appenines*, for ever capt with *Snowe* ! Whene’er the
“ Sunne dothe woo her with his smiles right lustilie,
“ charmed with his warme embrace, she melting yieldes
“ unto his wille, and then poures forthe a genial current
“ to the worlde belowe !”

PAGE 86.—*Not GENUINE.*

CLXIII.—Mr. BR—D—L.

“ I knewe that whimsical Sir *Hugo* well, who waged
“ knighte-errantrie against his own sweete peace! In
“ a funne-shinie day, one might see him, like an arrant
“ schoole-boy, making duckes and drakes with the fleet-
“ inge comfortes of human life! At other times would he
“ stand flip-shod at his lattice, to kicke the purest blef-
“ finges from his thresholde! With so unreasonable an
“ care for *musique* was he born, that he would forsake
“ all the harmonies of his owne housholde, only to carry
“ the cracked lute of a lewd minstrel, from *Padua* to
“ *Verona*!”

PAGE 39.—GENUINE.

CLXIV.—Lady ANN L—MB—N.

——— “ Lowe on my bended knees I praie you pause,
“ And viewe the dreadful precipice you neare
“ With steppes unhallowed ! Quicklie tread them back,
“ And *Time* oblivious soone shall raze them out.
“ No longer let the proude, and parent source
“ Attainte the lesser vessels of your bloode,
“ To pour dishonour foule on all our race !”

PAGE 104.—GENUINE.

FORTIETH DAY'S TRIAL.

CLXV.—Sir G. P. T—R.

“ Which meddling *Sir* among you, can fathome the
“ minde of a greate man by the shallownefs of his everie
“ daie understanding?—As to mine own selfe, let my
“ deedes challenge their paramount desertes: am I not
“ political, comical, scientificall, pragmaticall, naie per-
“ chance poetical, according to the quarterly variations of
“ *St. Dunstan's* chimes?—In the Senate, I doe speake mar-
“ velloufflie without booke; and, returning home, can,
“ upon a pinche, threade a needle for a faire sempstresse,
“ though I doe pricke my littel finger in the atchieve-
“ mente!—In a worde, I emploie the passing houres more
“ in wisdom and sound discretion, than any other of our
“ motlie Squires to be met with in *Salamanca*!”

Page 24.—GENUINE.

CLXVI.—Countess of G—F—D.

“ Come, come, *Blanche*, on the worlde let us sette its
“ proper value !—’tis this same wealthe dothe yelde to us
“ women, all that our little hartes so sobbe, and fighe for.
“ Marry, I tell thee, Girl, that *monie* is a *matche* as well as
“ *mischiefe*-maker; for though it sett half mankind at
“ loggerheades, it sweetlie bindes the better parte in *golden-*
“ *bondage* !—Had my Lorde been even blinde to my at-
“ tractions personal, (which Heaven forbade), he had witte
“ enough at will to spie endowments in me, which out-
“ live the short heighos of a bridal honie-moone !

Page 186.—Not GENUINE.

CLXVII.—Lord D—L—V—L.

“ A plague on these female musquitoes !—why do they
“ keep buzzing about the fraile parte of man, after he is
“ paste flie-blowing ?—The jades know my weaknesse, and
“ practice lasciviousslie upon it : and yet the lees of life
“ are sweetened only by their cajoleries !—Men, it seems,
“ have different tastes and palates ; for mine own parte,
“ I am for plaine sauce to my pickled gurnette ! give me but
“ a fine wenche and a fiddle, and consign all the witchinge
“ *whoredoms* of BABYLON to my Lordes the Bench of
“ B———’s !

PAGE 77.—GENUINE.

CLXVIII.—Miss K—P—L.

“ How it has chanced, that loftie *Arefine*
“ Her colde, and virgin courfe fo long hath helde,
“ None truly can devife. With airie pride
“ Her wilde and light-hued trefles ftill do flowe
“ In plaieful luxurie adown her necke,
“ Enticing everie eye to wanton thither!
“ Surelie a creature formed and featured thus,
“ Should be enforced to leave the common-weale
“ Some little femblance of her lovelie felfe!
“ Yet is her harte fo icicled around,
“ That not the wooing-breathe of all her flaves
“ Can thawe one frozen fighe, or grace her cheeke
“ With one foft fmile which *Love* might call his owne!”

PAGE 20.—GENUINE.

FORTY-FIRST DAY'S TRIAL.

No. CLXIX.—BISHOP OF B——R.

—— “ Pfhawe! my good Lorde of *Canterburie*!
“ nowe are you grown more meeke, than trulie sapient.
“ If, for a little manual *batterie* in defence of our Holie
“ *Churche*, they be suffered to *assault* me legallie—’tis
“ well!—By St. Paule, I stretched out mine arme of
“ fleshe but to subdue the wratheful spirit of the fytul
“ man. In veritie he did refuse salvation in mine own
“ way, that I might humble him to the grounde, and
“ thus from eternal bondage save him! Should they
“ still squib their pop-gun quidlibets at *nisi prius*—appeal-
“ ing to our *Alma Mater*, I must bring her *Cannon Lawe*
“ in my defence:—nay, and they more enchaſe my mitred
“ browes, *malgre* my wife’s salt teares, by the masse,
“ as *Abbotte* of BANGOR, but I will lay right lustilie
“ about me!”

PAGE 100.—GENUINE.

NO. CLXX.—LADY W—LGH—Y OF E—B—Y.

- “ Sir, as in infant honours you are dressed,
“ And that by mine own hande, I pray you keepe
“ Your name, and new coined title, far aloofe
“ From my long-blazoned fame !—Goe, prouddie gaze
“ Upon your unfoiled *pattente*, cheaplie earned,
“ And leave to me, your dignifieing wife,
“ The thornie traverses to higher grandeur !
“ Mine be the politic to move between
“ The love, and hatred of a *royal pair*,
“ And manage well their courtlie discontents.—
“ With these, I charge you, intermeddle not,
“ Left I, who out of nothings made a *Lorde*,
“ His Lordshippe may annihilate againe !”

PAGE 34.—*Not GENUINE.*

No. CLXXI.—SIR G—D F—Y W——R.

—— “ And you should see Sir Godbolde’s pette
“ *Ewe* passe the mountaine, doe his Worshippe a goode
“ turne, honest shepherde, and make reporte of her right
“ speedilie!—The poore *Knight* hathe lamentable lost
“ in her, four quarters of as prettie muttone as ever
“ sheepishlie looked *tuppe* i’ th’ face!—We doe marvel
“ what the murrain could aile her, unless she was
“ stricken with the *gad-flie*, and argyle on our *Southerne*
“ *Downes*, could not decentlie contain herself!—Marry, I
“ doe fear at best she will return to us too full of unlaw-
“ ful lambe, to be fit foode for any but Foxes to de-
“ voure!”

PAGE 20.—GENUINE.

No. CLXXII.—HON. MISS R——.

“ Where hides the fell despoiler now his heade,
“ On which the laurelles of licentious love
“ Too longe have bloomed ?—Base counterfeite of man,
“ Saie, could thy luring harte no warfare wage
“ But ’gainst the virginne weaknesse of our sexe ?
“ Falso to thy vows in earlie wedlocke made,
“ What from thy ripen’d prejuries could growe
“ But blighted fruite our penitence to feede !
“ Goe, monster, baselie destined to transforme
“ A maiden’s fighs to imprecations wilde ;
“ Thy hauntes her ceaseles curses shall pervade,
“ To tell thee what to villainy she owes !”

PAGE II.—*Not GENUINE.*

FORTY-SECOND DAY'S TRIAL.

CLXXIII.—Earl of ER—L.

“ As you are more sharpe-witted than myselfe, I do
“ subscribe most voluntarilie to your opinion:—so thus
“ it simplie standes:—‘ by foregoing my title, I am the
“ more entitled to be a Gentleman than when I was a
“ Lorde;’—for say you trulie, that *Gentlemen* were made
“ ere *Lordes* were created, or begotten; ergo, Lordships
“ were fabricated but to make new-fangled Gentry,
“ which we, of *original* stocke, stand not in neede of. In
“ veritie then it is a problem most cleare, that I do think
“ it long till I am beridden of my Lordlie title, and be-
“ come the *prettie kinde of Gentleman* that you do de-
“ voutlie wish to see me!”

PAGE 113.—Not GENUINE.

CLXXIV.—Lady A—KL—D.

“ Goe,—from *Aßerna*’s perfect model forme
“ Your patterned mothers to adorne the lande !
“ By travaile oft endured, and hopes renewed,
“ Her duties are so graven on her harte,
“ That no alluring blandishments of Courtes
“ From her parental course can now seduce her !

PAGE 22.—GENUINE.

CLXXV.—Rev. Dr. R—ND—PH.

——“ Looke ye, Sirs ! as a man of holie life and con-
“ versation, I doe expecte to be entreated with all priestlie
“ reverence !—I’ll take the finnes of no *frail fleshe* in chris-
“ tendom more than what I bear alreadie.—I delivered the
“ *pacquet royalle* with my own handes, and sawe it *book-*
“ *ed*, ‘ by the *whole dutie of manne!*’—Touchinge the *Golden*
“ *Coinage* of our Sov’rain Liege, I know nought—for by
“ the masse if it did journie with me it chinked not !
“ That I placed this *pacquet* in the right roade to salva-
“ tion, is true as lighte ! let those who did pervert it to
“ purposes of darknes therefore be responsible.—If the
“ worlde, putting ‘ *faithe in my goode workes,* ’ do believe
“ me, ‘ well !’—if not, I pleade my *benefitte of Clergy!*”

PAGE 12.—GENUINE.

CLXXVI.—M—N—SS of ST—F—D.

- “ Oh, she that bare her did I knowe right well !—
“ When destined to depart our happie isle,
“ In teares she lefte it for a foreigne shore,
“ Though on its beache a *princelie lover* stode !
“ Harde now, that fate should blightinglie pursue
“ Her fairest offspringe, hither driven o’er
“ To cull upon her mother’s native soile
“ Some of those blessings which she lefte behind !
“ Boldlie I’ll stand beside her innocence,
“ Though all the browes of power doe frown upon me !”

PAGE 34.—GENUINE.

FORTY-THIRD DAY'S TRIAL.

CLXXVII.—MARQUIS OF B—TH.

“ Slave ! bring me another stoope of *Ganarie*, and then
“ leave me to my lucubrations !—In taking offe all my
“ bon companions, Dame *Fate* hathe rather run me
“ harde ; for nowe am I doom'd, bottle after bottle, to re-
“ count my los of those who popped off before me, like
“ decayed corks from wine upon the frette !—So here
“ incessantlie sit I, to drink a requiem to their jollie
“ foules !”

PAGE 13.—GENUINE.

CLXXVIII.—HON. MRS. B—V—RIE.

— “ Oh! she hathe an unconquerable spirit in
“ matters of public concerne; and so zealous for the
“ well doinge of the *common weale*, that she kicked her
“ tailor down staires, onlie, forfoothe, because he had
“ made a costlie robe of state for the Queene’s Majestic,
“ when she looked to be sole *Regent* of the *People*!

PAGE 103.—*Not GENUINE.*

CLXXIX.—DUKE OF M—NCH—R.

“ I viewed him on the margin of the *Thames*, plying
“ a pair of *oares*, as if he had to earn a scantie liveli-
“ hoode by buffetting the foamie tide!—Whether his
“ Grace will thus bequalifie himself the better for af-
“ faires of state, I wotte not; but, *certaines*, he must be
“ well prepared for the worste of times; because, by the
“ dexterous use of his *scull*, he maie contrive at least to
“ keepe his owne *heade* above the water!”

PAGE 72.—*Not GENUINE.*

CLXXX.—PRINCESS S—PH—A OF GL——R.

—— “ Well might one envie those
“ Within the confine of some lowlie vale,
“ Who passe their fleeting lives as nature willes,
“ In all the purities of faithful love !
“ My sickening harte for these would gladlie yelde
“ The titled trappings which so much disguise
“ Whate’er simplicitie maie challenge in me !”

PAGE 206.—GENUINE.

FORTY-FOURTH DAY'S TRIAL.

CLXXXI.—SIR WILLIAM G—RY.

—“To the SULTAN's prime *Musti* am I indebitted
“for mine election, who deigned to choose me publicke
“spendthriste of mine own privie purse for the benefitte
“of the State! The nexte honour I do looke for, is a
“permission, under his Highness's hande and seale, to
“builde an hospitalle for *courtlie lunatiques*, and to be
“named sole Governor thereof myselfe, at special times,
“whene'er the moone be at her fulle!”

PAGE 54.—GENUINE.

CLXXXII.—HON. MRS. N—TH.

— “ Oh ! there is a giddie worme within this un-
“ fubdued fleshe of mine, that will not die, and which
“ neither travelle, nor the arte spirituelle of my *mitred*
“ LORDE can ever sette at reste !—”

PAGE 16.—*Not GENUINE.*

CLXXXIII.—HON. CAPT. GEORGE B—KL—Y.

“ The faulte must lie at his own doore, if a warfaring
“ man be not accounted valorous in the world’s weake
“ judgement at the least!—Why hathe he the gifte of
“ tongue, but to promulgate deedes, which did not reach
“ the eyes of ordinarie observers!—Marry, to make *Fame’s*
“ records surer on your side, call forthe the *Limner’s*
“ arte, which dothe bepaint right lustilie beyond the
“ life, and he will so beblazon fiction’s feates to after-
“ times, that they shall long survive the short-lived va-
“ loure of your fighting Sirs!—”

PAGE 10.—*Not GENUINE.*

CLXXXIV.—DUCHESS OF N—TH—B—D.

- “ Well maie *Northumbria*’s race in soothe be proude
“ Of this puissant partner of their Chiefe !
“ Whate’er in mortal dignitie there be,
“ *Sans* question it adornes her lovelie browe,
“ Befuiting well the diadem she weares.
“ But high o’er this so gracefullie doe peere
“ The simpler virtues of domestique life,
“ That soone the titled eminence is losse
“ In admiration of the *fairer* WOMAN !—

PAGE 49.—GENUINE.

FORTY-FIFTH DAY'S TRIAL.

CLXXXV.—EARL OF L—SD—LE.

—“ That is the manne to my thinking on the score
“ of valour perfonal, who can *fighte* with all heaven's
“ creatures more heartilie than *feede* them!—Such an
“ one is constrained to delve into the hungrie bowels
“ of the lande, in fearch of wealthe he lacketh not;
“ thus procreating convulfions under ground, and making
“ her people with their mother *earthe* to *quake*!—Of
“ fuch almightie men, *Marvino*, they now-a-daies doe
“ moulde their *Lordes*, fo that their conftitution politique
“ be not fapped by more desperate *underminers*!”

PAGE 27.—Not GENUINE.

CLXXXVI.—Mrs. M. A. T—YL—R.

[*Her Second Suffrage.*]

——— “ A truce, I praie thee, *Blanche*,
“ To all the dulcet flatterie of thy tongue !
“ If in the vifion of my dapper Lorde
“ So prominent my beautie dothe appeare,
“ Bid him no more unaptlie note it downe
“ Upon the chilling canvas of an arte,
“ But conjugallie give from Nature’s touche,
“ More glowinge copies of my lovelie felfe,
“ Though they be framed in *little!*”——

PAGE 34.—GENUINE.

CLXXXVII.—LORD M—LMS—Y.

— “ Oh, Sir, their choice did well devolve on him,
“ so artfullie ordained to nibble things afunder !—Marked
“ you not, in *Regencies* of yore, how well he did essay to
“ gnawe the ligatures in twaine, which had so long up-
“ held the canopie o’ the State ?—Who then so fitte to
“ trie his skilfulle toothe upon the newer cordage that
“ dothe more slightlie binde the destinies of *France* !—
“ Trust to’t, the deede he’ll doe, if that his *ratteif* nose
“ be not ensnared within the fresh-filed trappe of their
“ new republique !”

PAGE 108.—Not GENUINE.

CLXXXVIII.—MISS ST—RT.

“ Though elder borne of her that gave me life,
“ Her vaine propensities I ne’er did share !
“ Soone as the midnight orgies of our house,
“ With all the revelries of lustfulle plaie
“ Doe ’gin their baneful course, with traverse slowe
“ Within my chambered privacie I hie,
“ And there corporeallie obtaine repose,
“ Awhile my painful, and affrighted minde
“ Dothe dreame of all the wicked worlde belowe.”

PAGE 12.—*Not GENUINE.*

FORTY-SIXTH DAY'S TRIAL.

CLXXXIX.—Sir WM. P.—LT.—Y.

—— “ Naie, and what of that ?—If manne be
“ borne of earthlie minde, let him be forthwith nomi-
“ nated Purveyor-General in *peccadilloe* of that duste, to
“ which worme-like he must returne;—I knewe me
“ such an one, the strange inhabitant of a venerable
“ dwellinge, who did escape taxation of all windowe
“ lattices, by contenting himselfe with the simple lu-
“ rainations of his owne braine!—there fatte he, time
“ out of patience, exorbitantlie measuring forth to needie
“ trowel-menne, his owne foile by the inch square!
“ —thus he grewe abundant in his wealthe, until the
“ maine beames of his mansion did becracke with the
“ sterling weighte of golde, incontinentlie piled up !

PAGE 63.—*Not GENUINE.*

CXC.—Madame S—W—L—CH.

“ Mine *Got!* but dey doe belie his royalle youth the most
“ marvelouſſie!—By mine trute, but he be growne both
“ a ſveete, and a goote *Prince!* Why—in his grace he now
“ be ſo font of me, that he dothe wiſſite de bedde in mine
“ affliction, and plaie with efferie littel haire upon mine
“ cheeke!—then he dothe talke of mine *ducattes* ſo
“ kindlie, az eef dey vere his owne!—naie, I doe be-
“ liefe dat he would kindlie take dem into his own
“ royalle keepinge, for de comforte of mine old age!—
“ Oh! he be de ſveeteſt, and de viſeſt *Prince* that ever
“ did ſpring from the Royalle ſtocke of *Yarmanny!*”

PAGE 37.—GENUINE.

No. CXCI.—Alderman C—MBE.

—— “ Sir, I tell you, though I am a brewer of
“ *browne stoute*, these civique honours fitte not lightlie
“ on my shoulders. True it is, that I have raised my-
“ selfe, from a man o’ the Common Liverie, to be a chiefe
“ o’er Common Counsellors i’ the *Easte*, while my com-
“ panions i’ the *West* did declare unto me, that “ robes
“ and furred gownes hide all !” Marry, Sir, if that were
“ so, the *Cittes* had not espied the *fbaking of my elbowe*
“ beneath an Aldermanique gabardine !—I tell you once
“ againe, these civique honours fitte not light upon me !”

PAGE 28.—GENUINE..

CXCII.—Lady H— S—YM—R.

- “ Who sawe ROWENA in her maiden state,
“ When all the beauties of a modest minde
“ Began to peere, and innocentlie blende
“ Their tintes with those, which decked her lillie cheeke?
“ So still she keepes her captivating stores,
“ Though on a lovelie race she hathe bestowed
“ Unnumbered graces from her parent stocke!”

PAGE 14.—GENUINE.

FORTY-SEVENTH DAY'S TRIAL.

CXCIH.—BISHOP W—TS—N.

—— “ Suppose that he be an ABBOTTE cloathed
“ in *priesteboode*, he will prove no worme-eaten buttrasse
“ to our Mother *Churche* on this side the grave, or I have
“ mista'en his Reverence hugelie! Whilst his bretheren
“ in the houre of jeopardie did turn their mitres into
“ night-cappes, from their meeke propensitie to dozeing,
“ he bestirred lustilie in his vocation, and stode him
“ forthe the true defender of our Christianne faithe!—
“ Hence is he yclep'd the holie *Alchymiste*, because he
“ dothe extracte for men's mindes, the puritie of earthlie
“ comforte from the *cruscible* of his owne benevolence!”

PAGE 55.—GENUINE.

CXCIV.—LORD C—M—L—F—D.

—— “Avaste, my brinie messmates!—if you
“thwarte, and turn him bluffie nose to tide, the spraye
“of his wrathe will soufe some of you fore and afte, I
“tell ye!—Only ease him, d’ye see, a point or two from
“the winde, and you’ll ride safelie with him through
“the roughest weather!—Neither your Courtes nor
“crownettes, bilboes nor bastinadoes, can warpe him
“from salt water, which he delights in like a wild-
“ducke!—He met the *Algerine* but t’other day, who gave
“him so short an allowance of comfort on board his
“corfair:—my limbs! but he rubbed out the old score
“with his rattan upon his *Barbary* shoulders, till the
“*Sea-calfe* roared out for mercie he had never shewn!—
“The younker is a pickled fish, that’s certain—but a
“goode office goes with him through life, while a dirtie
“one never slippes his reckoning!”

CXCv. —Miss M—L—G.

“ If I could truste his *Grace*’s melting eyes
“ Which doe so busilie befellowe mine,
“ I might this fonde interrogating harte
“ Now sette at reste, and sweete assurance give
“ That it hathe sealed its sov’raigne hope !—Whate’er
“ The fraile accomplishments I boaste,
“ These let me cherish as the best of boones,
“ In fondest wish that they may treasure up
“ The nuptial blessing thus so proudlie won !”

PAGE 22.—GENUINE.

CXCVI.—LORD R—LLE.

— — “ *Certes*, SIRE, a man may plaie the foole in
“ lowe life in order to his exaltation; but having at-
“ tained a Lordshippe paramount, he cannot continue to
“ execute the humble things that appertain themselves
“ to simple common-hoode!—True it is, my LIEGE,
“ that our *vassalage* of DEVONNE have swerved from
“ their betrothed allegiance to the Ruler of your State.
“ Deign you to aske, why I, with all my mighte and
“ zeale, did not prevent it?—my answer, SIRE, is short-
“ lie this: I could have dispersed the sturdie knaves
“ with the bare breathe of my lordlie nostrils, though
“ they had swarmed like *pilchardes* on our coaste; but
“ since it did beplease your Highnesse to shape from me
“ a PEER of Brittaines realme—marry I’ve other *fische* to
“ *frie*!”

PAGE 12.—GENUINE.

FORTY-EIGHTH DAY'S TRIAL.

CXCVII.—LADY ELIZ. L—T—L.

“What an *Irisbe howle* is here setteup, about the
“departure of a paltrie *rouleau* of light guineas, for
“which I gave a draughte upon my monie-holder's
“banke, for value not received!—A *Bill of Plaie*, not
“being stamped for honourable purpose, ought not, by
“legalle custom of exchange, to be dulia honoured;
“therefore did I *counter-cheque* my order, which, in the
“weaknesse of womanhoode, I had issued; and for this
“onlie hathe my faire fame been scandalouslie beslurred
“throughout the capital!—But if I have not ample ven-
“geance on that *dealer* in *odde trickes*, may I never sette
“cocke upon a carde againe!”

PAGE 36.—GENUINE.

CXCVIII.—MR. T—RN—Y.

——“Canvassè me the voters wives of *Southwarke*,
“for I must batter the hustinges once more with the
“cuckoldie heades of their Lordes and Masters!—Since
“no lawe, dead or living, can denominate this a *treate*,
“kisse me also their spinster daughters throughout the
“*Mint*, being heedful that the hussies doe not warmlie
“paie you back in your own *coine*!—Having stayed the
“*trencher worke* of my opponent, perchance I may the
“electors starve into a just opinion of mine own *desert*.—
“I have told them roundlie, that a *freed-man* must come
“to the *polle* with an *emptie stomach*, to preserve a *sounde*
“*constitution*, and that he can swallowe nought but my
“wordes without a deep transgression of the statute
“lawe:—if this avail me not, there will be no trap-
“pinge the warie knaves, either *full*, or *fassing*!”

PAGE 123.—GENUINE.

CXCIX.—HON. MISS H——Y.

——— “ By my knighthoode but she is a comelie
“ lasse ! and so expert a mistresse in the arte of *signalles*,
“ that she can make you a *mirrour* of her own *'kerchiefe*,
“ and, by the quicknesse of her eye, reade its reflected
“ answers from one streete's end to the other. In good
“ sooth, this faire dame is in a faire way to be mar-
“ velouslie *signalized* ! ”

PAGE 73.—Not GENUINE.

CC.—MR. W—LB—F—CE.

“ Mark me nowe, Honourable Sirs ! although manne's
“ conscience be *enslaved*, may not his bodie still be free,
“ and active to the warie purports of his minde !—For
“ mine own parte, I had, in *Christianne* veritie, an earlie
“ *calle* unto the humbler pathes of *grace* ;—whate'er the
“ profitte of it be in this vaine worlde, I take it as a
“ foretaste of my future recompence in that which is to
“ come !—Nay, and it be our sacred privilege goode Se-
“ nators to trafficke in *pietie*, we must be allowed to
“ barter the superfluxe of *spiritual concerns*, to insure our
“ own *political salvation* !”

PAGE 37.—Not GENUINE.

FORTY-NINTH DAY'S TRIAL.

CCI.—LADY S—MP—N.

— “ If she be an old *Puss* too proude and statelie
 “ to catch a mouse i' the barne, she were as well, for the
 “ quiet of the house, to be without her clawes!—A mur-
 “ rain seize your *tabbie* CARTES, say I!—what a spittinge
 “ and meweinge doe they sette up, to make the braw-
 “ linges of a high winde more hideous! Woe betide the
 “ restless tenants of that roofe, o'er the pann-tiles of
 “ which these whiskered wizzardes doe rantipole it so
 “ shrewishlie!”

PAGE 10.—GENUINE.

CCII.—MR. C. ATK——N.

— “ Blessè the poore manne’s odde wittes, that
“ will never let his heade reste but in stations too ex-
“ alted! Here have they thruste it once more into our
“ *Senate House*, where the waggès doe throwe their jokes,
“ and jibes more cuttinglie about them, than your poul-
“ terers wives their filthie egges at Martin-masse!”

PAGE 57.—GENUINE.

CCIII.—ALD——N P—CK—T.

—— “ When they did expunge those emptie heades
“ from off the frontlet of our Citie’s gate, mine own was
“ sette thereon, and did most wittinglie devise how to
“ dismantle our *Temple’s barre* to publique inter-cursion.
“ It doth seeme, to builde a civique fame, one must be
“ constrained to pull you down the stouter workes of an-
“ tient men!—But the minde, my masters, must be kept
“ in concussion, or the braine of an ordinarie citizen would
“ soon curdle over, like greene duck-weede on a gar-
“ denne ponde ”

PAGE I.—GENUINE.

CCIV.—LADY H—THC—TE.

—— “ Oh she dothe sweetlie bende
“ The mirthfulle gaieties of polished life
“ Unto the meede of Christian *charitie* !
“ Marke where she leades the rural masque, or balle,
“ And viewe her faire companions i' the scene ;
“ Though riche in charmes, in simple vestes they're cladde,
“ Wrought all by spinsters handes in hamlettes rounde !
“ 'Tis thus that mirthe and innocence doe twine
“ Their staple virtues to adorne the minde ! ”

PAGE 37.—GENUINE.

END OF VOL. II.

P A S S A G E S

S E L E C T E D

BY DISTINGUISHED PERSONAGES,

O N T H E

G R E A T L I T E R A R Y T R I A L

O F

V O R T I G E R N A N D R O W E N A ;

A Comi-Tragedy.

“ WHETHER IT BE—OR BE NOT FROM THE
IMMORTAL PEN OF SHAKSPEARE ? ”

VOLUME III.

FIFTH EDITION.

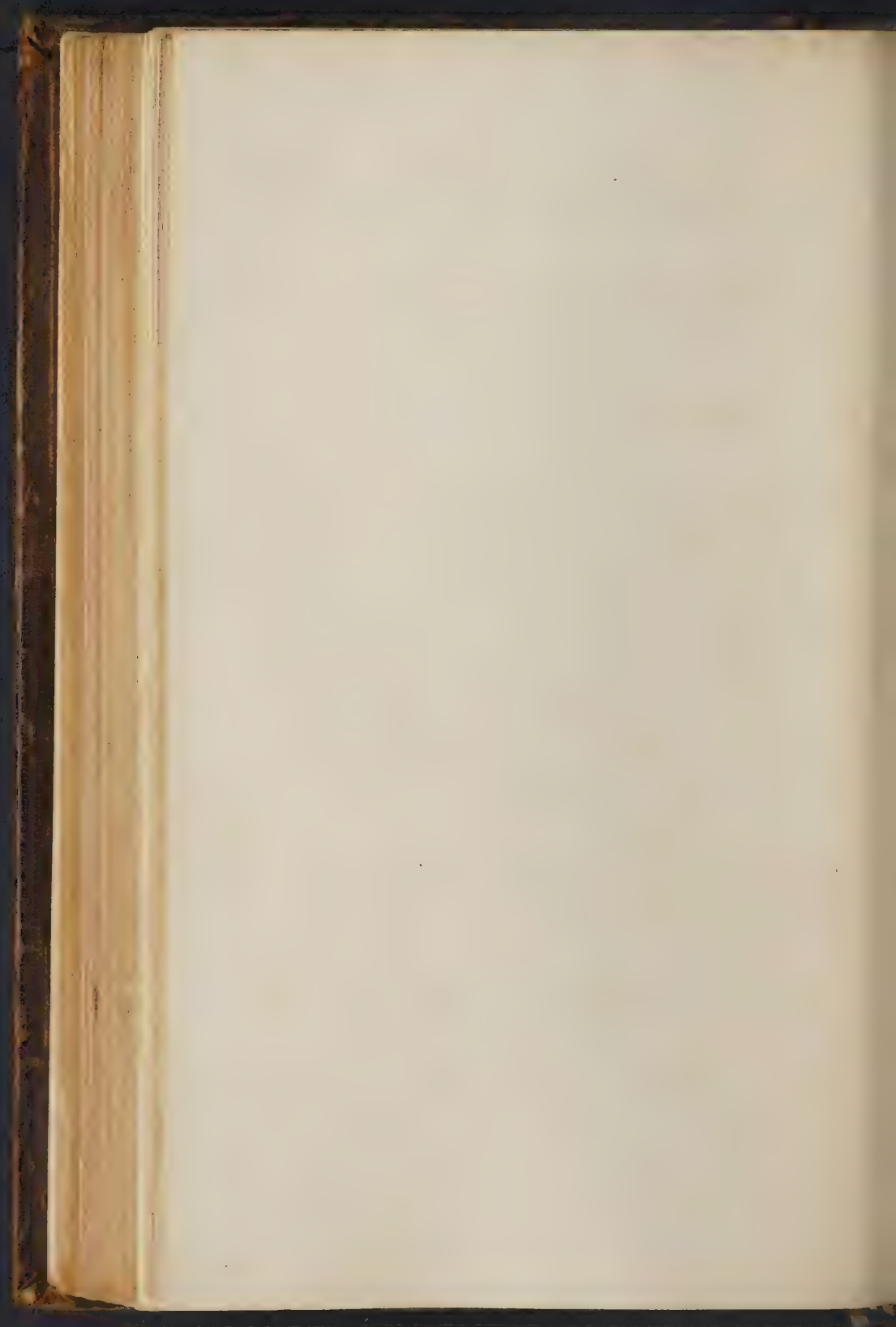
—“ Open me a huge Wardrobe abounding in motlie habittes, and marke
“ howe fantasticalle poore mortals will arraie themselves ! ”

VORT. and ROW

L O N D O N :

P R I N T E D B Y H. B R O W N ,

F O R J. R I D G W A Y , Y O R K - S T R E E T , S T . J A M E S ' S - S Q U A R E ,



IRELAND, *versus* SHAKESPEARE!!!

By the COURT.

IT having in our sapiency been discovered, through the course of the present important CAUSE, that *more* evidence may sometimes be given, where *much* has already been received—

It is ordered, for the furtherance of strict poetical justice in said Cause, that no solemn ADJUDICATION be made therein, until final default of testimony extractive, be made appear by due proclamation, through our trusty, and well beloved, FILAZER, the EDITOR of those Diurnal Records, cycloped the MORNING HERALD!

(Signed)

POLONIUS



Die Martis 11^o, 1798.

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P A S S A G E S.

SELECTED AS SUFFRAGES ON THE
FIFTIETH DAY'S TRIAL.

CCIV.—LORD K—N—D.

— “ I telle thee, *Urvin*, he is a *Lorde*, and
“ that a keene one!—Why, man, he was once more poore,
“ than nowe he's proude, untill jogging up on foote
“ from t'other side the *Tweede*, he did contrive to repose
“ his *Scottishe* crownette on the riche toilette of a *Monie-*
“ *lender's* daughter!—thence tooke his honoures a more
“ statelie pollishe, being fette in *golde*!—Nowe he hathe
“ nightlie divinations of *Jeweish* aggrandizements, and
“ will dreame you of nought but *lotteries*, and *loanes*;—
“ nay, and a wiser man had not prevented it, he would
“ have turned his eldest born into a *Blew-coate Boy*, to
“ have a hand hereditarie in everie *wheele of fortune*!”

PAGE 6.—GENUINE.

CCV.—MISS O—LE.

——— “ Heaven befriende us, sifter *Blanche!* and,
“ in its nexte shower of sweete husbandes, send us a
“ comelie couple!—Marry, but we can accommodate
“ our lordlie masters more ways than one, or else be-
“ fhame our breeding up!—If they allowe us not to *combe*
“ their conjugal heades, we can, at least, *currie* their
“ palfries, and ride them saddle-lefs to water; so that,
“ when we are found uselefs as *Groomes o’ the chamber*,
“ we may be convertible into those of the *stable!*—Nay,
“ and the worst do befall us, we can lay aside our *tomboye*
“ trickes, and comport ourselves like reasonable women,
“ *sans* further *ogle-ing!*”

PAGE 25.—GENUINE.

CCVI.—ALD——N P—CK—T.

— “ When they did expunge those emptie heades
“ from off the frontlet of our Citie's gate, mine own was
“ sette thereon, and did most wittinglie devise, how to
“ dismantle our *Temple's barre* to publique inter-cursion.
“ To builde a goode right civique fame, one must be
“ constrained to pull you down the stouter workes of aun-
“ tient men!—and the minde, my masters, must be kept
“ in concussion also, or the braine of an ordinarie citizen
“ would curdle over, like greene ducke's-weede upon
“ a gardenne ponde!”

PAGE I.—GENUINE.

CCVII.—LADY D—RH—ST.

—“ When first the fightless youthe by me was viewed,
 “ I sigh’d, and hoped, in any lowlie shape,
 “ That I might guide his flowe be-darken’d way !
 “ Vain worldlie objects thus shut out—save one—
 “ This, on his minde’s keene eye did always hang
 “ Like a night-gendered *miste*, which dothe eclipse
 “ All Nature’s fairer prospects wide around !
 “ My harte did proudlie gain its earlie wish !—
 “ With me, the solace nowe of all his wrongs,
 “ Love’s cruse of *eyle* * thall never run to waste,
 “ Although it be no longer *pitcher’d* * up :
 “ For I will shunne the modishe steppes of those
 “ Who first themselves doe *blinde* their giddie Lørdes,
 “ Then leadé them darkling to a direr fate !”

PAGE 12.—GENUINE.

* Mr. MALONE remarks, though on what authority is not declared, that these are punnistical allusions of the immortal Bard, to the VIRGIN NAME of the fair LADY, and the retail occupation of her SIRE, a worthy resident in those days of LOWER THAMES-STREET.

FIFTY-FIRST DAY'S TRIAL.

CCVIII.—H. R. H. the DUKE of Y—K.

—— “ Yes, that's the *Prince*,

“ Whose pulse of youthe intemperatellie ranne
“ In earlier daies !—How goodlie now the change,
“ To viewe him claſſed with chieftains of renowne—
“ Hear a pure bleſſinge dwell on everie tongue
“ Through vet'ran rankes,—and ſee his palace gates,
“ With proude delighte, ſpring open to receive
“ The milde diſpenſer of domeſtique peace !—
“ So peeres the radiance of a ſummer's funne,
“ When ſpring's lighte cloudes have fled ſo far awaie !”

PAGE 106.—GENUINE.

CCIX.—MRS. P—LH—M.

—— “ Pooh, *Nardina*!—we *women o’ the cham-*
“ *ber* may as soone thinke of travelling to heaven on our
“ *backes*, as into his *Highbness’* favour by virtue of simple
“ *obedience*.—Methinks one might ensure it by a pro-
“ *scription* of all within the wane of his short-lived plea-
“ *sure*!—but then we must promulgate freele, and with-
“ *out respect* of persons:—nay, the prouder she be whom
“ *his fancie* hath discarded, the nobler game for us full
“ *crie to followe*!”

PAGE 73.—*Nat* GENUINE.

CCX.—ALD—N N—WN—M.

“Sirs! ’tis wond’rous harde, that I, a *Citizen* and
“*Vintner*, should find my popularitie under *parre*, for
“*discompting* a princelie reputation at a marvellous small
“*premium*, which not a mortal amongst you would *un-*
“*derwrite* even at *cent. per cent.*!—I opened not this
“*accompt current* on the score of *compound interest*; for I
“was flattered that my comelineffe of person would well
“besitte the purlieus of a *Courte*;—on this I indiscreet-
“lie drewe a *bill at sight* upon his Highness’ favour,
“which being not duly *honoured*, came back againe
“*protested!*”

PAGE 43.—Not GENUINE.

CCXI.—LADY JANE P—G—T.

“ In features she is fashioned like her sexe,
“ With luring eye, and roseate smile equipt,
“ To catch you fillie gazers on their way :
“ But for the airy magique of a shape,
“ She dothe as far, in Nature’s modelling,
“ Her modern sifterhoode out-peere,—as did
“ The love-formed statue all the antient worlde,
“ Which Arte’s proude rivalrie could never reach !”

PAGE 66.—GENUINE.

FIFTY-SECOND DAY'S TRIAL.

CCXII.—ARCHB——P OF C——NT——Y.

“ This morn our Lorde's prime *Abbotte* I behelde,
“ In riche *pontificalibus* arraied !
“ If, as in worldlie stature he dothe growe
“ Erect in grace right spiritual—he'll prove
“ The stoutest buttraffe of our Mother Church !—
“ Let's heede not those who impiouslie saie
“ That troopes of holie emptie-stomach'd seeres
“ Now trencherlesse do leave the *Abbie* gate,
“ For whom, in pious daies, alas, gone by,
“ The buttrie-doores did hospitablie ope !—
“ Nor those, who tell us that celestial soundes
“ Of sackbutte, psalmodie, and dulcimer,
“ Are drowned now in shrill *Italia's* straines !—
“ And yet his *Excellence* may well assume
“ To point men out a nearer road to blisse,
“ By making them newe heavens here on earthe !”

PAGE 100.—Not GENUINE.

CCXIII.—MISS G—NN—G.

——— “ *Marvina*, Sir, bleſſe her poore harte,
“ hathe been no better entreated by thoſe from whome
“ ſhe ſprung, than by the villainous worlde ſhe dothe
“ inhabitte!—the former made her a fillie baite for their
“ own ambition, and the latter derided the abaſement
“ of its miſcarriage:—then became ſhe drie nurſe to a
“ withered *Duchefſſe*, who, in recompenſe for her fidelitie,
“ left her even without a deathe-bed bleſſinge!—and
“ now is ſhe conſtrained to live by her own wittes, of
“ which, ſhe thanks Heaven, neither fortune, nor friendes
“ can ſo baſelie beguile her!”

PAGE 46.—GENUINE.

CCXIV.—MR. C—NC—N.

——— “Arrah! but this foreign warfare abroad is
“a poore kind of trade for us Jontlemen at home, who
“thrive best by the sweete artes of peace and good plen-
“tie!—By my own prettie conscience, and I am destined
“to be scratched by a rantipole Ladie of qualitie to
“boote!—Och! but I had rather meete three flying
“devils in the bogge of Kilkennie, than one mad daugh-
“ter of old King *Faro* upon drie lande!—Faithe, and
“I think it was prettie well, to be bothered out of
“one’s light golde for a scrap of waste paper, without
“being tongue-tied to one’s good behaviour by a piece
“of *qualitie binding* into the bargaine!”

PAGE 14.—*Not GENUINE.*

CCXV.—HON. MISS ED—N.

— “ In virgin wildnesse thus each flow'rette bloom'd
“ 'Mid earthlie paradise, ere its faire face
“ By finne's illicit intercourse was blurred.
“ Keepe then the worlde's infidious artes aloofe,
“ That man, with serpent-tongue, may not beguile
“ Primæval innocence like this !”——

PAGE 81.—GENUINE.

FIFTY-THIRD DAY'S TRIAL.

CCXVI.—DUKE OF H—M—LT—N.

—— “ You may marvelle how it came to passe,
“ but, *certes*, Sir, he did once possesse a *wife*, formed
“ from the purest modelle of the antique worlde !—Soon,
“ however, she was constrained to divorce herselfe from
“ bedde and boarde, to shunne that *multiplying*, which
“ her harte did loathe !—Then betooke he to the *chuck-*
“ *ribbe* of another man, a stage-going rantipole, who,
“ decked in all her *Grace's* jewelrie, did the counterfeite
“ of a *Duchesse* so lasciviously enacte, that this leathern-
“ pated Lord transportinglie did sweare she was his onlie
“ *Bona-roba !*”

PAGE 33.—Not GENUINE.

CCXVII.—MISS TH—RL—W.

“ You are my Sire, great Lorde ! so nature speakes,
“ Although my humble destinie denies
“ That in the worlde’s faire face, or her’s that bore me,
“ I should this blessinge modestlie declare.—
“ Some portion of that pride, howe’er, I’ll boaste,
“ Which doth right bluntlie appertaine to you ;
“ So that I ne’er, to gratifie my harte,
“ Can saie the thing I mean not,—to deceive you.”

PAGE 89.—GENUINE.

CCXVIII.—CAPT. V—NC—V—R.

—— “Remembereſt thou not, *Alberto*, that, in
“the ſouthern latitudes, we did a flatte odde fiſhe def-
“crie, with finnes for *circumnavigation* formed, who
“toſſed the brinie element around him with the breathe
“of a fantaſtique noſtrille, as if it were created for his
“owne ſingle paſtime?—but, caſt on ſhore, he crawled
“not unlike to other quadrupeddes, who ever and anon
“muſt lick the duſte!”

CCXIX.—PRINCESS S—PH—A.

“ Well, sister *Gertrude*, you, thus elder borne,
“ With this worlde’s happinefs may trifle on,
“ And of your royalle hartes make duckes and drakes,
“ As it doth please ye!—But, for my poore parte,
“ When I doe turne a wommane’s mind to wedde,
“ None shall at distance trafficke thus with mine.
“ They wooe by *proxie* in so false a key,
“ That when you come to viewe each other’s face,
“ You shrink aghast from features thus disguised,
“ And falslie pictured on a courtlie minde!
“ In soothe, I ne’er will yield this little hande
“ But in the joyful prefence of mine eye,
“ And then my tongue may gladlie say—*Amen!*”

PAGE 18.—GENWINK.

FIFTY-THIRD DAY'S TRIAL.

CCXX.—ADMIRAL SIR JOHN J—RV—S.

“ Upon the fretteful bosom of the deepe
“ A course of longe inquietude he steered,
“ Untille that hopeful morne, which peering shewed
“ *Casillian* streamers hemme the horizon rounde !
“ The windes now leagueing on the *Britton's* side,
“ Bore his rough barques amid the haughtie foe,
“ Then lefte him on their reeking deckes to carve
“ His owne, and countrie's glorie ! Howe he played
“ The gallant seaman's parte, those best can telle
“ Who sawe the foe's proude banners floute the skie,
“ Then furl'd lowlie at the conqueror's feete ! ”

PAGE 74.—GENUINE.

CCXXI.—LADY BELL. P—LW—TH.

“ Pshaw, man ! a soule with ever so plaine a cover-
“ inge may grace its benevolencies right noblie. Shew
“ me the face, however coarslie modelled, that can put
“ you faire deedes out of countenance ! So learned is
“ this fame *Oresterna*, that she hathe sette the wittes
“ o’ the whole *Vattican* to their laste stake to keepe dis-
“ course with her alive i’ the dead languages ! Her reli-
“ gion also you do question wrongfullie ; for it is pure-
“ lie *Christian*, in despight of her *Mabomedan* whiskers,
“ a due portion of which she dothe licke in with her
“ dailie foode, as dried cattle do eaten strawe in a farme-
“ yarde !”

PAGE 104.—*Not GENUINE.*

CCXXII.—REV. DR. P—RR.

—— “ On my reverence, goode Sirs, I am an
“ *Orthographer* most villainouslie entreated!—The var-
“ lettes tooke me at a *non plus*, just emerging from the
“ fuddes of our village tonfor, with my temples fresh
“ shorne of their natural strengthe! Moreover, I had no
“ *pipe* to smoke their waggeries withal?—I should have
“ tried their poetique fictionne by the genuine rules of
“ *syntaxe*, and then their false concords had been most ap-
“ parent! In lack of this, like a dull water fowle have
“ they ensnared me! Nay, ’tis well in Christian charitie
“ I went no further; for the knaves did entreat my *affi-*
“ *davit* of their deedes, expecting, as a *Prieste*, that I
“ should sweare through a churche-door, to save them-
“ selves from *d—mn—tion*!”

PAGE 100.—Not GENUINE.

CCXXIII.—MISS S—WB—GE.

“ To publique virtue who so little known,
“ But beares some patriotte impressè on his minde
“ Of blooming *Erva*’s fire?—Beholding her,
“ Quick we retrace those lineaments of worthe
“ Which so enwrapp’d mankind, but brighter still
“ Displaie their radiance now mid virginne charmes !”

PAGE 34.—GENUINE.

FIFTY-FOURTH DAY'S TRIAL.

CCXXIV.—RT. HON. WM. P—TT.

“ What illes betide the manne, who seekes to rest
“ His hope, upon the fraile, and footlesse toppe
“ Of vaine *Ambition's* ladder !—His ascent
“ A ray of guileful fortune circleth rounde,
“ To lure the slaveish gaze of base idolaters !
“ So gapeing crowdes are drawn at first to viewe
“ The mimique vaulter soaring high in aire,
“ 'Till the spent actor can no longer poise
“ His giddie frame by pride inflated : then
“ The fated ingrates, turning from the scene,
“ With tauntes, and jeeres, doe loudlie greete his fall !”

PAGE 100.—GENUINE.

CCXXV.—Mrs. H—L.R.

— “ Thanks to my manlie starres, it did belike
“ me better, from my youthe, to tell convivial tales
“ arounde the festive board, than go and count o’er girlish
“ dimples in my glasse.—Sirs, I was trained with gal-
“ lantes of the passing age, who could faie a choice thing
“ with a goode grace,—marry, and doe one, when occa-
“ sion served, right merrilie to boote!—But mark me
“ sonnes of Jollitie; if I follow not the dinner clothe
“ of diaper so soone as doe the squeamish of my sexe, I
“ tarrie more for the flavour of your *witte*, than your
“ *wine* !”

PAGE 45.—GENUINE.

CCXXVI.—COL. F—LL—T—N.

— “ Yclep me what you please, you shall finde
“ me a *marvel-monger*, but not *fabulous*!—I belie no
“ man's judgement, unlesse prompted thereto by the re-
“ cognition of mine owne superior senses!—By my maid-
“ en buckler did I sweare, and that right trulie, that, as
“ *Statesmen*, we are all journeying beside our faire
“ wittes, and all this, I feare, for foule purposes!—Yet,
“ Sirs! is there a doore open to our political salvation,
“ turning upon the honourable hinge of one manne's
“ fingle valour!—of him, who by arte magique, did
“ transforme the penne of a *Lay Clerke* into the truncheon
“ of a *Champagne Marsballe*,—who hath fought with
“ brother-statesmen on all sides, as well as subjects, in
“ the senate, and in the fiede!—who heroicallie traversed
“ all regionnes, both hotte and colde!—who hath de-
“ nied, in the teeth of *Welch* philosophers, that the *moone*
“ was made of cheefe that is *greene*; and was the first of
“ mankind to discover, that the *Dragon of Wantlie* had
“ no sting in his taile!”

CCXXVII.—LADY M—ND—P.

“ A paire of honest eyes may fondlie looke
“ On this olde frame-worke to a noble minde,
“ 'Till admiration's selfe doth lacke a pause!
“ She's not the fretted boaste of high-arched domes,
“ But the dispensing visitant of peace,
“ Who seekes the lowlie roofe in search of woes
“ She was ordained luxuriouflie to share!”

PAGE 54.—GENUINE.

FIFTY-FIFTH DAY's TRIAL.

CCXXVIII.—EARL OF S—FF—K.

——— “By virtue of the ermined crownette on my
“ browe, I did demande an audience of the regalle eare
“ within the privie clofette. I went not, like a bungling
“ burglarer, to this worke of state, by crooked steppes,
“ or darke; marry, I fought the prefence i' the open
“ fronte of daie!—The tale was rounde, and to the pur-
“ porte; and my tongue did descant on the sweete so-
“ brietie of *Peace* so potentlie, that answer had his High-
“ nesse none to give, to what my witte, and wifdome thus
“ propounded!”

PAGE 18.—GENUINE.

CCXXIX.—MADEMOISELLE F—N—NI.

— “ Come, come, my prettie prattlinge Cozz, we'll
“ bicker no more about the virtue of our progenitors,
“ like greene gofslings on an open common !—The worlde
“ is bountiful enough to me to acknowledge my descent
“ either from a wise *Witte*, or a weake *Lorde*, to both
“ of whom has baselie been imputed the sinne of my be-
“ getting ! Thus the oddes are two to one, at least, but
“ I had a father amongst them ! though, like the *cuckooe*,
“ she that hatched me, made any bird she pleased to
“ father,—nay, and feather well her nestelinge into the
“ bargaine !”

PAGE 107.—GENUINE.

CCXXX.—MR. D--NT.

——— “ Because I did accommodate the Kinge’s
“ Prime Ruler with the *loane* of a taxe on quadrupeddes
“ *canine*, the *curres* on t’other side the Senate, have forced
“ a *run* of witte upon me, in lack of other *currencie*, and
“ now *barke* at me for the deede *sans* ceasing !—Nay, some
“ of them hamper me with dailie baskettes of *dead turn-*
“ *spittes*, while others do hang their puppies on the
“ knocker of my *banke*, denoting thereby, that I am little
“ more than a *discounter* of *dogge-skins* !”

PAGE 77.—Not GENUINE.

CCXXXI.—LADY C. G. N.—RES.

“ Heare, Madame, now, an outcast daughter speake !—
“ If ’tis the failinge of puiffante bloode
“ To curdle in our veines, and back repelle
“ The genial flowings of the human harte,
“ Why not an humbler current be instilled
“ To cheque th’ enfanguined maladie of pride ?—
“ I feare me I’d a mother but per-chaunce,
“ And not by any of those tender lawes
“ With which so clofelie Nature doth unite
“ Her smiling progenie !—To me you’ve talked
“ So vainlie of the *honours* of our house,
“ That now by modestie, each peasant hutte
“ Approves itself the sweeter habitation !—
“ Oh, can you wonder, then, if, from false pompe,
“ Fruitful to me of miserie alone,
“ I fought life’s quietude in simpler scenes,
“ And found it in an humble husbände’s armes ?”

PAGE 89.—GENUINE.

FIFTY-SIXTH DAY'S TRIAL.

CCXXXII.—EARL OF OXF—D.

“ By this right hande of *Mortimer*, my Lordes,
“ They did this *proteste* of mine harte purloine,
“ Which the fublimer judgement of mine head,
“ 'Mid night's thicke lucubrations had compounded !
“ 'Tis not but I the feate might reatchieve
“ In caballistique symbolles, fitting well
“ My state perturbed : but again to view
“ Of *Cambrian* whiskers such a prowling paire,
“ Scenting it here instincktiwelie around,
“ To filch my treasure from our upper shelve,
“ As 'twere a fragment vile of mouldied cheefe—
“ The lordlie pride, and prudence of my house,
“ Can never stomache to digestion !

PAGE 64.—GENUINE.

CCXXXIII.—COUNTESS OF D—BY.

“ Come ! come ! since you are now my wedded Lorde—
“ you shall commande me as you please—I will refraine
“ from laughter, though my poore sides do cracke them-
“ selves with the forbearance !—Then fans merriment, if
“ these be their chiefe actresses, I marvel not that the ser-
“ vice o’the State be managed so unprofitable ! The
“ poore foules thinke, that if the bloode but riot noble
“ in their veines, they have no occasion for more witte, or
“ plaine sense, than falls to the moderate share of a grey
“ wild-goose ! Howe such creatures played themselves
“ into the statelie drama of the Courte, who could not
“ earne clean strawe by their atchievings in a boarded
“ barne, is past my finding out !—For my own poor parte,
“ my Lorde, I will the *Countesse* so enacte, and weare mine
“ ermined crownette with such thrift, that the insidious
“ worlde shall find no spotte thereon, nor cause of faulte
“ with him who kindlie placed it on a grateful browe !

CCXXXIV.—MR. D—Y.

—“ Enamoured of some or other of my rare qualities, his Highnesse dothe continue to loade me with
“ his prime civilities!—Whether I am debtor for all
“ this to my witte, or that portion of witte's master
“ piece my pocket dothe containe, I wotte not!—But
“ yester morn he did my countenance resemble to the
“ Sunne, which had journied roseilie from the Easte to
“ his full at noone day: and the self-same eve he bade
“ me fitte familiarlie by his side, to talke of friendlie
“ loanes, and such like courtesies.—Marry, there be those
“ of my acquaintance, who, envious of these honours,
“ would blight their future harvesting; but I heede
“ them not, though one sarcasticallie says, that ‘ everie
“ dogge hath his *day*!’—and another, ‘that I Thomas *Day*,
“ shale soone bid my monies a goode *night*!’”

PAGE 14.—*Not* GENUINE.

CCXXXV.—Hon. Mrs. STR—F—D.

“ Sad rendings do betide that widowed harte,
“ Whose girlish panting after wedded blisse,
“ Did in its extacie so earlie raife
“ Twinne beauties to dispute her sov’rain sway !
“ Now by the fide of cold neglecte I fitte,
“ And see by flowe, but torturing degrees
“ The luscious homage of adoring eyes,
“ By parricidal artes thus wrested from me !”

PAGE 100.—*Not* GENUINE.

FIFTY-EIGHTH DAY'S TRIAL.

CCXXXVI.—Mr. Sec. R—SE.

“ Upon *my honour*, Sirs, I am condemned most unjustlie !—As a serving man o'the State, I have drudged too harde for scantie pickings, to be thus hardilie entreated.—To no one breathing owe I aught on the score of friendshippe, or goode-wille—yet doe they cause hue and crie against me, as though I were the worlde's defaulter !—Nay, since the regalle treasurie hath somewhat runne to waste, mennes eyes inquisitivelie de search, as if the losse were to be found beneath my humble goodes, and chatels; when “ *I can take my God to witnesse*, (and he will come along with me) that I am as *poore a creature* as any in his Highnesse' realme !”

PAGE 10.—GENUINE.

No. CCXXXVII.—Lady B—ME.

“ Come, come, my higher titled sisters, now are you
“ too elate : her *Grace*; our husbände-hunting Mother,
“ has exercised her wittes in 'vantage for us all ; and,
“ though she caughte no unfledged *Duke* for me, she hathe
“ at least a nestlinge *Marquisse* ta'en, with which my
“ little harte's content !—She tells me, both his eyes are
“ fashioned out of briliantes from the *Easte*, and that
“ the reste of this my dearer selfe, is formed of precious
“ jewelrie throughout !—If it be so, looke lassies to't,
“ or my gay *starke* may your's yet outshine, and I, his
“ *bonnie* BROOME, sweepe a proude traine before you !”

PAGE 16.—Not GENUINE.

No. CCXXXVIII.—Sir THOMAS T—T—N.

——— “ I stopped me onlie, in *Minceing-lane*, for a
“ contraband glasse of *Carraway Comfitte*, at the luscious
“ hande of TURGO's *sleeping* partner, and the Var-
“ lette hath demanded of me, payment through the nose
“ for this little lippe-full of simple compoundes !—He
“ did alledge, that I had *leakage* given to a tierce of pre-
“ cious *Coniaque*, most choicelie brought to prooffe ;
“ when, in veritie, we no more than shooke an *ullage*
“ *casque* upon the lees between us ! Troth I did pro-
“ teste, by the first-blown honours of my *Knight-hood*,
“ the allegation was not true ; yet this retailer of sinful
“ provocatives, called him forth twelve worldlie minded
“ fottes, who charged me on their oathes usurious, *five*
“ *thousand Ducattes* for this fancied waste of periheable
“ wares !”

PAGE 77.—Not GENUINE.

CCXXXIX.—Miss Oc—LVIE.

————— “ *Rowena* did not so ;
“ For while the vaine, and giddie of her sexe
“ Strove emulouslie to deform, and blurre
“ The fairer excellencies of the minde,
“ She all its native dignitie uphelde
“ By 'complishments in reason's schoole acquired,
“ Making *their* cloathelesse beautie shrink abashed
“ From merit, so by modestie arrayed !”

PAGE 114.—GENUINE.

FIFTY-NINETH DAY'S TRIAL.

No. CCXL.—Earl SP——R.

“ Fie on your false-water fates, who, from his cradle aristocratic, did bemoornt this land-nursed
“ Lorde upon the proudest courser of the maine, and
“ bade him rule the headstrong quadrupedde by
“ guidance of his taile!—Awhile he rode o’er *Bijquay’s*
“ troubled seas, until his senses with his seate he lost,
“ then, floundering, ploughed the deepe! the pitying
“ *Mermaides* flew to his reliefe, and combed his teare-
“ full lockes; while *Neptune’s* selfe deridinglie look’d
“ on, and cracked his coral-mailed sides with laughter!”

PAGE 87.—GENUINE.

No. CCXLI.—Lady C——LL.

——“ Stirre thee betimes goode *Blanche!* and endite
“ me unnumbered cardes of complimente, invitinglie de-
“ vised! so shall we out-telle the visitants to *Noah's*
“ arque, where all Godde's animals of kindes distin-
“ guished did congregate in paires! Nay, we may boaste
“ perchance, more tongues than did the builders of proud
“ *Babel's* tower confounde! *Sacque-poffets* let me have
“ enow; and bid, that *lemmon-waters* flowe in plentie
“ rounde our *dates*, on cupboardes daintilie be-dight!
“ Thus shall the *Dames* of common men in envie learne,
“ that they have neither meanes, nor manners to convoke
“ like me assemblage of the greate!”

PAGE 10.—GENUINE.

No. CCXLII.—Mr. B—RW—L.

—“Laugh, and it so please you, my merrie masters ;
“but true it is, that I was broiled for yeares beneath the
“radiance of a burning funne, that my constitution
“might be warmed also, through a body so bepepper-
“ed by plannettarie influence?—Thus did I begette
“countles lacques of pagodas, that my fraile flesh
“might lacke nought to luste after in its mortal declen-
“sion!—And now, quitting the hauntes of men, I have
“established a *free warren* for 'tother gender, where a
“single *skutte* i' the forest is not touched without privie
“leave of me, the sole Lorde-paramount ! so that if
“any flie puppie among you be found running by the
“nose,—as licensed keeper of mine own *game*, I shall
“rate the lurcher from his queste, with simple losse of
“taile !”

PAGE 67.—GENUINE.

NO. CCXLIII.—Lady D——CRE.

‘ No morne, or eve, when twilight calmlie rules,
“ But *Elda* mantled in her sable stole,
“ Walkes forthe to seeke deathe’s consecrated shade.
“ There on the monumental buste she leanes,
“ And, ’mid her only luxurie in woe,
“ Reades virtues appertaininge to her Lorde,
“ Which the cold hande of sculpture could not trace,
“ So left for purer recorde on her minde !”

PAGE 20.—GENUINE.

FORTIETH DAY'S TRIAL.

CCXLIV.—Lord GR—NV—LE.

“ Why doe the hungrie knaves begrudge me the com-
“ mon crumbes of comforte, which appertaine unto my
“ table of estate ? Those abroad, raile at me in the mar-
“ ketttable style of *Byllingsgate*, because forfoothe I am
“ daily purveyor of mine own *coddies beade* ; while others
“ on the oppoñent side of our own noble chamber, do in-
“ vidiouslie hint, that with our illustrious house, it is
“ all fishe (particularly *plaice*) that comes into our
“ nette ! ”—In veritie we somewhat trafficke in that
“ commoditie ; for while our brother of *Buckingham*
“ dothe retaile his finnie race by the * inch superficial,
“ I, in wholesale, buy me lumping pennieworths by
“ the pounce avoirdupoise !

PAGE 12.—GENUINE.

* Alluding to one of this distinguished family selling the
Carp of GOSFIELD Park Ponds in Essex, by this scanty
admeasurement, long subsequent to the days of good QUEEN
BESS !

CCXLV.—Lady H—L—D.

“ At her first enlancement, she was as trim a barque
“ as ever floated on *Love's* billow ! but her head-strong
“ pilotte, clapping his helm too hard a weather, when
“ she was light of ballast, the vessel was upfette, and soon
“ drifted, sans reckoning or compasse, to a neighbouring
“ Coast, where, liberated from British *Vassalage*, she did
“ become a leakie droit of Batavian *Hollande* !”

PAGE 35.—*Not* GENUINE.

CCXLVI.—Capt. M—R—CE.

—“Caparisoned in a motley jacquet with qualitie
“binding, he became a *Maurice dancer*, surmounted with
“cappe and bells, which he jingled to the tune of other
“mens foliie! Thus pranced he into goodlie dinners in
“jig-time; and, for his night’s repast, that picked he
“up merrilie, by chaunting to unhallowed mindes the
“vespers of lascivious intoxication!”

PAGE 16.—*Not GENUINE.*

CCXLVII.—Lady H—W—RD de W—LD—N.

— “ Within the sepulchre of her deade Lorde,
“ Deeplie she hathe entombed her harte's best love,
“ Keeping alone the blifsful hope alive
“ Of soone replighting it in realmes above !
“ Meanwhile, the cold abodes of povertie
“ She seekes, and there with pious hande deals out
“ Her meede of Christian Charitie to all around !”

PAGE 4.—GENUINE.

FORTY-FIRST DAY'S TRIAL.

CCXLVIII.—Prince WILLIAM of G——.

—— “ Since your half-witted knaves do bemea-
“ fure man’s reasonable faculties by the narrowe circum-
“ ference of his waiste-band, I see not how a *Princelie*
“ soldier now a daies is to passe muster!—For my own
“ parte, I can wooe fightingly with most gallantes, and
“ couch my lance, though full caparifoned, i’ the tented
“ fielde.—Let the *Knight Errant* who can atchieve more
“ heroicallie, enter the listes, and he please, before me!”

PAGE 76.—Not GENUINE.

CCXLIX.—Mrs. BR—D—D.

—— “ Come, come, *Bud!* let not you and I
 “ disturb our fillie pates about such trifles!—Where is
 “ the benefitte of *golde*, unless, like the genial aire of
 “ heaven, it hathe most free circulation? or of man-
 “ fions huge with their appurtenances, if not with oc-
 “ cupation free?—True, as you say, by courtesie right
 “ conjugale, you are my Lorde and Master;—but you did
 “ always tell your friendes that you were their *obedient*
 “ *servant*: therefore have I, on our special nights of
 “ festival, ta'en care that you should not befallifie your
 “ worde!—You do forget, that I, just out of dadeing-
 “ strings, in softest dalliance did allow great girles to
 “ be bemodelled after the likenesse of your own harte's
 “ delighte, and which are now so multiplied, that the
 “ found of *grand-damme* echoes through my ears, before,
 “ in nature's course, I've ceased to be a *mother*!—Nay,
 “ dearest chuck, you owe me many kindnessees for this
 “ —indeed you do!”

PAGE I.—Not GENUINE.

CCL.—Mr. H—st—cs.

“ The man of spleene, high-gifted as he rose,
“ Who, through my wounded honour sought my life,
“ Has paid the debt of nature thus before me!
“ If e’er I turn towards his cold remains,
“ ’Twill be to breathe forgivenesse o’er a shrine
“ Which *Science* hath so purelie consecrated !”

PAGE 18.—GENUINE.

CCLI.—Mrs. ST—T.

———— “ Last eve, in *Abbottle’s* lane,
“ Where spectred *suicides* have groaned their laste,
“ An haggarde forc’resse crost me on the way,
“ And wildlie ask’d me, if I had not borne
“ A faire, and daintie daughter?—*Sans* reply—
“ Flie hence!” quoth she,—“ a mother be agen,
“ Nor longer leave upon the whirlpoole’s brinke
“ A child that follow’d thine own steppes astray;”—
“ Then bade me viewe a raven high in aire,
“ Which bore my destinie on fable wing!—
“ I, smiling, tofst some monie in her lappe
“ As fortune careleslie had done by me,
“ And left the wretche, unsatisfied, behind!”

PAGE 100.—GENUINE.

FORTY-SECOND DAY'S TRIAL.

CCLII. Rear-Admiral Sir HORATIO N—LS—N, K. B.

“ Pfhawe, *Tubert!* why, I tell thee that this man
“ of warre, like the fire-basqueing *Salamander*, cannot
“ live but within the rake of your red-hotte shotte, and
“ other mortal conflagrationes! nay, in admiration of
“ their leader's appetite, his mariners doe grumble, un-
“ less they have one warm meale a daie of this diette,
“ which would give our ordinarie stomaches the harte-
“ burn!”

PAGE 77.—GENUINE.

CCLIII. Mrs. C—MPB—L, *ci-devant* Miss W—LL—S.

——— “ I doe marvell, now the honied moone
“ hath done to shine, if the same starre of lowlie mo-
“ destie will swaie *Alberta's* course, as it was wont!
“ That she did be-catch herself this golden plumed
“ sparke, by the arte magique of counterfeit resem-
“ blings, no one can in veritie denie;—so shall it soon
“ be seene, whether she hath the witte to holde him
“ now in undisguise, or, in her self-defence, must en-
“ acte it with this same fancie bird, to the very end o’
“ the chapter!”

PAGE 38.—*Not GENUINE.*

CCLIV.—Mr. FR—NC—S.

—— “ If a manne’s *politie*, which hath stoode
the burning shame of various climes, is to be tram-
melled up by the vulgar ligatures of your jurispru-
dence common, at home,—then are our liberties fit-
tinge for little more than bandes to tie up dried pro-
vender for *state* cattle!—Sir, I had fairlie entrapped
me some scores of *Glocestershire* wights, and intended
to have fed the hungrie knaves with the *pareings* of
their fingle cheefe; but that fierie mountaineer o’
the lawe, with a Welsh leeke in his bonnette, en-
loofed these preffers of curdes and whey, and then
threw slander o’er my faire fame, as thick as their
own *Tewkesburie mustarde*!”

CCLV.—Hon. Miss BL—CH.

— “ I doe begin to thinke me, sister *Blanche*,
“ That womane’s charmes, which Fortune hathe not
“ graced,
“ Like the lighte meteors of a summer’s skie,
“ Attraete the momentarie gaze of menne,
“ Scardelie awhile their short-lived colours last !—
“ For meagre vanitie but thus skinne-deepe,
“ Let us no longer trifle with our glasse,
“ But turne it to the features of the minde,
“ And see if any hidden beautie there
“ Hathe claime to be reflected ?”——

PAGE 114.—GENUINE.

FORTY-THIRD DAY'S TRIAL.

CCLVI.—SIR LIONEL D——L.

—— “ His *Highbesse*, in his marvellous conde-
“ scention, did entreat himselfe to dine with me, but on
“ stipulation positive, that nothing *feminine* should grace
“ our boarde:—assenting thereunto, I have unwisely em-
“ broiled myself with certain of mine own householde;
“ for my Ladie Wyfe, who delighteth in true courtesie,
“ dothe so lament this losse of the smile *princelie*; that
“ she hathe forbidden me to feede a *royalle fowle* thus
“ privlie again, on peril of being hen-pecked for the
“ remnant of my daies!”

PAGE 13.—*Not GENUINE*

CCLVII.—MISS ANG—SH.

——— “ I praie you, tell me the use of your digni-
“ fied alliances, if we are not allowed to make our dailie
“ boaste of them? Since it hath pleased that capricious
“ jade, Fortune, to trundle a *ducalle crownette* over our
“ lowlie thresholde, I have rantipolled it fashionalie
“ with the best of them! and my tongue, which had
“ ever a muscal propensitie to repetitions, hathe caught
“ the dulcet air of nobilitie so trulie, that it can chaunte
“ you no other praises now but of her *Grace*, my dear
“ be-*Duchessed* sifter!”

PAGE 77.—GENUINE.

CCLVIII.—SIR CHARLES F—R—DCL—FE.

—— “ A plague on that commoditie of good-hu-
“ mour, which, coming in simple contacte with a goode
“ digestion, hathe swollen up *Barbolto* to the full fize of
“ carnal enormitie!—Why, the waistband of his lower
“ garment hath dilated so hugelie, that tailors cannot en-
“ compasse him with thrice stitched parchments! and so
“ faste doth he picke up stowes averdupoize, that hack-
“ horses do shy at him more than a sacke of ground
“ midlings!—Marry, and he thus goes on, but all God's
“ carrying creatures, male and female, will dread the
“ mightie presture of his bestrideing!”

PAGE 100.—GENUINE.

CCLIX.—COUNTRESS OF SH—FTSE—Y.

“ If, in our teenes, a fillie, wayward harte
“ Hathe prematurelie pledged its maiden vowe,
“ Frailtie, the chartered shielde of our weak sexe,
“ Must pennance it away !—Who can disclaime
“ Due homage by a noble suitor fworne,
“ When with soft titled kiffes seal’d ? And yet,
“ The vaine illusive dreame no sooner o’er,
“ And Fortune paced her guileful footesteppes back,
“ Than all her wedded votaries appeare
“ Of Hope’s faire fancie-woven vests unrobed,
“ Like spiders foil’d in their dismantled *Webbe* !”

PAGE I.—*Not GENUINE.*

FORTY-FOURTH DAY'S TRIAL.

CCLX.—SIR J. ANSTR.—R.

——— “ Had I not been a judge of capillarie jurif-
“ prudence, they had compelled me on board shippe,
“ without my wigge judicial, or even the state dower
“ of my now Ladie wyfe right legallie guaranteed!—I
“ doe marvell, how our *Magi* o' the Easte are to be per-
“ sonified, unless in full *pontificalibus*!—‘ Marry, Sirs,’
“ quoth I, ‘ but my sage temples shall be well secured
“ from mortal inquisition, and the purlieu of my bodie
“ incorporeal, amplified by circumvallations of ermined
“ tabbie, or I depart not from his Liege's prefence!’—
“ Thus have they at length equipped me—and now may
“ they reasonablie looke for knottie pointes of serviceable
“ hardihood, of which the *Medes*, and *Persians* never
“ dreamt of yore!”

PAGE 77.—GENUINE.

CCLXI.—MRS. BR—DY—L.

——— “ Thus mine harte’s dear prodigalle
“ From Syren harlottrie I have restored
“ To recognition true of my poore charmes,
“ Which he, like truant boy, did abdicate!
“ Our gordian knotte now nuptiallie re-twined,
“ Oh marvell not, my girles, if it should chaunce
“ Within the circling course of nine bright moones,
“ Your lovelie sifterhoode may owe increafe
“ To Nature’s new atchieveings!”

PAGE 20.—GENUINE.

CCLXII.—ADMIRAL LORD H—D.

—— “ Mark that rough *Seaman* passing by, whose
“ yeares shed lustre on a gallant browe!—To scourge the
“emie around the globe, was not enough for him, un-
“ til, by conflagration of their fleetes, he did illume
“ the faire, and smiling face of *Victorie*!—Say, *Mervolt*,
“ do not honours thus so noblie earned, right well be-
“ grace him?”

PAGE 18.—GENUINE.

CCLXIII.—MARCHIONESS OF B—K—G—M.

——— “ Oh she dothe holde
“ Your minceing dames of qualitie so cheape,
“ As scarce to deeme the best her quatre cousins !
“ How oft, by matron modestie impelled,
“ Laies she with winning grace, her crownette by,
“ To add an humbler virtue to that store
“ Which dothe her modest *Temple* best adorn !”

PAGE 99.—GENUINE.

FORTY-FIFTH DAY'S TRIAL.

CCLXIV.—ADMIRAL LORD D—NC—N.

“ If that be not a man of stature high
“ In deedes of valour, as in mien—no more
“ I'll trust this intellectual eye of mine
“ To pick me out a hardie-moulded *Britton*!—
“ Upon *Batavia*'s danke, and fullen coasts,
“ I sawe his weather-beaten pennants flie,
“ Taunting their sluggith barques to battel!
“ At length in ruethful moment gave they faile,
“ And at their verie thresholde met their fate!—
“ The dreadful worke of nations thus performed,
“ Soon did the furie of his front subside;
“ And when their Chieftain's banner graced his feete,
“ A figh of sympathie came sweetlie forthe,
“ Prefage of something nobler still, when all
“ The bitternefs of wrathe was done away!”

PAGE 100.—GENUINE.

CCLXV.—COUNTESS DOWAGER OF M—NSF—D.

“ Pooh—pooh! *Tubert*,—she’ll have her full swing.
“ unless the rope of dalliance breake—or nought knowe I
“ of woman’s gambolles!—*Marrie*, man, why you can no
“ more keep a *Flandriken* dame of qualitie from a second
“ snap carnalle, than a pedlar’s pad from another quar-
“ terne and penn’worth, when in manger sette before
“ him! *tie* them up as tightlie as you please, and both
“ shall flippe their halter, for the liquorith provender
“ their appetite delightes in!”

PAGE 33.—*Not GENUINE.*

CCLXVI.—SIR CH. B—NE—Y.

——— “ Oh! he's the sportinge Sir, who, in the
“ hey-daie of his youthfulle bloode, did race it o'er Tar-
“ tarian plains with flyinge *Arrabs*, and left their whif-
“ kers distances behinde!—Nexste run he riotte through
“ all the loofer petticoates of *Salamanca*.—But now,
“ forfoothe; he quests it soberlie on foote, to cull out
“ dainties for his bedde and boarde! and, for the matter
“ of that, they are not thrown away on him, who hath a
“ dispensing hand, well fashioned to subdue the pressing
“ wantes of others!”

PAGE 20.—GENUINE.

CCLXVII.—DUCHESS OF L—DS.

- “ If *Nature*, with a scantie-dealing hande,
“ Hathe deckt few witcheries my features rounde,
“ At least I owe her for that *Syrenne* voice
“ With which she did possesse me :—’tis on this
“ That *Arte* dothe plaie her modulating powers,
“ And woman, by its magique mynstrelsie,
“ Allure man’s ear, and bend its raptur’d sence
“ In sweete accordance to her will.
“ Thus can she turn the mirror of the State,
“ And by reflected greatnes be ennobled !”

PAGE 3.—GENUINE.

SIXTY-SIXTH DAY'S TRIAL.

CCLXVIII. —ALDERMAN AND—RS—N, LORD M—Y—R.

— “Stand you by, my brother *Cittes*, and, as
“in dutie bounde, give to this *golden chaine* of mine it's
“reverend precedence!—Know you not that I'm a *Man*
“of State, on this faire side the *Templar's barre*, since
“I did escort our *Sov'rain* safelie to, and fro! In foothe,
“his *Liege* hath hinted to me, through a whisper o' the
“*Courte*, that it is his royal wille, I shall in future bear
“a *bloodie palm*, to keep my *nasal* dignitie in counte-
“nance!—Marry, Sirs, thus shall I be empowered, by
“virtue of mine own bodie corporate, to give issue from
“these loines, which may, in better times, looke even
“*Courtiers* in the face without abashment!”

PAGE 22.—GENUINE.

CCLXIX.—HON. MISS D—NC—N.

— “ Beshrewe me, Coz ! but I am ignorant, for
“ wlich of my tall properties I have so hugelie grown in
“ man’s esteeme !—I am most wonderfullie bevisfitted of
“ late by gaie gallants, who tender me their harte’s best
“ suite and service ; yet talk they little more to me, than
“ of my father’s deedes in armes ; so that I do feare me,
“ after all, I owe these sudder conquests more to his
“ mightie valoure, than to my own poor feminine at-
“ chievings !”

PAGE 12.—*Not GENUINE.*

CCLXX.—SIR H—H—GHT—N.

— “ Oh, he is a most steady Sir ! one with most
“ fixed principles, who will fitte you for whole
“ moones in the playing roome at the *Bathe*, like a piece
“ of its own furniture immoveable !—Though chosen
“ to the Senate, he obtrudes amongst them neither his
“ opinions, nor his person : nay, he is a man of so few
“ words, that he never said *Aye* in his whole life, till
“ they did lead him t’other day blindfolded to the *al-*
“ *larre* ! ”

PAGE 36.—*Not* GENUINE.

CCLXXI.—HON. MISS K—NG.

“ How sweete yon flow’rette peered to meet the funne,
“ Ere it was baselie pluckt by that fell hande
“ Which to its tender beauties owed protection?—
“ But blighted now! behold it choak’d with *weedes*,
“ Appurtenances sad of rooted woe!—
“ These courts she not as types of murder’d fame,
“ For it doth seeme to be in fraintick grieve,
“ Because the just, avenging hand of Heaven
“ Hath reached her merciless despoiler!”—

PAGE 14.—GENUINE.

SIXTY-SEVENTH DAY'S TRIAL.

CCLXXII.—LORD H—WKES—RY.

—— “ I met me on the King's highwaye, a *Tom*
“ *Thumbe* of a Lordeling, who did boaste of mightier
“ deedes than those of *Jack the slaughterer of Giances!*
“ He told me he had vaulted the daie before with
“ the man of *Rhodes*, and beaten him by a furlong
“ at a single jumpe! He had just stepped into his
“ nine-leagued bootes, and swore by the maidenheade of
“ his nobilitie, that he would be at the capital of the
“ *Gauls* and back again, before he broke his faste!”

PAGE 37.—GENUINE.

CCLXXIII.—LADY ANN N—TH.

“ After a lapse of twentie virginne yeares,
“ He hath my maiden matronhoode agen
“ Affailed with vowes of never-altered love !
“ Though all this live-long while he did endure
“ The fretful yoke of a connubial life,
“ Abatement of his passion find I none ;
“ So to this fierrie sparke my hande I yelde,
“ And plight obeifance to his lordlie will.”

PAGE 12.—*Not* GENUINE.

CCLXXIV.—MR. BRYAN ED—DS.

———— “ If a man having been blessed with God-
“ fathers and Godmothers, be despoiled of his *Christian*
“ name by those who rule us, what chance have we,
“ my neighbours, in such times, to maintain the rem-
“ nant of our *birthbrights*? Why, Sirs, they have em-
“ ployed their serving knaves o’ th’ press, to y’clep me
“ by a *beastlie* name, denoting that I would daunce, and
“ play you fillie antickes, under the cudgel of my
“ leader! Nay, the very *Oracle* of our Assembly, for-
“ getful of his *nomenclatura*, called me forth but t’other
“ daie as Mr. *Bruin*, and thus did he provoke a most
“ unseemlie roar of merriment at my expenditure !”

CCLXXV.—MARCHIONESS OF H—RTF—D.

- “ 'Tis not in sculptur'd stature, coldlie chaste,
“ That ARESTINA towers above her sexe :
“ The worlde dothe give her fame for shapeful form
“ Well moulded for pre-eminence ; but marke
“ How in the plastique movement of each limbe,
“ On everie charm-combining feature round,
“ The animating soul of virtue breathes
“ A grace that's intellectual !”

PAGE 38.—GENUINE.

SIXTY-EIGHTH DAY'S TRIAL.

CCLXXVI.—LORD VISCOUNT H—REF—D.

“ Adown in *Brecon*'s rude, but fertile vale,
“ One morn a noblie-gifted Sir I spied,
“ Téaching obeisance to the stubborn soile !
“ A yoke of milke-white oxen did fore-pace
“ His steppes, awhile the pollish-breasted ploughe
“ Traced furrowed lines beneath his skillful hand.
“ Strait asked I of this man, who, in these daies,
“ Dared give primæval dignitie to scenes
“ Of rustique caste?—They told me he was one
“ Of *Brittain*'s Peers !—Then mark me well, quoth I,
“ The earthe, ennobled thus, soon to its Lorde,
“ In plenteous stores, right gratefullie shall give
“ Its honourable produce back !”

PAGE 44.—GENUINE.

CCLXXVII.—LADY ALMERIA C—RP—R.

—— “ They tell me I have not done amiss in
“ bartering a littel of my woman’s beautie, for a better
“ portion of worldlie wisdome.—I would not have been
“ hand-maiden to any housholde thus long, without
“ knowing my *why*? and my *wherefore*?—However, in
“ pure friendship to her *Highbesse*, I will continue
“ cheerfullie to undertake those familie-affayres, for
“ which her own infirmities do unfitte her, and leave
“ it to the *Duke* to reckon on my deserts accordinglie!”

PAGE 18.—Not GENUINE.

CCLXXVIII.—MR. M—CN—M—A, [of Streatham.]

——— “The waggess o’ the Courte would insinuate
“ against me, that mine is the House of Calle for poli-
“ tique confederation: moreover, that I do retaille oute
“ state projects at the tippling figa of the *Irishe Piper!*
“ Truth it is, that I put good cheere before my guests;
“ but if there be any treason among ’em, it must be
“ found in their owne wittes, and not in *M’Nab’s* old
“ wine!—That some of their midnight deedes have fa-
“ voured of *darknesse*, I cannot well denie; but that,
“ indeed, was onlie after quaffing so incontinentlie, that
“ they could not see!”

PAGE 7.—GENUINE.

CCLXXIX.—LADY ST. AS—PH.

“ That is the second flowerette which her Lorde
“ Connubiallie hath culled out.—The first,
“ Though sweete in budde, did wither on his breast,
“ Ere it had reached its bloome !—But now, in foothe,
“ Hath he selected, from a Northern clime,
“ With fairer hope that time will here mature
“ His harte’s amended choice !”——

PAGE 34.—GENUINE.

SIXTY-NINTH DAY's TRIAL.

CCLXXX.—LORD C—WD—R.

" I do appeale me to your Council's boarde,
" And aske redrefs of honour-wounding wronges.
" You did not make me *Cawdor's* titled Lorde,
" To see me truckle to a *Cambrian* Thane.
" Remember, *Sire*, in daies of peril past,
" I met upon our beach th' insulting *Gauls*,
" And for the oares they quitted, gave them chaines!
" For this, and such like services of state,
" I do expect supremacie of power,
" Within this scantie limit of our isle;
" Or that the miserable moietie I hold
" Be taken back, in noveltie to grace
" Some lowlie Chiefe, on whose quiescent minde
" Divided rule may sit at ease!"——

PAGE 77.—Not GENUINE.

CCLXXXI.—LADY — T—YL—R.

“ When I was sick at harte, I found, like Deathe,
“ That *Love* did all distinctions levell !—Oh ! then
“ My equalizing foule, true to its source,
“ Sigh’d not for ostentatious aid—but bade
“ That her own *Doctor* Nature should call in.
“ He coldlie did approach my restlesse couch,
“ But found my feverous pulse beat quick and high ;
“ Still he insensiblie my case mistooke,
“ Although my crimsoned visage spoke it clear,
“ Until perforce I told him where it lay,
“ And how to medicine its onlie cure !”

PAGE 48.—GENUINE.

CCLXXXII —DR. L—WR—CE.

—— “ I did betake me, t’ other morn, to Father
“ *L—wr—ce*, a Soothe-fayer, and grave Oracle o’ the
“ *Arches*, one who dothe retaile you civile lawe, and po-
“ litiques most villainouſlie compounded !—I found him
“ in learned tribulation, having juſt eſcaped the Com-
“ mons not *Doctevial*, where, being far from home, he
“ did make it a dubitable queſtion with his own pericra-
“ nium, whether he had riſen by his heade, or on his
“ feete ?—The waggies had laughed incontinentlie at his
“ confuſion, and told his Reverence to his bearde, that
“ he had been aſſeſſing his five ſenſes quintuplie, with-
“ out levying from thence one graine of common under-
“ ſtanding !”

CCLXXXIII.—MRS. SCR—PE.

—— “ In foothe, good *Nurse*, 'tis hard
“ That I, who fought a *Husbande's* fonder armes,
“ Soon as I quitted your's, am now of both
“ Bereft!—The gapeing eyes of other men
“ Still speak me somewhat more than passing faire,
“ Which my own mirror proudlie doth reflect :
“ And yet my wedded harte, just in its *teenes*,
“ Is now divorced, and its first plighted love
“ Cast in its infancie away !”

PAGE 45.—*Not GENUINE.*

SEVENTIETH DAY'S TRIAL.

CCLXXXIV.—BISHOP OF D——M.

- " You aske me, Ladie, how my frame could feel
" The shock of magique wantonneſs ſo far ?
" Your interrogatorie thus I ſolve—
" In my minde's ſcopefull eye I viewed the *daunce*,
" Where, on the optique nerve of mortal ſenſe
" It ſpread lewd geſticulations wide !
" In blaunched lawne though man be purelie robed,
" Yet hathe the boundleſs will of Heaven ordained
" It ſhould begirt rebellious fleſhe and bloode !
" How then, I praie you, Madam, ſo endued,
" Theſe maddening fantasies can *Nature* bear
" To flaſh aerofs her poore, diſtempered braine,
" And keepe frail manhoode in ſubjection ?"

PAGE 18.—Not GENUINE.

CCLXXXV.—COUNTRESS OF C—RK.

—— “ No—no, my Lorde !
“ My woman’s wille must be your sov’rain lawe,
“ Though at the altar’s base my tongue did plight
“ Obedience, ’twas but a weake, fleeting vow,
“ Which after-thought was bound to remedie.
“ Here then, imperiousslie, I do demand
“ (In sure avoidance of domestique strife),
“ Through all this life’s concerns pertaining you,
“ Due vassalage !—holding in fief of me
“ Your crownette,—and your sworde !”

PAGE 77.—GENUINE.

CCLXXXVI.—EARL OF C—RD—N.

—— “ If my Ladie *Wife* be not overgone these
“ eighteen moones with son and heire of mine owne be-
“ getting, then know I nought of the net proceeds of
“ noble manhoode!—Why, Sir, but t’other night, in my
“ repose—(but mark, ’tis *entre nous*),—the littel fight-
“ lefs rogue did fairlie kick his much delighted fire, in
“ place I dare not nominate:—taking the hint, no sooner
“ came the morn, than I did hie me forth, and, with his
“ cradle, bought me up rich fwaddling cloathes in
“ plentie, to await the time of his forthcoming!”

PAGE 80.—GENUINE.

CCLXXXVII.—LADY C—H—R.

—— “ I was beguiled
“ To cut those flowing tresses from my necke,
“ Which men so much admired ; and now they say,
“ That I have banished from their wanton home
“ The littel *Loves*, which used to ambush there !
“ Surelie I am not thus of beautie shorne,
“ (As man of yore was of his mortal strength !)
“ Doomed to recline my faire dejected head,
“ Like flowrette faire most prematurelie *cropt* !”

PAGE 37.—GENUINE.

SEVENTY-FIRST DAY'S TRIAL.

CCLXXXVIII.—VICE-ADMIRAL C—LP—YS.

——— “ Give me a *Tarre*, who serves his countrie
“ trulie, and without much imparlance; so that, when
“ an enemie doth holde disputation with him, he an-
“ fwereth in repartee, and cuts off his chaine of argu-
“ ment by a quick exchange of chaine-shotte!—I knew
“ a salt-water Chief of this stampe, who silenced the
“ *mutinie* of his shippe by the same splice of eloquence,
“ and for which his Sov’rain, in admiration of the deede,
“ did command him to display the *Red Flag* at his own
“ gallant main!”

PAGE. 13.—GENUINE.

CCLXXXIX.—COUNTESS OF H—RC—T.

——— “ I pray thee, *Spaldo*, give not thy tongue
“ propensitie to *courtlie* slander.—That Ladie is the
“ prime-moveable feminine about the *Queene’s* person,
“ which may account for its haveing been handled, in
“ time of yore, rather *freelie*.—It argueth marvellous
“ greatnes for one noblie bred, to be able in her spleene,
“ to descant boldlie on Royal weakneses; and when the
“ fit of obsequience doth return, to bend, and licke the very
“ duste beneath her Highnesse’s sandals!—Marry, knave,
“ to be in perfect tune with the times, one must have an
“ alarum, that will ring you all the changes o’ the State,
“ from the treble key of fycophancie, down to the lower
“ baffe of *courtlie* discontent!”—

PAGE 88.—*Not GENUINE.*

CCXC.—SIR FRANCIS B—D—TT.

——— “ Should this whimsical *Knight* have
“ fworne to urge perpetual strife with nature, he will
“ keepe his worde!—Why, Sir, he can combatte with
“ all the spiteful elements, one after t’other, in their bit-
“ tereft wrath, and laugh at his own discomfiture: nay, he
“ will now lick redde fierrie barrs of iron, till his tongue
“ growe hissing hotte, and then mount upon tavern
“ benches, and make you flameing declamations! Hea-
“ ven, in its waste of bountie, did bestowe upon his heade
“ a liberal covering of haire, but he hath displaced it
“ even to the nodde of his necke, that none of it might
“ stand i’ the way of his political exaltation!”

PAGE 4.—GENUINE.

CCXCI.—COUNTESS OF B—KL—Y.

——— “ Is it not passing strange,
“ That from the teeming braine of one demure,
“ A progenie so great should issue forth
“ To claim pre-eminence?—How 'twas contrived
“ In lustful privitie to gender thus,
“ And procreate,—mankind do marvel much !
“ But mark forsooth—the blush of shame gone out
“ In the faire face of an astonished worlde,
“ Her little darklings she doth now array,
“ Rich in the trappings of their father's house,
“ To try how such usurpings will besitte
“ The dormant pride of *Tudor's* outcast race !”

PAGE 36.—GENUINE.

SEVENTY-SECOND DAY'S TRIAL.

CCXCII.—BISHOP OF W—CH—R.

—— “ Nay, nay, goode brother *Abbotte*—by the
“ masse; but we are all of the *Church Militant*,—and there-
“ fore bound by the *cannon*, to fighte, as well as praie!
“ I am not for letting our common clothe go forth to
“ wage our battles of defence, and not budge a single
“ inch ourselves, although we piouſlie commend the *Lord*
“ of *Hofes* to war upon their ſide:—Do ye all as beſt be-
“ likes your reverend phantaſies—but, for mine own part,
“ I’ll not be knocked o’ the head, like a lewd goate
“ kneelingie—that’s poz ! ! ”

PAGE 33.—Not GENUINE.

CCXCIII.—LADY E. E. FITZG.—LD.

- " Come, *Geraldine*, 'tis meet we hie to *Gourte*,
" And there our virgin fealtie displaye.
" What 'though a shoote hath wildlie took its course,
" And from the stem it has disgraced, been torn;—
" A pair of hartes they shall in us behold
" Chaste in their *loyaltie*, as in their *love*!"

PAGE 6.—GENUINE.

CCXCIV.—LORD M—NTO.

“ About *apostacie* go tell the windes!—
“ To the State’s vantage, rightlie held supreme,
“ All earthlie *peccadilloes* must give way.—
“ Have I not crowne, and glittering sceptre gained,
“ To chafe those temples which, in foothe I found
“ Most heavilie en-diadem’d before?
“ While on mine own obedient heade I placed
“ Nought but a feathered cappe, with prettie belles,
“ On which man’s *vanitie* may one day ring
“ Its own dumb peale of courtlie triumph!”

PAGE 7.—GENUINE.

CCXCV.—LADY CON—GH—M.

“ A monied scrivener was her thriftie fire,
“ Whose dame did lustilie repaie him back
“ Full compounde interest of wedded love !
“ Hence doth *Alberta* all her sexe o’ertoppe
“ In statured height, as well as peerlesse charmes,
“ Boasting no source from that puissant bloode,
“ Which, with a scurvied arrogancie taintes
“ Some of the proudest skinner within our isle !”

PAGE 66.—GENUINE.

SEVENTY-THIRD DAY'S TRIAL.

CCXCVI.—REV. DR. [*Anti-Sejanus*] Sc—T.

——— “ If your holie Soothfayers, are with their
“ grey haire, to be revisitted by the politique finnes
“ of their youthe, then will annointed men be placed in
“ purgatorie everlasting!—But t’other Sabbath, when I
“ was propounding passive obedience to the goode house-
“ wives of that piscatorie towne called *Scarborough*, came
“ there a Capittaine of a militarie cohort, who did drawe
“ from me my faire congregation by the sound of trum-
“ pette, blown at the very deore of the tabernacle!—I did
“ appeale me to my countrie’s lawes for this offence against
“ the statutes divine; when the Jurors for our Sov’raign
“ Lorde the King, in lack of reverence for the Church, e,
“ awarded me but a cracked teaster for so abominable a
“ waste of reputation *cleriquall*!”

PAGE 77.—*Not GENUINE.*

CCXCVII.—LADY L—GHE—GH.

—— “ Remember, Sirs,
“ 'Tis not a wordie warfare you've to wage,
“ Nor, by the varying flippencie of tongue
“ To victorie must you aspire!—Behold,
“ And on the spottlesse bannerette record
“ Deedes worthie of faire *Science*, and her fannes!
“ It hathe been hallowed at the altar's base,
“ And from my feeble handes, in purest faithe,
“ Now doth it emulouslie passe to your's,
“ That all which woman's loyaltie can hope
“ By manlie fortitude may be atchiev'd!

PAGE 78.—GENUINE.

CCXCVIII.—LADY EDWARD FITZG—LD.

- “ Why must my wayward destinie be writ
“ In hideous scrolls by goutes of kindred bloode!—
“ Scarce had I worn the enfanguined horrors out
“ Of a reputed Sire’s too rutheful fate,
“ Than the last threade of life was torn in twain,
“ By fond affection given as a staye,
“ On which one hope might perilouflic hang !”

PAGE 88.—GENUINE.

CCXCIX.—MR. HENRY AD—NCT—N.

—“Since I am reputed *Wit-cracker* to the *Prime Ruler*
“ o’ the realm, he must right honourable let me pouch a
“ little o’ the State-kernel, else shall I make the beardes
“ of his Courtiers wagge, to the miserable tune of mine
“ own improvidence !”

PAGE 33.—GENUINE.

END OF VOL. III.

P A S S A G E S
S E L E C T E D
B Y D I S T I N G U I S H E D P E R S O N A G E S,
O N T H E
G R E A T L I T E R A R Y T R I A L
O F
V O R T I G E R N A N D R O W E N A ;
A C o m i - T r a g e d y .

“ W H E T H E R I T B E — O R B E N O T F R O M T H E
I M M O R T A L P E N O F S H A K S P E A R E ? ”

VOLUME IV.

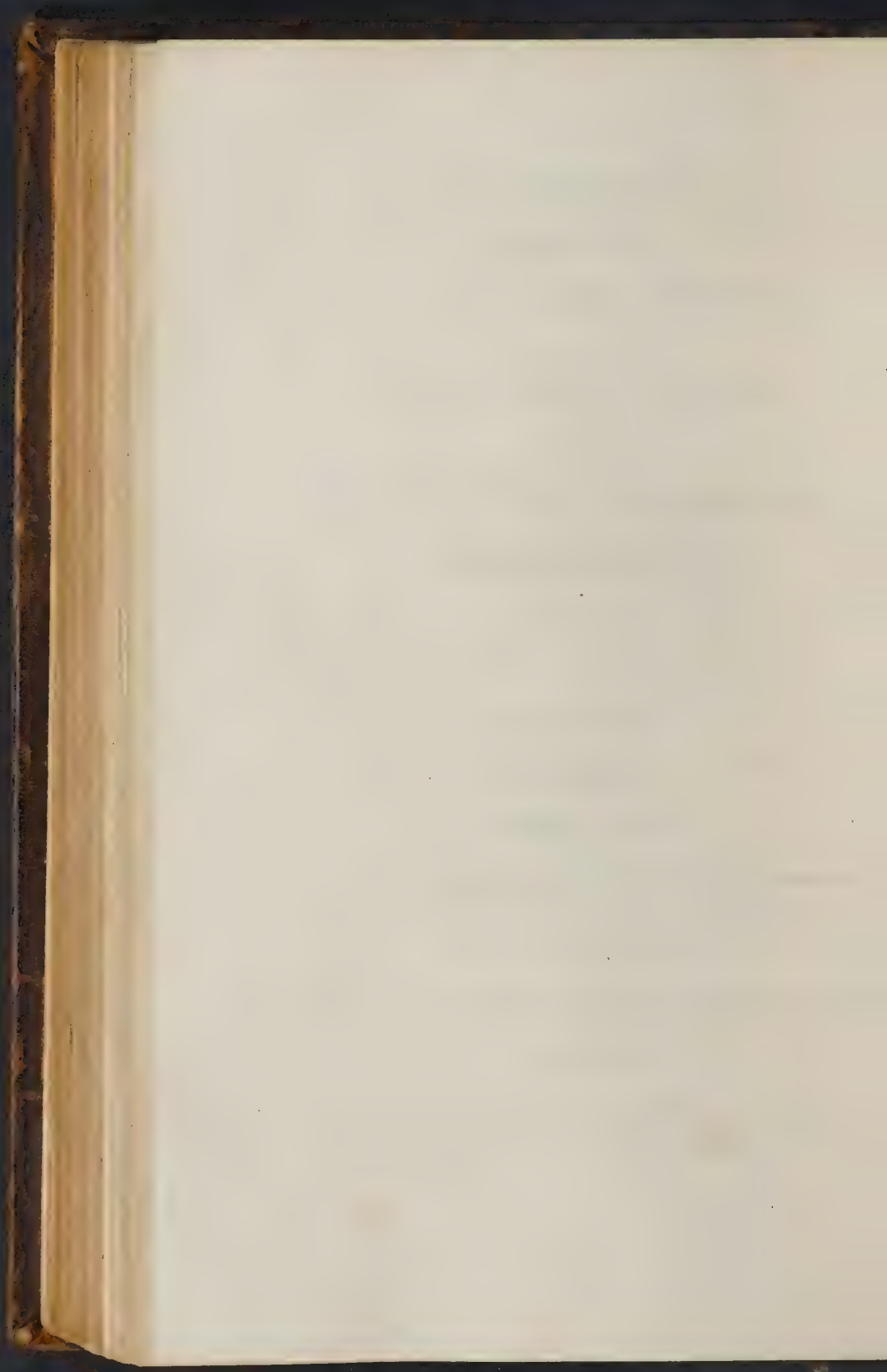
THIRD EDITION.

—“ Open me a huge Wardrobe aboundinge in motlie habittes, and marke
“ howe fantasticalle poore mortals will arraie themselves ! ”

VORT. and ROW

L O N D O N :

P R I N T E D B Y H . B R O W N ,
F O R J . R I D G W A Y , P I C C A D I L L Y , F A C I N G B O N D - S T R E E T .



IRELAND *versus* SHAKSPEARE!!!

By the COURT.

IT having been specially moved
by our Clerk in Court, on behalf of the Editor of
the MORNING HERALD, for leave to file further
evidence in the above Cause, we have conceded
to said Motion, and have thereon directed, that
judgment in said Cause should be staid and sus-
pended, until it be ruled to the contrary.

(Signed)

COLONEL



Die Mercurii,

6^o Julii, 1807.

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PASSAGES.

SELECTED AS SUFFRAGES ON THE
SEVENTY-FOURTH DAY'S TRIAL.

CCC.—BISHOP OF W—RC—ST—R—

" On *Severne's* hallowed bankes; this mitred Seare,
" In holie quietude is found, courtinge
" No knowledge of mankinde, save that he drawes
" Purelie from sacred, or from classique lore.
" Here he himself hath seal'd that peace above,
" To which poore wayward mortals he invites
" By the faire pattern of a well-spent lyfe.
" His castle frownes not on the front of man,
" Nor hostile wing, nor battlement, displaies;
" Firm, and secure in those goode workes alone,
" Which virtue, by her consecrating spelle
" Hathe drawn impenetrable rounde him!"

PAGE 11.—GENUINE.

OOCL.—MRS. PAUL B—NF—D.

—— “ ’Twas Heaven’s supreme decree,
“ That womankind should be created faire
“ For the sweete gaze of manne’s idolatrie !
“ So writes my *traveller-making* Sire ; and though
“ A monie-hunting husbände thinks not thus,
“ I’ll not be cast a lillie in the shade,
“ Palelie to wither, while my youth’s in bloome !”

PAGE 66.—GENUINE.

CCCII.—HON. MR. RYD—R.*

—— “As sidesman, Sir, to his puissante honour on
“the gibbette-fringed heathe, I did endeavour, by much
“imparlance, to preserve it, *Sans shotte*, and *blotte*!—Soon
“as the *motion* was disposed of, I thought we might *divide*
“the *felde*; but the *Seconder* o’ th’ other side proposed,
“that we should *report progressive* deedes, and pray for
“leave to meet again;—on this I moved the *question previ-*
“*ouslie* arrang’d, and *sine die*, instantlie adjourned!”

PAGE 37.—GENUINE.

* *Second to Mr. PITT.*

CCCCIII.—MISS W—LKED.

" I threwe not off my politique disguise,
" 'Till o'er a father's vary-sighted eyes
" The *Cappe of Libertie* was closelie drawn.
" Now may the worlde behold me as I am,
" And counte those frailties with a fond delight,
Which do besette a woman's pagan harte
" Whose idol is of golde !"——

PAGE 54.—Not GENUINE.

SEVENTY-FIFTH DAY'S TRIAL.

CCCIV.—MR. H—Y AD—NGT—N.

— “ Since I am reputed *Wit-cracker* to the *Prime*
“ Ruler o’ the realm, he must right honourable let me
“ pouch a little o’ the State-kernel, else shall I make the
“ beardes of his Courtiers wagge, to the miserable tune of
“ mine own improvidence!”

PAGE 33.—GENUINE.

CCC.V.—LADY HAREW—D.

——— “ I tell thee, Girle, I will gadde me on in my
“ old woman’s visitations, as I have been wont to do,
“ *sans* interruption by authoritie supreme: they shall no
“ more bind my feete than my tongue by their courtlie
“ commandments!—Prithee, what are the enchaffings of
“ the *royal bloode* to me, who can paie my visit of obeisance
“ to them all, without stirring the coales of discontent-
“ ment, to enfever either the one, or the other?”

PAGE 66.—*Not GENUINE.*

CCCVI.—DUKE OF D—V—NS—RE.

—— “ If he hath heav’n’s faire gifte of mortal speeche,
“ Why doth he dumble ape the creatur’d race,
“ Who do an utterance to instincte give
“ Which he to reason churlishlie denies ?
“ Possessing more of this worlde’s garner’d stores
“ Than might suffice an hundred worthie men,
“ ’Twould not detract from his puissante Grace
“ Were this calme Duke (since he’ll not speak himselfe),
“ To call through gratitude their voices forthe,
“ And this way laude his bountifulle Creator !”

CCCVII.—COUNTRESS OF B—TH.

- “What can that superfluxe of wealth availe,
“Which the chill hand of mortal penurie
“Hath plac'd so miserable safe, that ev'n
“One's own poore harte doth looke in vaine to find it?”

PAGE 17.—GENUINE.

SEVENTY-SIXTH DAY'S TRIAL.

CCCVIII.—GEORGE EARL OF G—LDF—D.

" 'Tis he alone pre-eminentlie peeres,
" Who, by a minde unbroken, can sustaine
" The bodie's pressure of unceasing illes!—
" The very *Destinies* which hang around
" ERESTERN's fraile and perishable frame,
" Do seeme to mourne his dubitable state,
" Where worthe, suspended in a wayward worlde,
" Insurance of its faire deserts must seeke
" O'er a bedarken'd voide, 'mid realmes unknowne!"

PAGE 33.—GENUINE.

CCCIX.—LADY M—Z—NE.

—— “ I remember me a *Prisonne-keeper's* daughter
“ at *Aleppo*, whom a haire-brained *Counte* did rescue from
“ her iron bondage; and yet, forgetful of her own deli-
“ verance, she did afterwards employ her matron-houres
“ in settinge silken springes, to catch you littel boyes, as
“ they do larkes on a furzeblowne common !”

PAGE 11.—*Not GENUINE.*

CCCX.—SIR CHARLES GR—Y, K. B.

— “ He on the right flanke is a toughe remnant
“ of true British daring!—I remember him presse *Bel-*
“ *lona*’s flameing carre against the fierie coursers of the
“ sunne, under the varying signs of the zodiaque, and
“ keepe a soldier’s pace with them;—but now, having
“ nought to wage against in foreign climes, he will occupie
“ himself, forsoothe, in a kind of *church-militancie*, and *pre-*
“ *dicare*, because he cannot fighte!—On his chrest, which
“ well adorns the frontlette of our isle, he dothe displaie
“ a lustrous starre, to which the *Militaire Magi* o’ the
“ *Easte* do come, and most idolatrouslie worshippe!”

PAGE 86.—GENVINE.

CCCXI.—HON. MRS. B—TL—R D——RS.

- "What can a plenitude of wealthe availe
- "The sillie creature, destinied to beare
- "A loade of provender for others waste?
- "That rueful morne, when *Birta's* feverish palme
- "(Obedient to inordinate desire)
- "Did at the altarre sensuallie ope
- "In fruitless speculation—then was loste
- "The little remnant of that precious store
- "Which woman charilie should treasure up!"

PAGE 104.—*Not GENUINE.*

SEVENTY-SEVENTH DAY'S TRIAL.

CCCXII.—H. R. H. the PRINCE OF OR—GE.

"*Certes*, good-man *Dominique*, a Potentate dothe
"slumber you more soundlie in his own nighte-cappe,
"than under a crownette which he wears for other men's
"repose:—nay, and doth batten more kindlie on his
"dailie comforts, when he hath bidden this worlde's state
"a good nighte!"

PAGE 27.—GENUINE.

CCCXIII.—COUNTESS OF Y—M—TH.

— “ Those merrilie begotten, they doe saie,
 “ By Nature’s righte may merrilie begette.
 “ Where’s the proscription on those baselie born,
 “ When any punie thing of lordlie race,
 “ With salving superfluxe of his high birthe
 “ Can take it off, by one weake, wanton noose,
 “ Wrought upon wedlocke’s simple bande ?—Thus far
 “ By chaunce thrust forward on the road to fame,
 “ Who knows, but lyke my prototype * of yore,
 “ I may to regalle splendoure soone ascend ?”

PAGE 44.—*Not GENUINE.*

* *Supposed to glance at the dignified favourite of a SOVRAIN PRINCE, in a former reign.*

CCCXIV.—EARL OF G—LL—W—Y.

——— “He is right-noblie gifted i’ the saving arte,
“ knowing the weight of man, and beaste, onlie by the
“ scale averdupoise—Why he will selle you a faire-skin-
“ ned daughter, and a thick-hided *Galloway* runt, in one
“ lotte at so much per stone; and barlie throw his bless-
“ inge, as the offall, into the bargaine!”

PAGE 34.—GENUINE.

CCCXV.—LATE MARCHIONESS OF AB———N.

" Meeklie as may besitte my subject sexe,
" I fain would now be heard in that defence
" Which frailtie hath to make. Indignant Lorde!
" When first you turn'd a gracious eye on me,
" I was the blest associate of your wyfe;
" And whether in our unitie of minde,
" By curse instinctivelie she did imparte
" A portion of that love, her rightful due—
" Or by what other meanes the deed were done;
" You best can tell. If, by untimelie fate,
" My harte to fruites forbidden did aspire,
" And afterwards might fancie, 'twas bereft
" Of joies, God's ordinance did sanction mine.
" How could the weaker vessell stand secure,
" If no protecting hande were then out-stretch'd.
" To rescue it from violence?"

PAGE 77.—*Not GENUINE.*

SEVENTY-EIGHTH DAY'S TRIAL.

CCCXVI.—SIR H. V. T. T—P—ST.

—— “Come Ladde, now lead young *Pharos* forthe
“ Rich in Arabian bloode!—and quicklie his,
“ To give me trial of his winde, and speede!
“ I have a goodlie sum of ducquattes on the race,
“ With that darke, congregated bande of knaves,
“ Who by their sable rites do baselie staine
“ Old *Englande*'s verdant turfe! Next take you heede,
“ That not a creature by two legges upborne
“ With wizzard face, his resting place approach,
“ Lest the right honeste powers of the brute
“ By man's device be bruteallie subdued,
“ And his harte sinke ere he can reach the goale!”

PAGE 77.—GENUINE.

CCCXVII.—LADY L—D—N.

— “ I thanke your *Grace*, for all your proffered love,
“ But of the spreading honours of your house
“ I am not meete to be partak’resse !—
“ Your fretted roofe encircleth underneath
“ So much of mortal’s high, and daintie bloode,
“ That ’t would be arrogance in simple me
“ To place myself at such a fire side;
“ Therefore by your goode leave, I will awaite
“ Till *Comforte* in her humbler caste, doth shew
“ A little corner of her owne, where I
“ May sette myselfe *connubiallie* downe !”

PAGE 78.—*Not GENUINE.*

CCCXVIII.—REV. ARTHUR Y—NG.

—“ Go to, slave ! I have the lawe’s deliverance, and
“ therefore defie the malice of those freeborne varlettes,
“ who did threaten me with durance vile for my letter
“ most pastorallie indited i’ the State’s defence.—Beshrewe
“ me, if I had become enamour’d of *Ægyptian* task-mas-
“ ters, and peradventure thought mankinde were primi-
“ tivelie ordain’d for bondage, what were that to any man
“ living, gentle or simple, mine own reverence alone ex-
“ cepted ? Talke not to *me* of penalties of the *Lawe*, who
“ am ordained to promulgate condemnations by the can-
“ nons of the *Gospelle* !—Why, Sirrah ! he that had the fe-
“ licitie of my begetting, is he not chiefe enregister of a
“ congregated body of mightie menne, who do fortunatelie
“ possesse more of this worlde’s landes, than they have
“ wittes to till ?—Moreover, hathe he not ta’en the shal-
“ low-soiled understandings of some of those to *farme*, and
“ thus enabled them to let ther sapience lie in *fallowe* ?—
“ If he then, being so great a *Scribe*, could not worke out
“ an onlie sonne’s deliverance, though he were a *Pharisee*,
“ he would be passing strange indeed !”——

CCCXIX.—LADY CATHERINE H--M--LT--N.

—“ Watch o’er the lovelie flowrette of yon vale,
“ That ere its fibrous system could be form’d
“ Loste the maternal stemme from whence it sprang!
“ So charlie she puts her virginne beauties forthe,
“ That they doe modestlie rebuke the wanton gaze
“ Of those, who seeke sweete innocencie out
“ To cherish not, but baselie to despoile it !”

PAGE 286.—GENUINE.

SEVENTY-NINTH DAY'S TRIAL.

CCCXX.—MARQUIS OF AB——N.

" When I doe traffique next in this worlde's fleshe,
" I'll choose me out, to deck dull *Hymen's* terme,
" A female offering not quite so faire.
" I've notic'd, Sir, beneath the purest veile,
" That where the woman's skinne be over-fine,
" At an ungenial quarter of the moone,
" Some cursed gad-flie strikes her to the quicke,
" And goades the maddening current of her bloode
" To deedes of desperation!—Oh 'tis then
" They tosse men up like animals in aire,
" For girles, and bachellors to laugh at!"

PAGE 88.—*Not GENUINE.*

CCCXXI.—MRS. H—PE.

——“What a marvellous revolution chucke!
“How condescending in the High, and Mighty *Duchesse*,
“to make great folkes, out of us such little bodies!—When
“I did thank her for the honour she hathe conferred upon
“us, she bade me be of goode cheere, and graciouslie
“whispered in mine eare, that she would supplie us with
“all courtlinesse, and good breedinge, if we would only
“find ducquattes, and lowlie demeanour?—Heaven blesse
“her *Grace*’s condescension!”

PAGE 43.—GENUINE.

CCCXXII.—COL. H—RR—ES.

— “That’s one, who hath been more annoyed
“by the privie shaftes of misfortune, than the javelins of
“an armed hoste—yet hath he made proud heade against
“them, because his breaste was firmlie mailed round with
“honour!—I tell thee, VORTIGERN, the *soldier* will march
“more erectlie in this buffetting worlde, who hath first
“walked through it, as an upright manne!”

PAGE 101.—GENUINE.

CCCXXIII.—COUNTESS OF ANT—M.

- " So !—I have mourn'd in pennancie so longe
" For a departed Lorde, that I did feare
" His clay-cold ghoste, and therefore have betooke
" My frighted fancie to a living hope!
" And this was chronicled of maiden me!—
" Well, girle, I care not what these gossips prate,
" Or how in wedlocke they doe bind me up,
" So they bestowe my little harte but leave
" To seale its own true fealtie in love !"

PAGE 29.—GENUINE.

EIGHTIETH DAY'S TRIAL.

CCCXXIV.—LORD R—MN—Y.

"He mette his Sov'rain i' the tented felde
"Not cloth'd in wrathe, as *Barons* moved of yore
"To wreste from tyrannie a subject's rightes;
"But, with a people's fealtie array'd,
"To nerve their Prince against a rutheful foe!
"Oh! 'twas a greeteing worthie of the lande,
"On which the Goddes did looke approveing down,
"Makeing, with *Brittische* Chiefes, a common cause!"

PAGE 45.—GENUINE.

CCCXXV.—HON. MISS F—x.

- “ With Doctors sagelie rob’d, she dothe dispute,
“ And eloquentlie leade them all a daunce
“ Through their own mystique schooles, untill they shake
“ Their reverent eares, and marvelling, conclude
“ Her sapience præternatural ! In truthe,
“ She will assaile you nothing but men’s heades,
“ Leaveing their sillie hartes to be subdued
“ By babie-minded misses just in teenes !”

PAGE 18.—GENUINE.

CCCXXVI.—MR. U—RTN—Y.

— “This, Sirs, is one of those unprofitable wights
“that will breake you jeste upon jeste, ’till they do for-
“gette the humbler meanes of breakeing their own faste!
“Yet is he a singular cracker of drie jokes, and plaies
“right humorously with the shelles, until he hathe lost
“the kernelles!—Had he been of the *Squirrel* race, they
“would have banished him their woodland crafte, for so
“improvident an use of his sharp-edged instruments!”

PAGE 76.—Not GENUINE.

CCCXXVII.—HON. HISS CR—FT—N.

" Why am I greeted lovelie, talle, and faire,
 " To heare each rival sister grac'd the same ?
 " A purer tribute does that flow'rette knowe,
 " Which singlie rises from a lowlie stemme !
 " Less homage of men's eyes would me suffice,
 " Were it all integrallie mine ; but blisse,
 " In fickle guise of subdivided love,
 " Comes, like the prism's manie-coloured ray,
 " To chill by fleeting o'er the maiden harte,
 " And vanishes afar !" —

PAGE 99.—*Not* GENUINE.

EIGHTY-FIRST DAY'S TRIAL.

CCCXXVIII.—MARQUIS OF D—GL—S.

——“ Why, my merrie masters, do you enquire of *me*
“ the pedigree of that stocke, your rantipolle womenne
“ of qualitie throwe out at so tickellish a season? If
“ your Batavian Princes will suffer their Flanderkinne
“ concubines to leap into other men's paddockes, who
“ can adventure to enwarrant the produce to be of the
“ *bloode-royalle?*”

PAGE 167.—*Not GENUINE.*

CCCXXIX —MADAME R—C—MIER.

—————“ She in her sable tresses wore
“ Four shineing daggers, marvellouslie wroughte
“ For mann’s subduing ! Each sparklinge pointe
“ The blood-stained rubie gave; the fretted shaftes
“ Were studded o’er with blazing jewelrie,
“ Like *Nighte*’s bright canopie surmounting all,
“ That slaves, which ’scaped the lighteninge of her eyes,
“ Her minor constellations might ensweye !”

PAGE 44.—GENUINE.

CCCCXX.—LADY EMILY W—SL—Y.

——“ Passinge through our holie Cloystere, I found my
“ hande so suddenlie entangled betweene the two palmes
“ of the younge Friar *Lorenzo*, that I could not disengage
“ it before he had breathed upon it a love-spelle from his
“ glowing lippes. He swore by his *Alma Mater*, that the
“ Destinies had pre-ordained we should be one fleshe!
“ Then talked he so wildlie of olive branches round
“ about our table, that, to save the manne’s poore wittes,
“ I gave him my trothe, on condition that his noble
“ friendes would teach his *Reverence* to down upon his
“ knees with a better grace!”

PAGE 194.—GENUINE.

CCCXXXI.—MARQUIS C—NW—LLIS.

——— “Thirstlesse of bloode,
“ His harte approv’d no victorie complete,
“ Untille the woundes of those he had subdued
“ Were oiled, and bound by *Charitie*’s fair hande!
“ Alike in counsille, and th’ embattled field,
“ Calmly he moves.—Not prone to parlancie,
“ His wordes are rare, but, like his sworde,
“ Attemperd firmlie to their pointe.—Since then
“ The Soldier’s clemencie, and Statesman’s nerve,
“ In him by blendid potencie have giv’n
“ Assurance to the world of amitie,
“ The fadelesse laurel, wreath’d with olive branche,
“ Shall wave in triumph o’er his mural crowne!”

PAGE 365.—GENUINE.

EIGHTY-SECOND DAY's TRIAL.

CCCXXXII.—LORD V—LL—RS.

——“The Countesse, my Ladie-Mother, chucking
“me by the chinne the other morne, did whisper in mine
“ear, that if I was observant of her denotements, I might
“begette a childe that would make a man of me for the
“remainder of my daies! Moreover, she did subjoin,
“that she would condescend, her illustrious selfe, to be-
“come its nurse, and that with so politique an affection,
“as soon to make of it—a babe of grace!”

PAGE 235.—*Not GENUINE.*

CCCXXXIII.—MRS. L—Y—N.

——“Had I been a *Lyonesse* that had devoured the
“laste cubbe of her litter, men could not stare upon me
“with more holiday eyes where-ever I move, or keepe
“themselves more circumspectlie without the pounce of
“my ponderous pawe!”

PAGE 112.—*Not* GENUINE.

CCCXXXIV.—EARL OF B—RKL—Y.

——“ When the bloode dothe runne riotouslie through
“ noble veines, propelling to atchievements amorous, a
“ sapient headed man will not betrotte his honourable
“ selfe, but as he may be unyoked again after his owne
“ free-wille and pleasure! Matrimonie, Sirs, should be as
“ slight of weare as an holidaye bonnette that may be
“ doffed off at one’s ease; and not as a foole’s-cappe to
“ jarr the meade in perpetuitie by the jingling of its
“ bells!”——

PAGE 348.—GENUINE.

CCCXXXV.—LADY L—C—N.

——“ I knowe you bind the coarser willes of men
“ To gainful purposes by wily artes;
“ But no base politie can regulate
“ The finer movements of a woman’s soule!
“ Oh! presse not her obedience by rude strength;
“ For, though the weaker vessel, she will scorn
“ Such hateful vassalage, and ever strive
“ To break those sacrilegious cordes in twaine
“ Which warp affection from a guileless course
“ That Nature pre-ordain’d!”——

PAGE 18.—GENUINE.

EIGHTY-THIRD DAY'S TRIAL.

CCCXXXVI.—LORD P—G—T.

——— “ It likes me well, to see
* The gallant Chieftaines of our envied isle
“ Pressing beyond the current of their bloode
“ To nobler fame !—That statelie youth who treads
“ Yon furrowed landes, now sleepes not on his arme
“ In bootlesse ease, but with unsullied steele
“ To ploughshare turn'd, tilleth the grateful soil,
“ So well it had defended !” ———

PAGE 104.—GENUINE.

CCCXXXVII.—COUNTESS OF B—TH.

- “ Stand bye! and let this fraile, and fretted frame
“ Strive to disloade a pent-up minde within
“ Of the rich ponderance that weighs it downe!
“ Ah! what 'availes a superfluxe of wealthe,
“ Placed by the chilling hand of penurie
“ So safe, that ev'n one's own poore harte
“ Doth seeke in vaine to finde it!”

PAGE 79.—*Not GENUINE.*

CCCXXXVIII.—MR. N—C—LLS.

—“ Why trulie, Goodman *Loquards*, the times are
“ miserable out of jointe !—I do remember well the daies,
“ when the wordes of a wise manne were sought as preci-
“ ous jewelrie from far ; but now are they most scoffinglie
“ sette at nought ! Marry, should you aske it of me, how
“ they came so irreverentlie to expunge my powers poli-
“ tique from the forum, and the senate ? *Certes*, I cannot
“ tell : so let it passe ! and the mischiefe fall upon their
“ own heades. Nay, and it had not been for the weight
“ of my imparlancies, the State had before this been
“ lightlie overthrown by the windie machinations of the
“ jibe-mongers, who did assaile it !”

PAGE 36.—*Not* GENUINE.

CCCXXXIX.—MRS. L—ML—Y S—V—LLE.

- “ Here, *Limmer*, take your stande !
“ But in the giddie wiles of admiration,
“ Loose not the powers of your mimique arte.
“ Now, while her tresses wantonne in the aire,
“ (As lothe a front divinelle arch'd to quitte
“ In hopelesse search of exaltation)
“ Trace a similitude of those faire formes
“ We are to gaze upon in purer realmes.
“ And then let white-zon'd modestie encircle all
“ In one unrivall'd Grace !”

PAGE 28.—GENUINE.

EIGHTY-FOURTH DAY'S TRIAL.

CCCXL.—MR. O—TO.

———— “ ’Twill sorelie greeve me, Sirs,
“ To bidde that worthie foreigner farewelle !
“ Who by true Christian politie hath staunch'd
“ The worlde's long-bleeding woundes !
“ But since vain GAULE demands her treasure backe,
“ See that his barque in peaceful triumph saile,
“ And by the pure breathed blessings of our isle,
“ Be calmlie wafted to the Gallique shore !”

PAGE 22.—GENUINE.

CCCXLI.—DUCHESS OF ST. ALB—NS.

——“ I would to Fortune, that her Grace, my Lorde?
“ great grand-damme,* had caparizoned a nimbler steede
“ when, by her Sov’rain paramour’s command, she did
“ possesse, for amorous dowerie, as wide a space of thi
“ rich Isle, as in a faire daie’s ride she could encircle
“ then might her descendant have boasted of more
“ laundes, and beeves, and not been lefte the minor con
“ stellation in poore *Charles’s Waine* !”

PAGE 49.—*Not* GENUINE.

* NELL GWYNNE.

. CCCXLII.—ALDERMAN H—V—Y C—MBE.

———“Hark ye! brother Cittes, but not fellow
“Citizens! I must be no more familiarlie entreated in
“Common Halle, but saluted by you at greate distance,
“as befittes a man of travelle. I have visited foreign
“climes—and within the walles of *Paris* held imparlance
“with HIM that makes Potentates tremble! Nay, he hath
“condescended to speake to me upon merehandize, and
“talked about *Malte*, and *Hoppes*, as though he had prime
“samples of both in his owne illustrious pockette! More-
“over, he spoke most courteouslie of my personal endow-
“ments; saide that I was well favoured as the *Regicide*
“*Brewer* of his Capital, and seemed in his presence to carrie
“as goode a heade as could a pottle of my own browne
“stoute. So look well, that on the score of these my new
“acquirementes, I do receive some increase in your cor-
“porate obeisance!”

PAGE 108.—GENUINE.

CCCXLIII.—DOWAGER LADY D—CRE.

———“ Soone as the stilleste houre
“ The turrette clocke hath toulde, yon wickette opes,
“ From whence in vestment darker than the Nighte,
“ *Alvina* walkes her forth ; and as the pathe
“ Of Miserie is straight, she quicklie gaines
“ The sacred Yewe that doth enshroude the tombe
“ Of her departed Lorde. On this sad shrine
“ Her widowed harte, still wedded, poureth out
“ The never ebbing torrente of her woes !”

PAGE 88.—GENUINE.

EIGHTY-FIFTH DAY'S TRIAL.

CCCXLIV.—SIR JOHN EAM—R.

“ Well! Heaven’s good blessings uphold me, since, in
“ admiration of my shineing partes, they do thrust such
“ weightie affaires right bodilie upon me. Moreover,
“ Sirs, they have elevated in our Citie’s chief Mansion, a
“ bedde of state for the honourable delight of my Ladie
“ Spouse! I dream not their politique intending therein;
“ but per-chaunce they do expect that I should bequeathe
“ them, in return, some half-score of suckling Lordes
“ Mayor, as the hereditarie fruite of their bountie!”

PAGE 104.—GENUINE.

CCCXLV.—LADY GEORGIANA C—V—D—SH.

“ For mercie’s sake, let not that faire Ladie smile wi
“ such redundancie of grace, nor fatten so vaste a congr
“ gation of dimples by incessant laughter, lest, in the s
“ premacie of youthful fleshe, we may loose the blood
“ and breede, of lovelie *Devon* !”

PAGE 212.—*Not* GENUINE.

CCCXLVI.—LORD F—LEY.

———“ I did expect that these NIMRODS of the
“ *Pickle* chace had been trained to nobler dareings!—
“ Mark how they stoppe at a vaulting leape, to calculate
“ whether the pleasures of this worlde, or the nexte, are
“ best worth seeking. These laddes might have rose in
“ their stirrappes, had they not been borne with the
“ neckes of green-girles, that require so much womanlie
“ caution to preserve them !”

PAGE 37.—GENUINE.

CCCXLVII.—MRS. W—LK—R.

——— “Aye! faithful *Albert*,

“ Since fortune quittes our thresholde, few, alas!

“ With pale adversitie will enter here.

“ While our gay doores on golden hinges daunc’d,

“ What swarmes of buzzing gadde-flies poured in

“ On proude and glittering wings to revel through

“ The celles with richest honie stored! Soone as

“ A cloude came o’er, away these insects-flewe

“ Elsewhere to wanton in the gandie sunne,

“ That hasteilie produc’d them!”

PAGE 99.—*Not GENUINE.*

EIGHTY-SIXTH DAY'S TRIAL.

CCCXLVIII.—LORD CR—V—N.

“ To Princelie diadems I ne’er shall soare
“ By flightes that tower’d my Ladie Mother up!
“ In Honour’s bright, and laudable career,
“ I would adventure much. In everie clime,
“ Where the proude service of my Sov’rain calls,
“ On warring earth, or ever raging seas,
“ I will, at least, be found obedient !”

PAGE 184.—GENUINE.

CCCXLIX.—HON. MISS F—x.

——“ In good soothe, neighbour, but she is most
“ marvellouslie learned. Nay, ’twas but last Candlemass
“ that she did be-pose three of our gravest Doctors in all
“ *Padua* out of their own bookes in the black-letter!—
“ As she hath been so favoured with the gifte of tongues,
“ ’tis pitie that her Ladieship doth not vouchsafe to give
“ the worlde some semblance of her honoured selfe, and
“ not burie all her prattling powers in the profitlesse
“ grave of the dead languages!”

PAGE 74.—*Not GENUINE.*

CCCL.—SIR BLAND B—RG—SS.

——“ No sooner had our Lorde the Kinge dubbed
“ him a *Knighte*, than, in a frolicke-some moode, he did
“ bedabbe himselfe *Knighte-errant* to those jades, the *Muses*.
“ Since this, he hath encreased in consequential stature
“ so, that he hath out grown the cloathes that Nature, in
“ a botching kind of way, had cut out for him. And, if
“ you do not keepe this Sir DOGGEREL from inflating by
“ the windie recitation of his owne numbers, he will be
“ swoln until he *litterallie* burst !”

PAGE 191.—GENUINE.

CCCLI.—VISCOUNTESS H—OD.

“ Aptlie to fashion forthe the female minde,
“ Lett that well-modell’d excellence remaine,
“ Which through a chearfull plenitude of yeares
“ Hathe lent a social grace to all around.
“ Full halfe a cen^eenarie she hathe walk’d
“ The even pathes of constancie, and truth.
“ Oh! ’tis a pious sight, at life’s calm ebbe,
“ To view affection able thus to trim
“ The slowlie-waneing lampe of wedded love!”

PAGE 48.—GENUINE.

EIGHTY-SEVENTH DAY'S TRIAL.

CCCLII.—EARL OF C—RL—SLE.

——“ I marvellè much *Malverto*, had his honour's
“ Muse been of ignoble birthe, whether she would not
“ have limp'd it on one legge through lyfe, like a scurvie
“ minstrelle: but being caparisoned in gilded trappings,
“ the jade now prances with a loftie chreste, although
“ she hathe not a single foote that's sounde to stande
“ upon!”

PAGE 183.—GENUINE.

CCCLIII.—DUCHESS OF D—RS—T.

——— “ I did not lay
“ My ducalle crownette 'neath his rising feet
“ To be abas'd : but since the giddie Courte
“ Of wanton *France* his presence dothe demand,
“ I'll follow closelie with a lynx's eye,
“ And from lascivious wiles protect him !
“ If a cold *Russe*, with limbes enfurr'd, could lure
“ His frame to amorous sympathie, may not
“ The warme excitements of some *Circe* Gaul,
“ By full expansion of her cloathlesse charmes,
“ Propell his frenzied harte to madnesse ?”

PAGE 44.—*Not GENUINE.*

CCCLIV.—MR. C—B—E.

——“That, Sirs, is the dapper *Vintner* of East-
“Cheape, whose animal spirittes are more friskie than his
“own outlandish wines newlie bottled!—Admire we his
“daintie grey *Barbarie*, which he got in barter of the
“Duke of Tunis for some score skinnes of excellent Ca-
“narie: Mark how he pads the pavement, doing dailie
“service to the Capital in riding matches through the
“streetes with the Prince’s pennie-paste-boys, and be-
“fittinge himself in due time to become Purveyor-Gener-
“al of the petty bagge!”

CCCLV.—COUNTESS OF OXF.—R.

——— “ Nay, my good Lorde,
“ You must not lay such trifles to a harte
“ That owes entire allegiance to mine.
“ What is to me the levitie of mien,
“ Or loose-zon’d shape transparentlie display’d
“ By that *Parisian* dame you call my friend,
“ And you yourselfe so rapturouslie view;
“ I have no passions to be this way stirr’d,
“ No bloode that will in fev’rish current roll,
“ In sympathie so void of sense; therefore,
“ I praie you passe this tale of scandalle by!”

PAGE 74.—*Not GENUINE.*

EIGHTY-EIGHTH DAY'S TRIAL.

CCCLVI.—LORD ELL—NB—GH.

——— “ I praie you, Sirs,
“ When at our barre of *Justice* you impleade,
“ Debase not heaven's fair gifte of eloquence
“ By wordes sophisticallie over-strain'd.
“ —We've known the upright, plainlie-minded man,
“ So warpt from rectitude by this misrule,
“ This vile entanglement of simple sense,
“ That Virtue's meede hath been adjudg'd to Vice,
“ And *Decencie* hath fled our Courtes abash'd !
“ But, since by Fate's decree I have been call'd
“ The judgment seat of Justice here to fille,
“ Her sacred fount right watchfullie I'll garde ;—
“ Its course of puritie should downward flow ;
“ And shame be-light on him, that would design
“ To sullie, or pervert it !”—— .

PAGE 189.—GENUINE.

CCCLVII.—LADY CATHARINE L—NG.

"Some one of you, who do administer in matters of
"Estate, I pray inform me, when may this same *Bourbon*
"House to its own domestic comforts be restored? To
"deale trulie with you, Sirs, I do stand in much neede
"of the restoration of mine owne House, that it may be
"well purged of some unseemlinesse, that with plain *Eng-*
"lish manners doth but ill accord!"

PAGE 22.—Not GENUINE.

CCCLVIII.—EARL OF G—LF—D.

—— “Go to! I must incontinentlie have died with
“ *water* on my chest, had they detained my bodie-corpo-
“ rate but another moone at their bathes of *Palermo*!—
“ Now hie thee, boy, to the sign of the *Goate with the*
“ *gilded hornes*, and search me out mine old friend the
“ *Knight of the merrie countenance*;—tell him, that I have
“ personallie imported some skinnes of dryed Canarie,
“ the flavours of which will hit his savorie palate well,
“ because he may drink of it to the amendment of his
“ own life, *scott-free*!”

PAGE 37.—GENUINE.

CCCLIX.—LADY CAROLINE PR—CE.

“ On light-foote tripping through the myrtle grove,
“ I saw her first in floating veste array’d,
“ Then ’twas with grace, and diffidence she touch’d
“ *Apollo’s* lyre, and magically drewe
“ The fascinated Loves, and Graces round.”

PAGE 6.—GENUINE.

EIGHTY-NINTH DAY's TRIAL.

CCCLX.—EARL OF C—V—NT—Y.

——“ Nay, my goode Lord *Abbotte*, if you do still hunt
“ after my poor temporalities, let it be done with a little
“ more spiritual charitie. Although the remnant of my
“ life be scant, I pray you await its last threade as may
“ become your own Right Reverence! Ev’n the currier
“ doth forbear to flaye the hide from off the backs, until
“ the animal be lifelesse. When on the bedde of sicknesse
“ you have lain, and asked *renewal* of your ebbing life,
“ think by the forbearance of your Godde it hath been
“ given to you, and the tender mercies of him, whose
“ holie Minister you are!”

PAGE 33.—*Not GENUINE.*

CCCLXI.—LADY GEORGIANA G—RD—N.

——— “Come! dearest Ladie Mother, and let us
“hence for *Padua*; for my harte is sick to learn, why the
“love of *Alberto* so long doth linger! An I were myself
“a man begirt with dirke, and doublette, no betrothed
“one of mine should so unreasonable await for bridal
“salutation! Sithe, in obedience to your wille, I did be-
“mourn the deadlie departure of a fancied lover, help
“me now, I pray you, to enjoy the greeting of one, who
“swore he onlie lives for me!”

PAGE 44.—GENUINE.

CCCLXII.—SIR W. SC.—TT.

—— “He rose not to the ermin’d seate he fills
“ Ungracefullie, as some vaine Chiefes have done,
“ Through syllogysmes dexterouslie rang’d,
“ Against the peaceful judgement of mankinde,
“ To wage eternal warre! He did ascend
“ By nobler steppes to his pre-eminence.
“ The lore that truth’s own eloquence bestow’d,
“ He hoarded not by any sordid crafte,
“ But did, with wide benevolence, diffuse,
“ To guard the sacred rights of lowlinesse
“ From the absorbing power of man’s ambition.
“ Who then more fitte, betwixt our *Church* and *State*,
“ To holde remittlesse equipoize?”

CCCLXIII.—MRS. M——RE.

- " Why with a fatal 'wicherie of charmes
" Did Nature so invest me, as to drawe
" By the wilde guidelesse course of destinie
" Man to his owne, and my undoing ?
" What penitence may do to drie away
" The tears that have bedewed others' eyes,
" For treason 'gainst the honour of its Lorde,
" This breast, by ceaseless sorrow, shall atchieve,
" Leaving the truant harte that wanton'd there,
" To beat itself to apathie, and rest !"

PAGE 112.—GENUINE.

NINETIETH DAY'S TRIAL.

CCCLXIV.—LORD WHITW—TE.

“ Uxorious men do lesse of peril finde,
“ From mute obedience to the female wille,
“ Than in vaine striveings to obstruct its course!
“ Whether these visittes to the CONSUL's *Dame*,
“ In all the mockerie of Regalle state,
“ Befitte the prudence of my *Duchesse* Wife,
“ She best can say, who here should proxifie
“ Th' Imperial virtues, that with spotlesse fame,
“ So long have graced a female diademme.
“ The rougher honours of our envied Isle
“ Are to my watchful care consign'd; and these,
“ Under the dauntlesse valour of her Sons,
“ I'll sturdilie uphold!”

PAGE 58.—Not GENUINE.

CCCLXV.—MISS AD—M.

—“ An I were *Nature*, and had so prouddie gifted you,
“ I should have look’d for a more grateful return at your
“ fair handes!—Come, come, my sweete ROWENA, you
“ must unbend a litle from this unprofitable severitie:
“ and though you should have coldlie sworn those cherrie-
“ coloured lippes to silence against me—bestow (as with-
“ out offence to maiden modestie you may) some mute
“ confession that my faithful love offends you not. Lend
“ to my suit one sense, if but an *ear*, or by the little hope
“ you’ve left me, I shall loose man’s reasonable use of
“ every one of my poor seven!”

PAGE 99.—GENUINE.

CCCLXVI.—LORD GLENB—VIE.

—“ Why, Sirs of *Caledonia*, do you marvelle at Don
“ *Avaro*’s shift of fortune, that hath transformed him into
“ a mightier *Man* of the *Woodes* from a petty *Laird* of a
“ barren mountain? Coming naked into a wide worlde,
“ with such an itch for selfe-prosperities, he would have
“ done thriftilie, even on the hill where London Citadelle
“ doth stand, though he had been constrained to *begge* for
“ a *baubee* standing upon one legge! Oh, Sirs, he pro-
“ phecied arightlie, when he said that the readiest roade
“ to every Paradise, save that of *fooles*, is by prayer and
“ supplication, where that which is denied you on the
“ score of charitie, you may extort by persecution.”

PAGE 39.—Not GENUINE.

CCCLXVII.—LADY CAROLINE ST—WART.

“ When to fam’d *Ev’sham*’s fair, and fertile vale,
“ In envied bloome this lovelie plant’s remov’d,
“ Free from the noxious blights that now prevaile,
“ Still be its native innocence retain’d!
“ But you, to whom indulgentlie ’tis given
“ So rare, and sweete a flowerette to save,
“ Be mindful of your charge.—If shelter’d ill,
“ The first proud rays of an ungenial sun
“ Will burn it up; or flatt’rie’s pois’nous breathe
“ Infect it with disease, too dire and deep
“ For all the rough, and wholesome windes of heav’n,
“ Through keen adversitie, to drive away!”

PAGE 185.—GENUINE.

NINETY-FIRST DAY'S TRIAL.

CCCLXVIII.—MR. DUDLEY N—TH.

—— “Pooh! old man—’tis never too late to dissolve
“the icy bondage of an old *Bachelor*’s life! Why, my
“own vane did continue to stande so long due *North*,
“that women began to sweare by their chastitie ’twas a
“burning shame! Since this, the wind of my better des-
“tinie hath veered about to a more genial corner, and
“now blowes me nuptial blessings from the amorous
“*South*!”

PAGE 88.—GENUINE.

CCCLXIX —LADY T—MFE—WN.

" ——— In soothe, she hath a roving eye
" O'erlooking beauties prominentlie faire,
" That do by witcherie decoy poore men
" To gaze with madd'ning extacie upon them!
" Anon, by quick, rebukeful glance, she calls
" Their wildlie scatter'd senses backe again,
" Obedientlie to virtue!"

PAGE 189.—GENUINE.

CCCLXX.—MR. T. SH—D—N.

"How it was good man *Vardelt*, that he became so pre-
"ternaturallie gifted, he best can tell that made him;
"but *certes* he hath the animal worlde so aptlie at com-
"mand, that he will drawe you all things living within
"the magicale circle of his vision! Nay, our race mortal
"he so swayeth by his arte persuasive, that he will trans-
"form everie other man's enemie into his own friende!
"Marry, whether it be on earth, in air, or water, 'tis all
"alike to faculties like his; for he doth deport himselve
"so gracefullie on either, that your wild-pated women of
"qualitie, so delighting in his sportivenesse, do pull
"cappes with each other, which of them shall ascende
"with him to the upper regions, for foretaste of blisse
"celestial!——"

PAGE 21.—GENUINE.

CCCLXXI.—LADY C. H—M—LT—N.

— “Nay, my good Lorde; and Sire!
“Why do you presse me to adventure thus
“Upon a voide so treacherouslie smoothe,
“Whose glassie surface might in scorn reflect,
“Whate’er mishap should lucklesslie ensue!
“O! ’tis enough, in crooked times like these,
“To keepe ones feete upon a slipp’rie worlde,
“In which poore headlesse women sometimes fall,
“Never to rise again! I praie you then,
“That I may shake these dang’rous sliders off,
“And rueful sorrowe thus avoid!”

PAGE 33.—*Not GENUINE.*

NINETY-SECOND DAY'S TRIAL.

CCCLXXII.—ARCHE—P OF CANT—B—Y.

- “ The goode Lorde *Abbotte*, ere our mattins closed;
* Resign'd his pious breathe this morn to heaven,
“ Leaveing his poore remaines to be inurn'd,
* And canonized by us on earthe !—Here comes
* The *Pontiffe*, whom our Sov'rain's will declares
* His holie successor : Though noblie raced,
* Methinkes this high pre-eminence he beares
“ As he would say, ‘ let me his foote-steps tread,
‘ Who by a meeke, and Christian charitie,
‘ Did make a Churchman's holie blessinge coveted.’—
“ So may the Crosier grace his hallowed hande,
* And drawe his flocke in quietude around him !”

PAGE 478.—GENUINE.

CCCLXXIII.—SIR JAMES ST—G.

“ — I pray you, brother soldiers, tell me, by what
“ authoritie this same busie worlde would command a
“ gallant *Knighte*, one trained to armes, to impose upon
“ him the fulfillment of an obligation personalle? I have
“ traversed long enough in this same worlde, to be able
“ to know my owne wants and desires, and to regulate
“ my pursuits accordinglie.—When I am tired of a life of
“ single servitude, then may I, perhaps, enlist at the
“ drum-heade of *matrimonie* as an uxorious *Volunteere*; but,
“ Sirs! as I never could be goaded to felicitie by *forced*
“ *marches*, so will it be difficult to prick me into any ser-
“ vice by ballotte, or to enchain me even to the luxuries
“ of an *under-petticoate*, as a miserable *conscript*.”

PAGE 572.—Not GENUINE.

CCCLXXIV.—LADY CATHARINE ST—W—T.

——— “ Heard’st thou that bugle horne

- “ Windinge its silverie summons through the aire ?
“ Well might it sweetlie sounde,—for, hark ! agen
“ How respiration through those lippes-compresst
“ Dothe breathe delighte !—Let’s to the mountain’s browe,
“ Where faire *Rowena* points her glittering lance,
“ Eager her plumed column there to form !”

PAGE 684.—GENUINE.

NINETY-THIRD DAY'S TRIAL.

CCCLXXV.—MISS S—YM—R. (*Piccadilly.*)

- " Now tell me, pray my Lorde,
" To whom with filial reverence I may bend,
" And humblie supplicate a father's blessing!
" Strange and mysterious tales by stealthe I hear
" About my birthe, which have perplex'd my minde,
" And much disturb my youthful quietude!
" Oft on my flattering mirrore do I looke,
" And sometimes think a lineament I trace,
" From which some featured semblance may arise,
" To stampe me your's by more than cold adoption!
" But soone the fleeting vision fades away,
" And cheques the fond aspiring of my harte!"

PAGE 518.—GENUINE.

CCCLXXVI.—SIR WM. P.—LT—Y.

"Time was, Sirs, when a Gentleman of condition might
"have repaired an olde House, or taken to himselfe a
"young Wyfe, without publique marvaille, or imparlance;
"but in these presumptuous daies, no man can adventure
"to caterre for his owne comfortes, without drawing a
"nest of witte-crackers about his eares! Nay, the puppies
"will sometimes take your worke out of your handes,
"and fancifullie begettinge your chaste spouse with
"childe, make you father it for their owne lascivious
"amusement! In gravitie, I tell you, Sirs, these thinges
"are pushed beyond endurance!"

CCCLXXVII.—LADY B—RD—TT.

- “ Oh ! barre our gapeing doores against those men,
“ Whose darken’d visages, and bloode-shotte eyes,
“ Declare their dreadful conspirations !——
“ Nay, my goode Lorde, upon my bended knees
“ I do conjure, that you no longer cloude
“ The gentle qualities, with which, in soothe,
“ Nature hath prodigallie deckt your minde !
“ Goode Heavens ! how rudelie doth the outrage strike
“ Upon the chasteful ear of decencie,
“ When all that appertaines to your goode fame,
“ Is in your presence impiouslie profan’d
“ By tongues of wretches traitorouslie beleagu’d
“ For your’s, and for our Country’s ruin !—
“ Let me in tendernesse of love command
“ You goe not with them forth this night !”

PAGE 483.—GENUINE.

NINETY-FOURTH DAY'S TRIAL.

CCCLXXVIII.—SIR CH—S B—NE—Y.

—— “An you match me that plaine-coated Knight
“o'th' Shire, then will I shew unto the worlde a pair of
“honest Senators worth their lookinge on! Why he
“doth hide his right hande in his bosome I trow not; for
“'tis a clean one, and there's no danger but that his
“manlie harte will keepe in the right place, without
“manual assistance!”

PAGE 564.—GENUINE.

CCCLXXIX.—D—SS OF ST. A——N^o 1.

———“ No more heighos ! good BLANCHE,
 “ But bring my new-bespangled vestments forth,
 “ And let us gailie courte prosperitie !
 “ Feel but the busie pendulum, that beats
 “ So quicklie in this breaste ! Twere pitie sure
 “ To still this kind admonitor of blisse,
 “ And weaklie sigh one’s fondest hopes away.
 “ Beneath a bright, and mirthfulle planette born,
 “ The pleasures of the moment let be mine
 “ In all their wild varietie ! and I
 “ Will never trespasse on their sober joyes
 “ Who seeke a luxurie in sadnesse !” —

PAGE 378.—N^o GENUINE.

CCCLXXX.—M—QUIS OF AB—N.

“ I doe require, my Lordes, that since his worshippe is
“ come over, he be cited straitlie to appear before us, in
“ our full pontificalibus of *British* jurisprudence! What-
“ ever be my portion of human frailtie, I will abstain
“ from choler, if I may be permitted to catechize this
“ sage upon his owne expoundings. Let our Sister Isle be
“ taught by us to knowe, that our *suprema Lex*, which
“ hath the power to take an Asiatique Pard by the beard,
“ hath no fear of her little finger being snapped, by one
“ of their *bag'd Foxes*!”

PAGE 645.—*Not GENUINE.*

CCCLXXXI.—MISS M. G. E. S—YM—R.

——“ They will not beare me from you,
“ Now they doe know that you’re my onlie mother!
“ For I will closelie cling me to your knees,
“ And with my teares be-pray them let me bide!
“ They can but break my little harte by force,
“ And surelie that would not delight their owne!
“ Oh! ’twould be crueller than Deathe itselke
“ Which onlie took a goode I never knew;
“ For should they strippe me of your tender love,
“ They’d make GEORGINA motherlesse indeed!”

PAGE 498.—GENUINE.

NINETY-FIFTH DAY'S TRIAL.

CCCLXXXII.—LORD D—RSL—Y.

——— “Strange! that the nuptial knotte
“ Which our progenitors have double tied,
“ Should be unloosed, not able to sustain
“ Their first begotten!—Nay, this morn I’ve heard
“ My brother vauntinglie doth tell the worlde
“ That I am but * baptismallie a Lorde,
“ While he by warmer courtesie of state
“ Can paramountlie lorde it over me!
“ But since from the same mould of passion cast
“ I bear wild Nature’s first impression—
“ I’ll yield no auncient honours of my house
“ To any seconde brother’s usurpation!”

PAGE 498.—GENUINE.

* The eldest son was singularly given the Christian name of “*Lord D—rsl—y.*”

CCCLXXXIII.—LADY D—DL—Y AND W—RD.

——“ I like your vocal musique reasonable well, so it
“ be well-timed, and breathe not too colde an aire upon
“ the comfortes of a warm dinner:—nay, when the clothe
“ be drawn away, I can hear your ‘ *non nobis*,’ my Lorde,
“ with tolerable endurance, if it be accompanied in right
“ glee with goode harmonique glasses!”

PAGE 576.—*Not GENUINE.*

CCCLXXXIV.—EARL C—D.

“Go to! I tell thee he feedeth not within the purlieus
“of the Courte, argal he cannot be dubbed the KINGE’s
“*Jester!* He may sometimes cracke small jokes within
“the privie presence, to make his master smile, yet hath
“he no patent royalle for the manufactorie of broad
“grinnes!—Seest thou that double ell of watered tabbie
“clinging so closelie to his noble shoulder? Marry, but
“that is the silken reward of brave doings, such as your
“swaggering *Knights-Errant of Salamanca* had never the
“witte to dream of!”

PAGE 474.—*Not* GENUINE.

CCCLXXXV.—LADY HARRIET C—V—ND—SH.

———— “ Adown the mazie daunce
“ See how enchantinglie she floates, making
“ Her wanton gazers giddie with delighte !
“ Such amorous time her playful feet do beate,
“ That not a pulse which vibrates from man’s harte
“ But with them nimble paces !”

PAGE 632.—GENUINE.

NINETY-SIXTH DAY'S TRIAL.

CCCLXXXVI.—LORD VIS—T M—LV—II.

“ Since the lawe of the realme hath provided me a
“ coate of mail,* you may presse me to the torture, with-
“ out wringing from me such responses as I am not dis-
“ posed to bestowe. When I did lend my hande to enacte
“ a statute to restraine certain Lordes, and courtlie men
“ from picking and stealing from the granarie of the
“ publique, I looked not to be found at the Barne-door
“ winnowing of its corne myself! Yet do I with contrite
“ shame remember me of one *Sir Oliver Spintext*, who, ill-
“ placing his ladder against the arm of a fructifying tree,
“ did saw it off, and thus brought himself to the ground
“ by his own handicrafte operations!”

PAGE 379.—*Not GENUINE.*

CCCLXXXVII.—SIR BEAUMONT H—TH—M.

———“ So from man’s judgment seat
“ May everie sage in wisdom steppe him down,
“ Ere in the pure, but palsied hand of Justice
“ The ballance ’gins to tremble!—
“ Let care be taken of his ermin’d robes,
“ That future Judges of our Isle may see
“ How spotlesse they’ve been worn!”

PAGE 548.—GENVINE.

CCCLXXXVIII.—MRS. LY—N.

" I passed this morn a *Lybian Lyoness* in our forest, who,
" by the sleeknesse of her skinne, and the rotunditie of
" her form, seemed providentlie catered for, although she
" was attended by no *provider*.—Oh! she was a comelie
" creature, and wonderfullie well shaped to keep all
" mortal travellers at awful distance!"

PAGE 486.—*Not GENUINE.*

CCCLXXXIX.—COUNTESS OF M—RA.

——— “Yes, well I knew
“The rough, or silken bondage was for life,
“And therefore prouddie chose him from his peeres!
“—By manlie virtues more ennobled far
“Than all the lineal honours of his House,
“On whom could I so permanentlie place
“The fond assurance of my virgin faithe?”

PAGE 523.—GENUINE.

NINETY-SEVENTH DAY'S TRIAL.

CCCXC.—MR. ANG—ST—N.

"Madam, I doe thank your Highnesse for your coun-
selle; although I could have dispensed with it most wil-
"linglie True, you have a daughter of your owne; but
"she is guarded by the State against such actes of disobe-
"dience—mine hath espoused a *Russe* without consent or
"privitie of me! If he hath all the savage virtues of
"SIBERIA's clime, what then? I shall not thither to be-
"hold their lustre. I have been the creator of mine owne
"fortune, and therefore must be allowed to be the dis-
"penser of it after my own humour.—I o say trulie, Ma-
"dam, my mind is so settled on this point, that I do be-
"seech your Highnesse I may be no more entreated!"

PAGE 456.—*Not GENUINE.*

CCCXCI.—DUCHESS OF S—M—R—T.

“Though prodigallie stored with worldlie charmes,
“ She doth comorte herselfe with such a winning grace
“ In this frail, flaunting age, that it doth looke
“ As though in better daies, she had been left
“ A model for her way-ward sexe, by which
“ They might reshape themselves to virtuous seeming !”

PAGE 587.—GENUINE.

CCCXCII.—SIR HARRY P—YT—N.

“Heigh over, slack-ones!—forward!—hark forward!
“for now we’ll make our play, and leave yon blowing
“Cocknies of the chace! May he who rides not this
“high-scenting day, as the foxe lays out his brushe right
“straight an end, be banished from our *Pickle* hunt; and
“the man that regards his necke beyond his renowne, let
“him ever after whip-in but to a *welter’s* packe!”

PAGE 463.—GENUINE.

CCCXIII.—MARCHIONESS OF S—FF—D.

————— “ Well, my Lorde *Abbotte*,
“ Since you must have our sex’s restlesse soules
“ Within your holie keepinge, shew them, praie,
“ Some tenderness in Christian charitie!—
“ Time was, when absolution did fore-run
“ Our tongue’s soliciting; but pennance now
“ It seems, must ev’n out-step transgression!
“ Yet since it be your ordinance divine,
“ That no sweet sound upon a Sabbath eve
“ Shall harmonize a Christian dwelling, I’ll
“ Bend me to it with all the grace I can!”

PAGE 372.—GENUINE.

NINETY-EIGHTH DAY'S TRIAL.

CCCXCIV.—SIR HOME P—PH—M.

“ Helm hard a lee ! good master !—and we shall wea-
“ ther the rest of these d—d breakers under our bow !—
“ the skie grows less dirtie, and the squawle abates :—
“ give her another smart shake in the winde, and she’ll
“ right herselfe, I’ll warrant you !—Though poore *Pba-*
“ *roah*, and his hoste were swallowed up in this Red Sea,
“ we’ll scud safelie through it without an anchor left on
“ board us !—There ! steadie—my hearty, steadie !—now
“ she lies her faire course for *Old Englands*—where we
“ have onlie to buffet some foul windes, and cross cur-
“ rents, under close reefed top-sailes,—and we gain our
“ port at last !”

PAGE 369.—GENUINE.

CCCXCV.—MRS. P—NT—N (*ci-devant* MISS G—BB—NS).

“Come, Sir! mount, and away! Since it hath pleased
“Heaven to lay your old *roan Barbarie* under the turfe,
“we’ll frelie enjoy the sportes that are above it! I’ll try
“your bottom over the Beacon neck and neck, and, not-
“withstanding you are aged, you shall be beaten dead
“hollow by sheer bloode, although I carry weight for
“inches!”

PAGE 486.—*Not* GENUINE.

CCCXCVI.—MARQUIS OF H—NTL—Y.

——— “ He beares a nearlie mortal wounde
“ As dothe besitte the daring mind that sought it,
“ Proud to devote an honourable life
“ To death for Britain’s glorie!—When he moves,
“ See how the veteran doth gaze upon him,
“ And with an overflowing eye declare,
“ That by his gallant side one slaughtering daie
“ He fought his way to victorie—and now
“ Enjoies its enviable fruit, deriv’d
“ So cheeringlie from his munificence!”——

PAGE 647.—GENUINE.

CCCXCVII.—Miss E—CKF—D.

“ Oh, Sir ! If you’re of true *Castillian* race,
“ List not to cruel vowes which fathers make
“ Against their children’s peace ! I praie you go,
“ And in your own strange countrie, coldlie wed
“ The hopeless maiden you have never woo’d ;
“ For my poore virgin harte is here betroth’d,
“ And from it’s bleedinge seat must first be torne,
“ Ere it can swerve from its allegiance !”

PAGE 572.—GENUINE.

NINETY-NINTH DAY'S TRIAL.

CCCXCVIII.—MARCHIONESS OF B—K—M.

“ Forthe from yon eloister'd doore see *Ella* comes
“ Absolv'd of all the frailties of our fleshe,
“ Fitted for instant transit to the skies,
“ Or to renew the sublunarie joies
“ Of this vain worlde, as Heaven may ordaine !
“ — Sweete purifying *faith*, that can recloathe
“ The mind in all its virgin innocence,
“ And leave the harte to 'gin its daily workes
“ Of dalliance anew !” —

PAGE 563.—*Not* GENUINE.

CCCXCIX.—SIR HOME P—PH—M.

————— “Sirs, I would move
“ In just respecte to our brave Countrymen,
“ That in their absence we forbear to judge them!
“ Still in arraie to meete an hostile race
“ And front them bearde to bearde, oh! let us not
“ Assail them serving in a foreign clyme
“ By random shotte, lest we ourselves should prove
“ A direr foe, by wounding their faire fame,
“ Than those who but encounter 'gainst their lyfe.
“ Victors or vanquish'd, let them home return
“ Ere we by senatorial voice decree
“ Our Countrie's meede of honour, or of blame!”

PAGE 44.—*Not GENUINE.*

CCCC.—DUKE OF N—RF—K.

“ It is said they doe intend to investe my bodie cor-
“ porate with some elles more of ribband garter-blew,
“ than be required for the encompassment of an ordinarie
“ Courtier: marry and so they ought, for in their politi-
“ calle warfare I have been most scurvilie entreated! Did
“ they not wrest from me my pyke martial at the heade
“ of mine own trained bande, and cashier me in the broad
“ face of noon-tide day? Nay, an their power had been
“ commensurate with their wille, they would unmarshally
“ have despoiled me of my truncheon to boote. And now
“ would they weedle me into a forgetfulnesse of my
“ wronges forsoothe! But little do they know of that
“ bloode which they have enchaffed, or of my woundes,
“ which are too deep for all their Courte-plaister to cover
“ them.”

CCCCI.—HON. MRS. ED. T—YL—R.

————— “ Like it, *Marcella* ?

“ Oh! ’tis a little Heaven upon Earthe !

“ For one whole weeke I’ve been a wedded wyfe,

“ And by my wooing husbände, girl, am call’d

“ His lovelie angelle still! If marriages

“ Were all thus double sweete, I’m very sure

“ The honied moone wou’d then for ever shine

“ So bright both daie and night, and prove so warm,

“ That the olde fashion’d sunne would soone be found

“ An useless planette in the spheres of Love!”

PAGE 278.—GENUINE.

HUNDREDTH DAY'S TRIAL.

CCCCII.—MR. B—SV—LLE.

“ These are no times, my busie masters, to waste in
“ dulle forbearance! Have they not *tinkered* our Constitu-
“ tion politique until more holes are hammered through
“ it, than the countrie has solder left to sear over—or
“ they have the workeman-like skille to mend? In the
“ abundant love I doe beare this isle, I did recommend to
“ them a nimble-fingered *tailor*, who, an they had let him
“ go *thorough stitche* with the worke, would soone have
“ given it a new bodie-lininge of *fustainne everlasting*;—but
“ they have entreated him with scorne, by refusing him a
“ cross-legged seate on the shoppe-board of the State,
“ lest he should witness how they doe cut the countrie’s
“ clothe against the graine to satisfie their own abomina-
“ ble hunger after *cabbage*!”

PAGE 100.—GENUINE.

CCCCIII.—MRS. B—RN—Y.

——“ Did I not tell thee, my little Coz, that we should
“ hacke the spurres from off the heeles of our wou’d-be
“ *knights o’ th’ shire*?—and have we not triumphantlie at-
“ chieved it? And now, goode Yeomanrie of *Norfolke*,
“ mark that you abstaine from your hotte buttered *dumpe*-
“ *linges* until your suffrages be dylie enregistered; for not
“ a manne of you shall dare taste so much as would breake
“ the faste of a cocke-sparrowe, before we of the fairer
“ sexe are more decentlie entreated, or by the womman’s
“ spirit that stirs within us, you shall pay as dearlie for it,
“ as in their utmost rigour, the lawes parliamentarie can
“ inflict!”

PAGE 462.—*Not GENUINE.*

CCCCIV.—DUKE OF B—DF—D.

“ What dignitie from his fraile power can manne
“ Derive, save where he tempers it aright
“ With Christian clemencie?—What eye e’er sawe
“ The Regent’s sceptre in true lustre sway’d,
“ If by one goutte of subject-bloode distain’d
“ That wisdom might have spar’d?
“ O! ’tis a god-like ministering to calme
“ A frenzied nation into bonds of peace,
“ Rather than goade them on to deedes of madnesse!
“ A diadem sitts heavie on the browe,
“ Unless ’tis ermin’d with a people’s love.”

PAGE 614.—GENUINE.

HUNDRED AND FIRST DAY'S TRIAL.

CCCCV.—LORD CHAN. E—K—NE.

———"In soothe, that noblie-gifted *Scotte*
"Doth bravelie bear this worlde's prosperitie!
"There were amongst your Senators who thought
"That when the buoyant powers of his minde
"Had soar'd him to pre-eminence of state,
"He would grow giddie on the flatt'ring height,
"And loose the distant objects left belowe.
"Vaine all those feares! No tie of amitie
"Is rudelie broke, nor has he sacrific'd
"One social feelinge of his harte to pride.
"So wiselie plac'd on high, with potent sway
"To regulate the interests of mankinde,
"And shielde the weaker from the gripe of might,
"Safe in his custodie may be repos'd
"A Sov'raine's conscience with a people's rightes!"

PAGE 37.—GENUINE.

CCCCVI.—DUKE OF R—CH—D.

——“ Why should that blinde jade Fortune bejilt a man
“ out of his natural comfortes, by loading him with ho-
“ nours which he sought not for? Banish’d the *Smoking*
“ *Roome* o’ the Commones by the power of mine own dig-
“ nitie, it will be expected, I suppose, that I doe besitte
“ myselfe for better companie:—So, boye, lay the *Trini-*
“ *dada* sparinglie before me, and plye me not so plentie-
“ fullie with stoopes of drie *Canarie*, that I may abridge
“ myselfe of deep potations; for when a man is made
“ perforce a *Duke* puissante, it would be unseemlie in him
“ to become as ——— as an ordinarie *Lorde* !”

PAGE 212.—*Not* GENUINE.

CCCCVII.—LADY BL—KE.

- " Here on this close-nipt heathe, a stout jack-hare
" We'll finde, that has not prodigal'd his strengthe.
" Away by amorous freakes—Minde, boye, this brace
" You slippe aright, and see they do not hange
" Like an ill-coupled man and wyfe, who fain
" Would bolt from their restraint, and swerve
" A separate course. ' *Sobo!* Sir PAT we've found !'
" And now against your foul-stern'd cross-bred dun,
" My snowe-white *Helen* will I backe for *speede*,
" Or the *first-turne*, or through the lengthen'd course,
" With all the ducattes my poore purse commandes !"

PAGE 184.—GENUINE.

HUNDRED AND SECOND DAY'S TRIAL.

CCCCVIII.—MR. ROBT. T—NT—N.

“To speake plainlie to you, and not after the manner
“of the *Scribes*, the *Pharisees*, or the *Hypocrites*, these same
“*Committee-men Select* do prie themselves too sedulouslie
“into the secret intentions of the *faithful*. I myselfe was
“placed by them into a boxe * not made of *Shittim-woode*,
“and there, like unto one of the *unchosen*, most familiarlie
“interrogated on pointes of political faith, to which no
“Christian man endowed with saveing knowledge could
“in prudence make replie. Trulie, Sirs, if the consciences
“of the *ELECT* are to be thus thrown into one common
“purgatorie with those of ordinarie transgressors, it will
“become difficult hereafter to distinguish betwixt *Sainte*,
“and *Sinner* !”

PAGE 385.—*Not GENUINE.*

* *A place elevated for the more open examination of witnesses
on suspicious matters in Senatorial Elections.*—MALONE.

CCCCIX.—COUNTESS C—YNG—M.

——— “What mortalle man
“ In visionarie transporte could behold
“ A fairer being by his fancie form’d?—
“ At *Gallia*’s bloode-stain’d Courte, I saw her move
“ Love’s second Goddess in such spell-full guise,
“ That he who an affrighted world enslaves
“ Bent captive at her feete! Oh! had she known
“ The power of her charmes, she might have sway’d
“ The way-ward tyrante to her wille, and smil’d
“ The worlde againe to peace!”

PAGE 203.—GENUINE.

CCCCX.—SIR JOHN P—RS.

——“ No sooner had I made perambulation of *Man's*
“ *Isle* with right valorous celebritie, than my warme ima-
“ gination be-stirred itselfe, to trie how far the *Continent* of
“ the female worlde might with safetie be explored. In
“ this research faire ARABELLA cross'd my roveing view,
“ of whose glowing charmes I thought to take an hastie,
“ and a secret sketche but as mine evil Genius wou'd
“ ordaine, upon the gilded roofe of her privie chamber, a
“ scurvie dauber from *Salamancha* did sit perch'd; who, as
“ I advanced in my amorous design, took him a villainous
“ copie of all my warmest colouringes! On this, I was
“ most indecentlie arraigned on charge of *covert-acte*
“ against the state *connubial*, and condemned in penal
“ summes, too excessive for man of honour to liquidate,
“ or of dignitie to notice.—Thus in daies of yore, was a
“ proud Venetian of *Virtu* amerced by a tyranique Senate
“ in seven thousand ducattes ten times told, for kindlie
“ breathing on the precious jewelle of a noble friende, to
“ prove for him whether, as he supposed, it was without
“ flawe, or blemishe!”

HUNDRED AND THIRD DAY'S TRIAL.

CCCCXI.—SIR JOHN ANST—R.

“ I cross'd a lean, and warie *Scotte* upon the sultrie
“ coaste of *Malabarre*, seeking for gold duste with an
“ eager eye. In his *left* hande he bore a paire of scales
“ most dexterouslie poised, like unto those which do be-
“ deck the dexter arme of *Justice*. Marry, quoth I, if men
“ in everie clime become sole *Judges* of their actions, why
“ not weigh out their own deservinges by poundes avoir-
“ dupoise, without tarrying untill the ballance be made to
“ tremble with graines, or scruples ? ”

PAGE 87.—*Not* GENUINE.

CCCCXII.—MISS GEORGINA C—V—T—Y,
(NOW MRS. B—NES.)

——— “ On Love’s adventurous winge
“ Have I not ta’en a rash, and heedlesse flighte ?
“ Old *Scotia*’s mountains darklie scowle around,
“ And with their icicles but coldlie seale
“ The transient blisse we’ve come so far to seeke !
“ Oh ! ’tis a deede that sadlie will inflame
“ The noble bloode from whence GEORGINA sprang !
“ Long from their sightlesse eyes by fate estrang’d,
“ Was’t not my dutie that I should remaine
“ A hopeful vision floating in their minde ? ”

PAGE 294.—GENUINE.

CCCCXIII.—THE REV. EARL N—LS—N.

—“ When of necessitie they transformed me into a
“ Lorde Temporalle of this Isle for no well doing of mine
“ owne, they did conspire to unfrocke me of my canoni-
“ calles prebendal! Not so, my Lordes, quoth I! you
“ may drive an Oxe from rich pasturage, and even goade
“ an Asse from his bunch of thistles, but you cannot prick
“ a true Churchman from the stalle in which he hath been
“ well fed. So unlesse you do force upon me a Bishop-
“ ricke to boote, I shall continue to chaunte a requiem for
“ the soul of the relative that made me, as an humble *Ab-*
“ *botte of Canterburie!*”

PAGE 507.—GENUINE.

HUNDRED AND FOURTH DAY'S TRIAL.

CCCCXIV.—LORD GR—NV—LEE.

“ Right Noble Lordes ! the height of mine offence
“ Hath been, that I too tolerantlie strove
“ By one convenient, and dispensing faithe
“ To bind in Christian politie our Isles.
“ On this, some meddling *Hierarchists* rose,
“ And on their crooked crosiers swore, that I
“ By a fell rosarie’s absolving beades,
“ Held *Catholique* communion with the *Pope*,
“ And, by my proxie kist his mystique toe !
“ Then with hotte irons from their priestlie flames,
“ They sear’d the tender conscience of his *Liege*,
“ So that to my amazement, it became
“ Insensible to every loyal touche
“ Which all my arte chirurgique could essay !
“ In fine, these sturdie Churchmen have prevail’d;
“ And by their holie priestcraftie wrought my fall !
“ So SOLOMON’S proud *Temple* was o’erthrown
“ To sette up idols made of stockes, and stones !”

PAGE 478.—GENUINE.

CCCCXV.—LADY H—M—LT—N.

“ Ah, *Blanche*! the worlde’s inquisitors but little know
“ of me! If I did think this deeplie wounded harte could
“ beat again in sympathie with aught that wooing man
“ could say, I’d tear the trait’rous inmate from its seat, a
“ bleedinge sacrifice to plighted love!—Bring, girl, my
“ mournful lute, that I may call his listening spirit down
“ to hear those straines which he alone inspired!”

PAGE 564.—*Not* GENUINE.

CCCCXVI.—GENERAL KN—WLES,

[Commonly called EARL OF B—NB—RY.]

“Why, brother Soldiers, if a man in these wonder-
“workinge daies cannot *ennoble* himselfe, he is fitte onlie
“to dreame o’ nights of *coronettes*, and go bare headed for
“want of one, all the daies of his lyfe! Moulde but the
“dough of mankind to your wille, and you shall find no
“more arte required to make a modern *Lorde*, than a
“*Banburie Cake*!”

PAGE 308.—GENUINE.

HUNDRED AND FIFTH DAY'S TRIAL.

CCCCXVII.—MR. BR—ND.

——“I saw just now a cholerique youthe running with
“ a *fire-brand* towards the *Capitolle* ! Stay, rash boy, quoth
“ I, for you do bear in that left hande what may consume
“ our citie into ashes. Yet on with heedlesse steppe went
“ he, enchafinge the fierie mischief with his breath, un-
“ til its violence (by Providence decreed) dispers'd the
“ sparkes it meant not to extinguish !”

PAGE 456.—*Not* GENUINE.

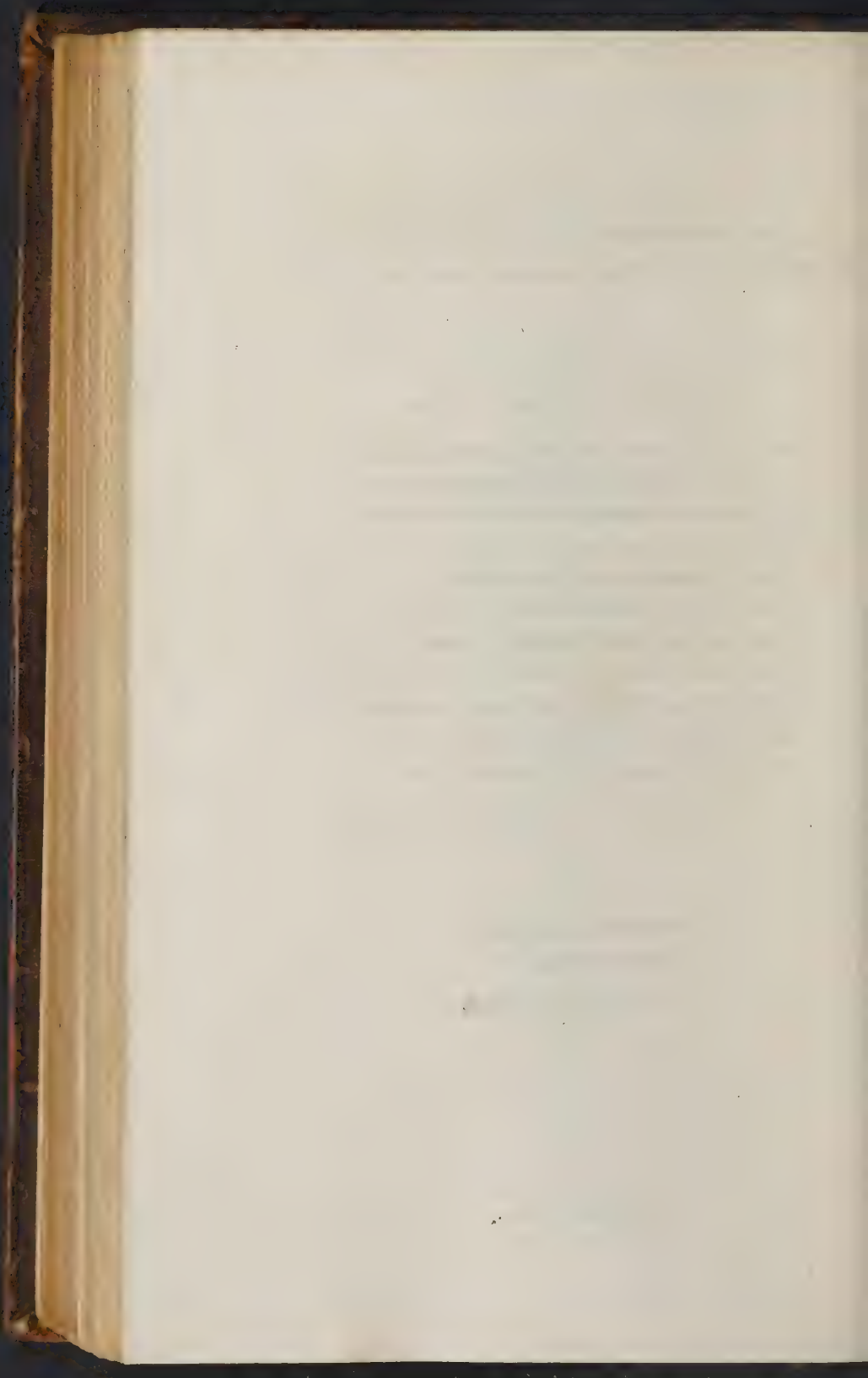
CCCCXVIII.—HON. MRS. D.—P.

—“ Of *Parian* marble bring a massie blocke,
“ And by my chisselle’s wonder-working pow’
“ I’ll shape with sweet and counterfeited grace
“ The *Paphian Queen* so witchinglie to life,
“ With all Love’s sexual attractions,
“ That the full pulse of him who gazes on it
“ Shall rise, and beat in tumult of delighte!
“ Next manhoode’s bolder beauties I will trace
“ And sculpture forthe, that bashful modestie
“ Shall eye askance, and blushinglie proclaim,
“ The fire of Nature in the worke of Arte!”

PAGE 546.—GENUINE.

END OF VOL. IV.

H. Brown, Printer.



ADDENDA.

DRAMA.

GREEN-ROOM SELECTIONS,

[*From the last new-discovered Old Trunk, containing the
Posthumous Works of SHAKESPEARE.*]

I.—BY MR. KEMBLE.

“ Like others of Godde’s creatures, he’s a man
“ Of oddities compounded, fancying
“ That witte can yielde, what Nature doth deny !
“ It will not him suffice to read you men,
“ Or bookes, as by the ordinarie mode
“ Imprinted ; for he’ll sitte you up whole nightes
“ To punctuate a petty worde awry,
“ And straine a meaninge that was never meant !
“ And yet, can he enacte you noble deedes
“ That soone obliterate these trite defectes.
“ How well dothe he assume the Chieftain’s mien,
“ On whose ill-fated browe misfortune lowers ?
“ Or him, whose deeplie lacerated pride
“ Hath turn’d abhorrent from the human race,
“ Pourtraying in some lineaments himselfe,
“ Whose minde is prone instinctivelie to hate
“ The knavish sycophancie of mankinde !”

PAGE 187.—GENUINE.

II.—By Mrs. JORDAN.

“Why dost thou foolishlie chew the cudde of melan-
 “cholie, man, when thou mayest betake thee to yon
 “boothe of comicalle enactors, and be most pleasantlie
 “purged of it for half a ducatte? There mark thee well
 “a sprightlie jade, who dothe turne mens hartes, until
 “she gettes the best humoured side of them uppermost;
 “nay, her merit halts not here, for when her mirthful
 “vizard is thrown by, she wears the * veil of charitie
 “with so goode a grace, that the invidious even of her
 “own sexe, can scarcelye spie a blemish underneath it!”

GENUINE.

* Mr. MALONE has thus observed on this passage :—
 “This was an amiable Comic Actress in the reign of
 ELIZABETH, not less admired for her benevolence, than
 her superiority in the comic art; for while the most emi-
 nent of her sisterhood attended only to self-aggrandize-
 ment, she humbly lent the aid of her fascinating talents
 to succour the distresses of all around her.”

III.—BY MR. M—ND—N.

—“ I sawe last Martinmasse, just such another odde
“ countenanced varlette with his huge whiskers, dauncing
“ a sarabande at the sign of the *Old Catte and Bagpipes* in
“ *Lothburie* ! The knave, with follies enough of his owne,
“ could give you the counterfeit resemblance of all those
“ appertaining to other men, having been a skip-jacke in
“ divers comical professions, from a mender of mouse-
“ trappes up to his present vocation. In the downie daies
“ of his youthe, he was a plucker of pen-feathers to a
“ Poulterer in *Leadenball*, and there stripped he the winges
“ of tame grey-geese sufficient to endow him to become
“ scrivener to a lean lawyer, and to engrosse his deedes
“ of darknesse in black letter ; but finding it not so plea-
“ sant to play the rogue as the foole, now goes he about
“ from tythinge to tythinge, and makes brave earnings by
“ letting out wry faces to full-mouth’d visitors, who can
“ swallowe nothing but on the broad grinne ! ”

IV.—MRS. S—DE—NS.

— “ Stoppe here my Lórdes áwhile,
“ And viewe this tragique paragonne passe by,
“ Who, rob’d in all the counterfeites of woe,
“ Deludes the noblest passions of the minde.
“ Mark well those features to her purpose form’d
“ And supernaturallie so combin’d,
“ That by their piteous workinges on the soul,
“ They do betray it to the verge of madnesse !
“ Griefe sittes so wildlie picted on her browe,
“ That she seemes agoniz’d until she plead
“ In Charitie’s deserted cause, and save
“ The remnant of some haplesse race from ruin !
“ Strange, how the wiles of this resistlesse arte
“ Should guise her mimick semblances so well,
“ That she can drawe from everie gazer’s eye
“ The tear of pitie, which she never sheddes !”

PAGE 433.—GENUINE.

V.—BY MR. J. B—NN—ST—R.

“Thou sayest trulie, *Goodman Spadro*!—Nature doth
“not mould us such comical waggess everie day in the
“yeare.—Marry, but it doth require something more
“than an ordinarie-witted fellowe, to plaie the foole to
“his own proffitinge, and stille keepe a goode humoured
“worlde his debitor! Marvel thee not, man, for he hath
“endowed himselfe with qualities sufficient to enacte the
“parte of a wise man *sans* imitation. When the merrie
“rogue is pleased to throw his dark eyes inecontinentlie
“around him, if you had nine pair of sides, he would
“shake them all with laughter!—No varietie hath a
“voice that he cannot purloine—nor a face that he will
“not borrowe, and humourouslie wear it over his owne!
“nay, I have known him to ape a *Jerwe* so well, that you
“would swear he did not possess one Christian virtue by
“natural inheritance, and yet no sooner doffs he his arti-
“ficialle doublette, than he hies him to his own fire side,
“and there performes those partes * which enactinge can-
“not counterfeit!”

PAGE 597.—GENUINE.

* This passage is supposed to allude to an Actor of those times, who rendered himself rather singular in his profession, by paying a moral regard to the relative duties of a husband—a father—and a friend! MALONE.

VI.—BY MISS BR—NT—N.

——“ I dreamt last nighte, that o’er my virgin browe,
“ In magical suspence, a *crownette* hung,
“ Courting my busie hande to pluck it downe !
“ It was with saphires, and with rubies deckt,
“ And intermixt with emeraldcs so bright,
“ That it did lure my sillie fancie on ;
“ Till by a purer light I spied therein
“ A pointed thorne in ermin’d ambushe lie !
“ At sight of this, with sudden start I woke,
“ When the delusion vanisht with the dreame,
“ And left my little, vaine, aspiring harte
“ To sigh itselke again to calme repose !”

PAGE 248.—GENUINE.

VII.—BY MR. EL—ST—N.

“ In veritie, his talents like me more than passinge
“ well; for he doth wear, and shifte his masque with so
“ adroite a skille, that he can give men better semblances
“ of what is fraile, or perfect in their nature, than most
“ of his compeers have ev’n the witte to dreamè of! I
“ have seen him enacte the Mad Lover with so amorous
“ a phrenzie, that you would sweare the fellow had lost
“ the whole of his seven senses in a lascivious rencontre
“ about the hemminge of an under petticoate! Marry
“ but he can traine you a Ladie Eryde in the well-feigned
“ schoole of adversitie better than any man John of them,
“ and tame a young shrewe i’ the budde, by bending her
“ to a right obedient wyfe, before the honie moone be
“ waned! Then will he restore her to the honours of his
“ House with so high a grace, that he doth make it ques-
“ tionable by his pourtraying arte, whether his Prince, or
“ Peasante be the nobler man!”

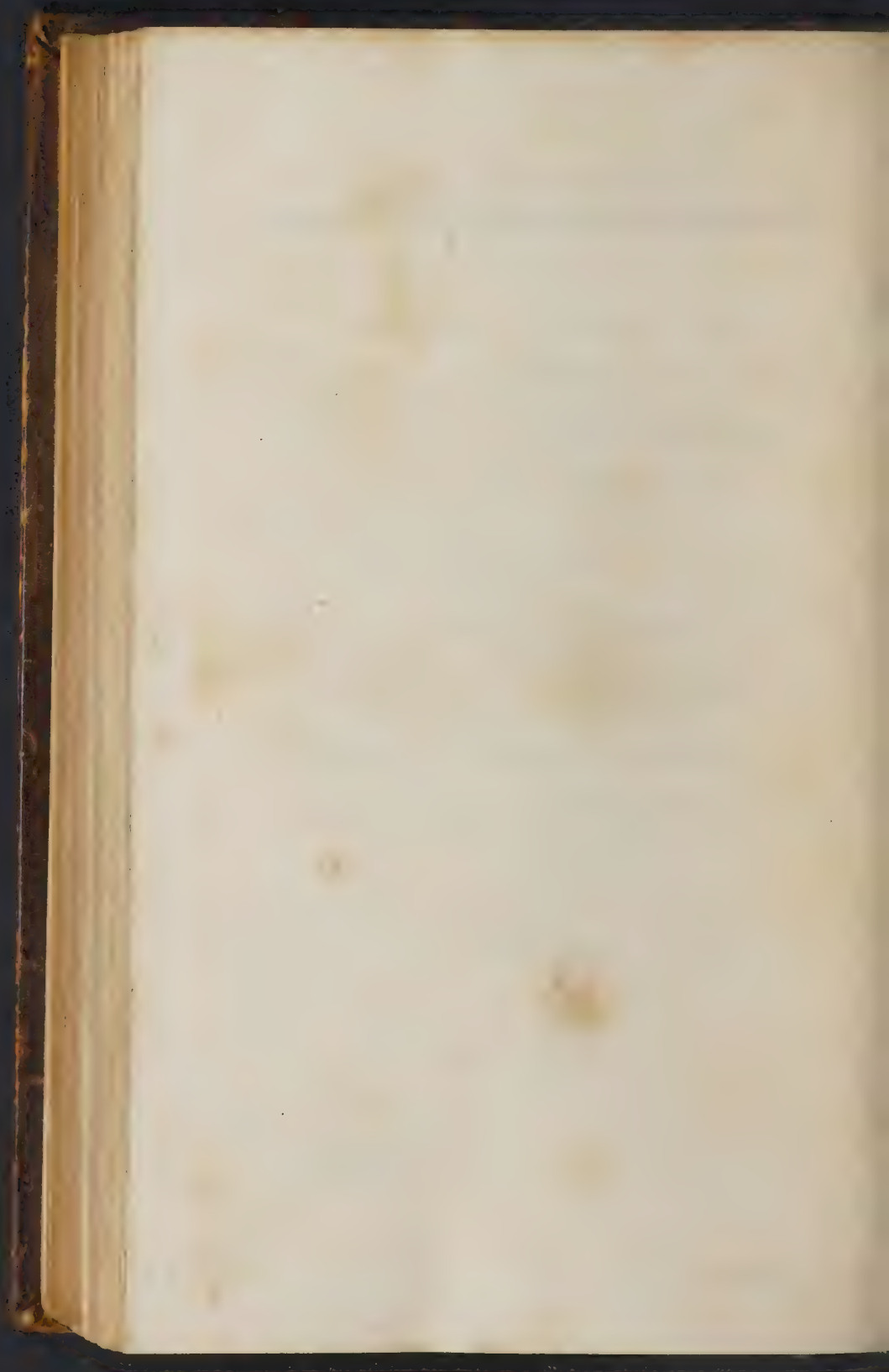
VIII.—By Mrs. HENRY J—NST—N.

——“ Borne (when an infant grace) on flying steede,
“ I’ve seen her vaulted from her father’s arme,
“ Like a sweete cherubbe coursing through the air,
“ Portentous of her fame.—Behold her near ;
“ ’Tis not a fancied form of loveliness,
“ Or charmes by scenic artifice array’d
“ To cheate men into adoration ;
“ But that unveil’d presentment of herselfe,
“ Which women envie, and mankind adore !
“ Who then can marvelle, if, at times be seen
“ A troope of suitors in her ’witching traine,
“ Each by some wilie arte intent to drawe
“ One sigh from her, to fanne his fonde desire ?”

PAGE 468.—GENEINE.

THE END.

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